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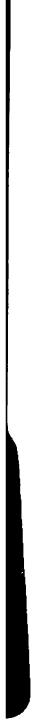

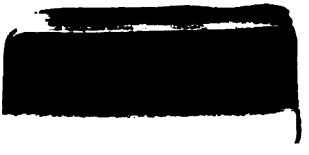

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

BY

LOUISA STUART COSTELLO,

AUTHOR OF

"SPECIMENS OF THE EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE," "A SUMMER AMONGST THE BOCAGES AND THE VINES," "A PILGRIMAGE TO AUVERGNE," "THE QUEEN MOTHER," ETC. ETC. ETC.

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* In the title of the Memoir of this lady, through a mistake of the Printer, she is styled *Duchess* instead of *Countess* of Somerset.

MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN.

ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

Amongst the many interesting female characters who are conspicuous in the reign of James the First, one of the most remarkable is his beautiful daughter, whose early life began so prosperously, and who was destined to experience so many reverses. Her father, indeed, may be considered the only member of the ill-starred house of Stuart who enjoyed any continued happiness, and the changes in whose life were for the better. As his sensibilities were far from delicate, those untoward events, which to another would have been fraught with sorrow and regret, made but little impression on his mind: as *self* was his ruling passion, his own good fortune, in inheriting the most powerful throne in Europe, and all the advan-

tages which such a position gave, quite compensated for his mother's wrongs and misfortunes; and, like an upstart suddenly enriched with the spoils of a miser's hoard, which he could hardly hope to obtain, he gave way to a vulgar delight, and determined to enjoy "the goods the gods provided him," which he contrived to do to the end, leaving the remaining scenes of the Stuart tragedy to be played by other actors.

When Elizabeth, the great Queen, had breathed her last, and her silence had conferred the inheritance of England on James, the exulting prince lost no time in hastening to clutch his new possessions; and, although his ungraceful appearance and ungentlemanlike manners disgusted all the subjects of his magnificent predecessor, there were not wanting those in his train whose grace and beauty made up for his defects. His Queen and her children excited that interest and admiration which James himself failed to create; and, above all, the lovely child, Elizabeth, was a fairy vision, calculated to win all eyes her way as she appeared to the gazing multitude, seated in her carriage, surrounded by her young attendants; and, though it was by some objected that the more noble mode of travelling on horseback adopted by the Virgin Queen was disused by the new sovereign and his family, it was impossible to withhold from the youthful princess her due meed of praise, more particularly when it was understood that she was,

even at the very early age at which she first appeared in England, an excellent horsewoman.

Elizabeth was born in the palace of Falkland, on the 19th August, 1596, and was brought to England at her father's accession, in 1603; and, according to a somewhat absurd custom then prevalent, instead of being retained by her mother in her own home she was given up to the care of the Countess of Kildare: that is to say, the princess's establishment was kept at that lady's house, as was that of each of the royal children at different noblemen's dwellings. It would seem as if they were to be held as hostages for the good behaviour of the King, for what the advantages of separating the children from their parents and each other were does not appear.

There is no reason to think that Lady Kildare was selected by Anne of Denmark as her daughter's governess, or protectress, for any remarkable qualities she possessed. She is only known as Frances Howard, third daughter of the Earl of Nottingham, and married, in the first instance, to Henry Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare; after his death she became the wife of the unfortunate Lord Cobham, who was, soon after James's accession, involved in the suspicions under which Sir Walter Raleigh suffered. Her devotion to her husband was not very great, for she totally abandoned him in his distress, and declined offering him any sort of consolation or sympathy.

The princess was not, however, long under her influence, but was removed to the exclusive care of Sir John Harrington, newly created Baron of Exon, who accepted the charge of her education as a labour of love, and gave her his utmost attention, according to the testimony of his cousin-german,—the "witty" Sir John Harrington, the translator of Anacreon, and favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who is somewhat sarcastic in his remarks on the "fatigue" his relative endures for his royal charge; by which it would appear the late Queen's friend felt no very cordial esteem for those actually in power—a circumstance by no means rare in the history of Courts and courtiers.

The poor little princess of eight years old, who was greatly attached to her brother, Henry, was quite inconsolable at being separated from him, and deplores the event in the following brief letter:—

"My dear and worthy brother,

"I most kindly salute you, desiring to hear of your health; from whom, though I am now removed far away, none shall ever be nearer in affection than your most loving sister,

"ELIZABETH."

King James, pedant as he was, and born a schoolmaster, made a judicious selection for his daughter in her present protector; he had before

applied himself to her instruction and encouraged her correspondence with her brother as soon as she was able to hold a pen. As most young people of any intelligence are naturally disposed to communicate their ideas to each other, it is certainly an indulgence which cannot too soon be granted, and one which is likely to be of much service in forming a good and easy style, as in the case of young Elizabeth; for, though scarcely so pleasing as that of her cousin, Arabella, still her correspondence is very agreeable when undictated.

Of the family into which the princess was adopted, and amongst whom she became the most important personage, a very flattering picture has been drawn, and it would seem that every advantage of learning, taste, and refinement, was combined with more solid good to render Combe Abbey a fitting abode for a royal child. This fine domain had come into the possession of Lord Harrington by marriage with an heiress whose accomplishments and virtues made her a very appropriate person to take charge of a young lady of the high rank of Elizabeth; her own daughter, Lucy, afterwards Countess of Bedford, whose countenance is familiar to most persons, through numerous portraits, was a promising girl, of great abilities, some years older than the princess; an intimacy naturally ensued between them, and the charming Anne Dudley, niece of Lord Harrington,

who resided under his roof, made the third of these young graces.

Of Lucy Harrington's taste and imagination there can be no question, but of her prudence in expenditure the less inquiry there is made the better; for she became as notorious for the enormous and ruinous expense in which she indulged, as for her talent in planning elegant gardens and erecting beautiful structures. As King James, at this period, seemed to think himself in possession of a magical purse, which could never be exhausted, it was not likely that he restrained the extravagance of his daughter, who, even at this early age, displayed a great fondness for show and splendour, in which she, doubtless, was encouraged by her profuse friend, the gay and clever Lucy, who had the propensity for building of Bess of Hardwick, without her economy and management.

They must have been a happy party at Combe Abbey at this period, for, besides those already mentioned, the dear friend of Prince Henry, young John Harrington, enlivened them with his brilliant talents, so much appreciated by his royal companion, whose tastes were in many respects congenial to his own, except that the prince far excelled him in martial exercises and feats of agility.

Almost all writers concur in representing Prince Henry as a model of all manly and engaging virtues; and though the friends of that party which he was said to espouse probably exaggerated his

good qualities, yet there is no reason to believe that he was altogether so little interesting as an eloquent and, generally, impartial historian* represents him, when, in speaking of his untimely death —which important event he dismisses in a few careless words—he says:—

"Henry, the heir apparent, had reached his eighteenth year. There existed but little affection between him and his father. James looked on him with feelings of jealousy, and even of awe; and the young prince, faithful to the lessons which he had formerly received from his mother, openly ridiculed the foibles of his father, and boasted of the conduct which he would pursue when he should succeed to the throne. In the dreams of his fancy he was already another Henry V., and the conqueror of his hereditary kingdom of France."

This scarcely agrees with the respect and regret expressed for him by Henry IV. of France, who lost no opportunity of praising both his talents and virtues: the historian continues—

"To those who were discontented with the father, the abilities and virtues of the son became the theme of the most hyperbolical praise: the zealots looked on him as the destined reformer of the English Church; some could even point out the passage in the apocalypse, which reserved for him

* Dr. Lingard.

the glorious task of expelling antichrist from the papal chair."

"Harrington tells us, that the following rhyme was common in the mouths of the people:—

'Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells.'

"With the several matches prepared for him by his father, it were idle to detain the reader; his marriage, as well as his spiritual and temporal conquests, were anticipated by an untimely death, which some writers have attributed to poison, * * * and others, *with greater probability, to his own turbulence and obstinacy.*

"In the pursuit of amusement he disregarded all advice. He was accustomed to bathe for a long time together after supper, to expose himself in the most stormy weather, and to take violent exercise during the greatest heats of summer."

These habits, which are here imputed as a crime, are not unfrequently brought forward as a proof of heroism and manly qualities worthy of admiration, and they are generally named by the eulogists of the young prince as circumstances in his favour; however correct his physician might have been for blaming his hardihood, an impartial historian is scarcely to be excused for imputing it to him as an offence.

"In the spring of 1612," continues Dr. Lingard, "a considerable change was remarked both in his

appearance *and temper;* he spent the month of September in the country, in his *usual manner*, hunting, feasting, and playing at balloon and tennis, and on his return to Richmond, found himself so ill that the Court physicians were consulted. * * * It is evident that he died of a malignant fever."

John Harrington, in his "Nugæ Antiquæ," gives a somewhat different account of the occupations of the young friend of the heir of England, whom he represents as living in the most regular manner, allowing himself but five hours for sleep, and employing his waking moments in *useful exercises*, study, and devotion; and the usual accounts given of the occupation of Prince Henry, differ but little from those of his friend, who was less capable than himself, or had less inclination, to enjoy the natural amusements of youth.

But death and sorrow were far from the haunts of Combe Abbey at the time when Elizabeth Stuart's childish beauty enlivened and adorned its groves and gardens, and Lord Harrington writes of her:—

"With God's assistance, we hope to do our Lady Elizabeth such service as is due to her princely endowments and natural abilities, both which appear the sweet dawning of future comfort to her royal father."

All the quickness, vivacity, and observation, together with the wit and wisdom attributed to her

brother, were possessed in a remarkable degree by Elizabeth, and she inherited beauty both from her unfortunate grandmother, and her fair and volatile mother. Her manners were frank, affable, and popular; and the people of England loved to hear her name, which recalled to their minds one long their idol, and the admired and feared of all nations. Miss Benger, in her interesting history of this princess, thus names her residence at Combe Abbey:—

"The situation of Combe Abbey, though little attractive to the lovers of picturesque scenery, was recommended by its richly-wooded parks, abounding in game, its extensive gardens and opulent tenantry. Among the revolutions which it had undergone, the monastic aspect had been allowed to remain, but the cloisters were now occupied by the numerous retainers in Elizabeth's household; and never did she issue from this mansion unattended by her faithful guardian, and a splendid retinue of both sexes. Nor was this habitual pomp altogether useless in preparing for that life of theatrical exhibition imposed on royal personages; and that Elizabeth had already acquired sufficient self-possession to sustain her part with becoming ease and dignity, may be gathered from an account of her first visit to Coventry, which is still extant in the registers of that city.

"On Tuesday, the 13th April, 1604, the Princess,

Lady Elizabeth, the King's eldest daughter, came from Combe Abbey, nobly accompanied. Although scarcely eight years old, she was sufficiently expert in horsemanship to have headed an equestrian's train in the old manner of the maiden Queen; but the fashionable usage of carriages attested the degeneracy of the public taste, and, instead of this graceful exhibition, was instituted a procession of coaches, in one of which sat the young princess. The heads of the corporation omitted no attention that could bespeak attachment to the daughter of the reigning sovereign. The city poured forth men, women, and children to greet the royal child, whilst the mayor and aldermen, clad in scarlet robes, followed by the burgesses, attired in gowns and hoods, all well mounted, proceeded to Jabet's Ash.*

"At Jabet's Ash the cavalcade halted. The worshipful mayor, alighting, advanced to the Lady Elizabeth to kiss her hand; then, remounting his steed, rode majestically before her. The Lord Harrington and all his cavaliers followed bareheaded, the citizens standing in their holiday dress of gowns and hoods in respectful silence. In this manner they proceeded to St. Michael's church, all the burghers standing on their arms. The master of the free-school preached a sermon; to which the

* Jabet's Ash, at the extremity of the town. The tree has long vanished, but its vicinity still retains the name. — *History of Coventry.*

little princess had been taught to listen with profound attention.

"She was then conducted to St. Mary's Hall, where she dined, sitting for the first time in a chair of state, of which the novelty might, in part, perhaps, atone for its uneasiness; but, on being presented with a gilt silver cup, she was constrained to accept Lord Harrington's aid to sustain the weight when she took it in her hand and received the civic pledge. From St. Mary's Hall she went to the free school and the library; and thus made her progress through the streets till she once more found herself at Jabet's Ash, where the mayor and aldermen, hitherto her constant satellites, with the usual ceremonies, took their leave."

The princess received various proofs of liberality and loyalty from the city of Coventry. It is recorded that, at New-Year's tide, 1605, a present was made her from the corporation, more serviceable than elegant; namely, "a *pair of fat oxen*, value eighteen pounds."

The state in which Elizabeth lived, young as she was, may be conceived, when it is known that her household, together with that of Prince Henry—both children—amounted to a hundred and forty-one persons; fifty-six above, and eighty-five below, stairs. The prince's, indeed, became afterwards considerably increased, for he is said, at last, to have entertained no less than four hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom, two hundred and

ninety-seven were in the receipt of salaries, besides the workmen employed under Inigo Jones.*

Had some of the treasure, squandered by her father on the pomp of her infancy, been less profusely distributed, the destitute Queen of Bohemia might not in vain have begged supplies to prevent her entire ruin; but James, as thoughtless as wickedly extravagant and unprincipled, cared only for the present moment, and never cast a glance towards the future. It was only when his purveyors actually refused to furnish provisions for the royal table, and when his treasurer was surrounded in his carriage by the inferior officers of the Court, clamouring for the arrears of their salaries, that King James was startled from his visions of wealth and splendour to discover that riches can make themselves wings and flee away. In seven years, this Solomon of England had contrived to owe six hundred thousand pounds, and dared to ask the country for two hundred thousand a year, in addition to his income, in order to prevent the recurrence of his distresses!

From the peaceful enjoyment of the society of his fair young charge and his fine family, Lord Harrington was suddenly roused by the discovery of that fearful conspiracy which alarmed all Europe, and threatened destruction to so many illustrious personages. The design of the conspirators, in the famous Gun-

* See Archæologia.

powder plot, was to obtain possession of the persons of Prince Henry and the Princess Elizabeth, probably with an intention of educating the latter in the tenets of the Catholic faith, precisely according to the plan formerly devised against Queen Elizabeth; to which Arabella Stuart, then a child, was to be made subservient. In both cases the scheme was abortive; but the whole country was seized with a panic, from which it took long to recover.

It had been contemplated to carry off the princess forcibly, from the house of Lord Harrington, who, when this came to be known, caused her to be conducted to Coventry, and placed in more security than he could afford her. His alarm seems very great; for he thus writes:—

"I am not yet recovered from the fever occasioned by these disturbances. I went, with Sir Fulke Greville, to alarm the neighbourhood and surprise the villains who came to Holbach: was out five days in peril of death, in fear of the great charge I left at home. Wynter hath confessed their design to surprise the princess at my house: if their wickedness had taken place in London, some of them say, she would have been proclaimed Queen. Her highness doth often say, 'What a Queen should I have been by this means?' and, 'I had rather have been with my father in the Parliament house, than wear his crown on such terms!'"

The true men of Coventry exerted all their

energies on this occasion, as their municipal records still show; the corporation annals for the year 1605 giving account of all the pikes, partisans, black-bills, bows, and corslets, delivered "forth of the armory for Lady Elizabeth's guard."

When the danger was considered over, she was re-conducted, by her faithful friends, to Combe Abbey, to resume her studies and amusements; from whence she wrote a French letter to her brother—always her beloved correspondent, and one to whom she especially looked up—and concludes by this quotation, "If God be for us, who shall be against us?" The French language was already familiar to her, and she both spoke and wrote it with great correctness. She writes to her brother, at all times, in a strain of affection peculiarly touching; and, though he is sometimes said to have delighted in thwarting her, probably out of joke, he, doubtless, returned her tenderness.

"I give you," she writes, "a million of thanks for the servant you sent; but more for your kind letter, taking few things so joyfully as to hear of your health; and, though I cannot requite you with so pleasant a token, yet are these few lines a testimony of the affection of her whom you shall ever find your loving sister. I received your most welcome letters, highly esteeming them as delightful memorials of your brotherly love, in which, assuredly, I will ever endeavour to equal you, esteeming

that time happiest when I enjoyed your company, and desiring nothing more than the fruition of it again, that as nature has made us nearest in our love together, so accident might not separate us from living together; neither do I account the least part of my present comfort that though I am deprived of your happy presence, yet I can make these lines deliver this true message, that I will ever be during life yours."

These letters were sealed with wax, fantastically adorned with floss silk, and sometimes the name of Elizabeth was inscribed on them with letters of gold; the wax was interwoven with green and gold threads, and, altogether, the princess's letters must have been pretty to behold; at the same time, there is a certain formality and measured propriety in the style which creates a doubt whether they were really dictated by a young girl of nine years old. She, of course, wrote them to her brother; but it is more than probable that Lord Harrington was himself the composer of epistles worthy of a person of more advanced age and intellect.

It is true that children, at this period, were instructed, from their tenderest years, to discuss the most abstruse subjects, and to study much that was far above their comprehension; but, though tutored to appear learned, and capable of sustaining a public examination, as Prince Charles is said to have been in theology, before he was eleven years of

age, yet nature cannot be forced, and will peep out, particularly in familiar converse. If any letters, undictated by her careful and anxious governor, could really be found, or ever existed, from Elizabeth to her brother, they would, indeed, be interesting. The only thing surprising, in those days of ceremony and artificial existence, is, that natural feelings and manners should ever be allowed to have their way.

Who can read the following extracts from Elizabeth's letters, and not rather attribute them, if not to her governor, to the erudition of her older, and accomplished friend, Lucy, who no doubt was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying her acquirements, while she assisted the princess in composing letters which were sure to be seen and commented upon. There is no reason why a practice so common amongst young people should not have occurred at that period as well as at the present; but no one acquainted with childhood can believe that such sentences as occur in these epistles could be other than school phrases; such as are sometimes read with delight by parents even at the present day.

Elizabeth, in one letter, assures her brother, "that her mind continually dwells upon his divine perfections, and that such is the love which is seated in her heart, that a million of streams would not suffice to exhaust the source."

Again:

"I beseech you to believe that these lines with which I trouble you, and which, *primâ facie*, might be stigmatized for idle babble, are but so many streams flowing from the great ocean of my affections, and the pledges of that obedience which I am ready to yield to your mandates."

She occasionally reproaches her brother tenderly for his negligence in answering her epistles.

"Let us," she writes, "suspend, I conjure you, the silence that has but too long estranged us. Separated in our persons, in our letters let us still meet and commune together; and let me hope that my dearest brother will accept mine as a pledge of the affection with which I would fain dedicate to him my future life."

"I would fain hope the same good fortune may accompany this, on its flight to Royston, that attended its predecessor, which followed, or rather pursued, you to Newmarket. These winged messengers of mine, continually fluttering round your highness, have, at least, the fleetness of the dove, and afford ample proof that they are unencumbered with substance."

How little do these sounding phrases accord with the childish delight of the princess when taken to the Tower to see the bears; but pedantry and frivolity

combined was then the order of the day: her royal father, after "peppering" bishops with his learning, loved to solace himself, twice a week, at a cock-fight. So important did he consider this intellectual amusement that, as Lingard observes, the united salaries of two secretaries of state amounted to no more than the two hundred per annum bestowed on the master of the cocks. Strange, indeed, were the contradictions displayed at this Court, where the ladies one day wrote and discoursed like learned clerks, and the next were seen to "abandon sobriety and *roll about* in intoxication."

The letters written by Elizabeth to Prince Henry, on her removal to Court, are much less formal; she had now a livelier subject, and was encouraged by her mother—a young and frivolous woman—in all the gaieties of the hour. It was but natural that she should take delight in amusements so suited to her age, for she had neither the mind of Lady Jane Grey, nor her reasons for preferring solitude: she urges her brother, playfully, to give up all other occupations, and come to take his part in the masques preparing; and her little bits of bad Italian, amusingly introduced, are much more likely to be genuine than the solemn sentences which were sent from Combe Abbey.

Young Henry was much attached to his interesting sister; and it was not long before, being now frequently together, they imbibed the same sentiments on most questions of importance; in par-

ticular, they mutually resolved to do all in their power to support the reformed religion, and to undergo any perils rather than abandon it. Elizabeth soon caught the ardour and military enthusiasm which distinguished her brother, and, probably, his romantic desire for glory was shared by her, and greatly influenced her future fortunes.

Time wore on, and the beautiful Elizabeth was now nearly sixteen: amongst her many suitors, he who was chosen by her father was Frederic, Count Palatine of the Rhine. This choice by no means pleased the Queen, who would rather have seen her daughter the wife of a man of superior rank; and was mortified to think that she should be addressed by a meaner title than "Majesty." Anne of Denmark, therefore, opposed this match by every means in her power, and exerted all her wit and contemptuous irony to rouse her daughter's pride, and prevent her agreeing to the wishes of her father, his ministers, and the people. As usual, James was not guided by any very exalted motives in this selection; but, finding that it would be a popular measure, he resolved to brave his wife's anger, of which he generally stood in much awe; and he thus placed himself in a position more likely to please his subjects than any he had hitherto sought for. Prince Henry was, of course, highly satisfied; and the mortified Queen found herself in the minority; for her daughter, when she tauntingly asked her if she would be content to be called "Goody Pals-

grave," replied, it is said, with firmness, "I would rather marry a Protestant count than a Catholic emperor."

The brother and sister were even more than ever united in affection by this proposed event, which promised to further the great work which their enthusiastic minds contemplated—that of spreading the Protestant religion over Europe, and rendering it more firm and pure everywhere.

Miss Benger, in her life of Elizabeth Stuart, thus relates an incident, proving the regard she always evinced for the prince, by taking part in his occupations, and supporting and encouraging all those who interested him.

"She gave a still more pleasing trait of sympathy, in distinguishing with kindness those who shared her brother's patronage, more especially those whom he had protected from unmerited hostility. Among these, the well-known Phineas Pett,*

* "Phineas Pett was born at Deptford, and, educated at a free school, had risen by his own efforts from indigent obscurity. In 1603, being in distress, he was advised to build a yacht for the young Prince Henry, for his own private recreation. This vessel having been finished in two months, was presented to the prince, by whom Pett was graciously received. He then worked a model, which was shown to James; after which he was generally favoured at Court until, by the artifices of rival shipwrights, strong distrust was excited of his ability, and he was summoned by the Lord Admiral to answer, at a public examination, the charges preferred against him, the King, the Prince of Wales, and several officers of state being present. During this mock trial, which lasted twelve hours, the shipwrights were ranged on one side of the room, his Majesty and his officers on the other. At one

one of the most ingenious naval architects of his day, has left a record of the favours conferred on his wife by the Lady Elizabeth, to which he was, perhaps, the more sensible, since they were administered at a moment when he saw himself exposed to the malice of his enemies. After the triumph of Pett, Henry, anxious to offer reparation to the wounded feelings of his *protégé*, induced his sister to accompany him to visit his humble abode at Woolwich, where she lavished on his wife the most cordial demonstrations of kindness.

"After his acquittal, Pett was employed in building a man-of-war, which was launched in the summer of 1612, a few weeks before the public announcement of Elizabeth's intended nuptials; and in this ship, called from its illustrious sponsor, 'The

o'clock, his majesty called for his dinner, after which the debate was resumed; and Pett continued to debate, article by article, on his knees. 'The dispute was begun,' says Pett, 'by Lord Northampton; and sometimes by Baker, sometimes by Stevens, Beight, and Clay, all shipwrights; sometimes confused by all, and, which was worse, his majesty's countenance still bent on me, so that I was almost disheartened, and out of breath; albeit the prince's highness standing near me, from time to time encouraged me, as far as he might, without offence to his father, labouring to have me eased by standing up; but his Majesty would not permit it. His majesty afterwards examined the materials which had been depreciated, declaring the cross grain was in the *men*, not in the *timber*.'"

The king continued to investigate, pretending to be competent to decide on the subject, and finally declared that the ship was right in every point, and the accusation groundless. Upon which the prince exclaimed aloud, 'Where be those perjured fellows that dare abuse the king's majesty with their false accusations? Do they not worthily deserve hanging?"—*Archæologia.*

Prince,' was the royal bride afterwards wafted from her native shores. Little did the princess imagine," feelingly remarks Miss Benger, " on that day when she sat on the deck by Henry's side, in anxious expectation of a propitious tide, that she should so soon enter it bereaved of him who had been at once the playmate, the brother, the friend of her happy childhood, almost the only being with whom she could enjoy that equality which is essential to perfectly harmonious friendship."

The young King of Spain, and the Prince of Piedmont, were the other pretenders to the hand of Elizabeth, but to each of them the wishes of the country were opposed; and Count Frederic arrived in England, accompanied by the sincere congratulations of the whole nation, and was received with enthusiasm by all except the mother of his intended bride, who seemed resolved to show her vexation that the Spanish monarch, who had her preference, was not the fortunate suitor on this occasion.

Her love of pomp and show appears to have been the chief cause for this desire on her part, no consideration either of the country's, or her daughter's good, having influenced her choice; and it was some time before she would condescend to treat the Palsgrave with anything like kindness. The young lover, however, was resolved to soften her heart by his devotion and assiduity; nevertheless it was not apparently his good qualities which caused Queen

Anne to alter her conduct and take him into favour, but the splendour of his presents, which were showered upon her and her attendants so lavishly, that even James himself thought it requisite to bid him hold his hand.

To Lord and Lady Harrington he presented on his marriage gold and gilt plate to the value of two thousand pounds; and to their servants four hundred pounds, which was on his part sufficiently royal; but we learn, shortly after Elizabeth's marriage, that she found to her great mortification that her father, who could find money for all his extravagances, had never defrayed the expenses of her residence with the kind friends with whom she had passed her youth.

To all the princess's servants the Count gave a hundred pounds a piece, and a "medalia with his picture;" to her chief gentleman-usher a chain, worth one hundred and fifty pounds.

To the dear friend of Elizabeth he gave a chain of pearls and diamonds, worth five hundred pounds; to the Prince Charles a rapier and pair of spurs set with diamonds; to the king, a bottle "of one entire agate,* containing two quarts, esteemed a very rare and rich jewel; to the Queen, a very fair cup of agate and a jewel; and to his mistress, a rich chain of diamonds; a tire for her head, all of diamonds; two very rich pendant diamonds for her ears, and,

* Winwood.

above all, two pearls, for bigness and fashion and beauty esteemed the rarest that are to be found in Christendom, insomuch that the jewels bestowed on her are valued by men of skill above thirty-six thousand pounds. He was purposed to show the like bounty towards the King and Queen's servants and officers, but the King directly forbade it. The Queen is noted to have given no great grace nor favour to this match, and there is doubt *will do less hereafter*."

The following letter proves the honourable manner of the young count's treatment by the city, and announces the illness of the Prince:

MR. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN TO SIR RALPH WINWOOD.

"London, 3d. Nov. 1612.

"You have heard long since of the Count Palatine's prosperous passage, and all the manner of his reception and entertainment. He is now lodged in the court, in the late Lord Treasurer's lodgings, and doth carry himself so well and gracefully, that he hath the love and liking of all, *saving some Papists or Popishly affected*, whereof divers have been called *coram*, for disgraceful speeches of him; and, among the rest, as I hear, Sir Robert Drury: who, because he was not entertained perhaps by him or his, as his vanity expected, began to talk maliciously. But the king is much pleased in him, and so

is all the Court: and he doth so address himself, and apply to the Lady Elizabeth, that he seems to take delight in nothing but her company and conversation. Yesternight her Grace invited him to a *solemn* supper and a play, and they meet often at meals without *curiosity of bidding*.* On Sunday was sevennight, he dined with the King and Prince in the Privy-chamber, but sat bare all the time, either by custom or to bear the Prince company—*who never came abroad since that day*, being [taken suddenly ill],—and hath continued a Quotidian ever since Wednesday last, and with more violence than it began; so that, on Sunday he was let blood by the advice of most physicians, tho' Butler of Cambridge was loth to consent. *That afternoon he was very sick*, so that both King, Queen, and the Lady Elizabeth, went severally to visit him, and revelling and plays appointed for that night were put off: but the next morning he was somewhat amended, and so continues for aught I hear yet. He and the Count Palatine were invited, and had promised to be at the Lord Mayor's feast on Thursday last, and great preparations were made for them, but, by this accident, he failed. The Count Palatine and his company after they had seen the show in Cheapside, (which was somewhat extraordinary, with four or five pageants and other devices,) went to Guildhall, and were there plentifully feasted

* *i. e.* without the ceremony of invitation.

and welcomed by Sir John Swinerton, the new Lord Mayor, and presented, toward the end of dinner, with a fair standing cup, a fair bason and ewer, and two large *livery pots*, weighing together toward 1,200 ounces, (to the value of almost 500*l.*) in the name of the city.

"The Merchant Adventurers had sent him a present of wine the Saturday before, to the value of one hundred marks. If the Prince's sickness do not hinder, the King means to go towards Royston on Friday, and, 'tis thought, carries the young count along with him.

"Judge Yelverton died on Friday last of very age, and Sir Edward Darcy, that was *the Privy chamber* to Queen Elizabeth."

In the midst of all the rejoicings and preparations for Elizabeth's marriage, came that fatal blow which deprived England of an heir, and which filled every heart with mourning. A parallel to the universal sorrow may be found in the death of the Princess Charlotte two centuries after, for he like her was mourned by

"The land that loved *him* so that none could love *him* best."

When so young, so loved, so promising a prince is torn away without warning given, the sudden bereavement naturally gives rise to surmises and rumours suggested by astonished sorrow: even

those nearest, and who should be dearest, do not always escape censure or suspicion: and so it was with the father of the beloved prince, to whom the nation looked as to a saviour, disgusted as the people had reason to be, with the selfishness, extravagance, and frivolity of the present sovereign.

Several writers of the day, Sir John Chamberlain in particular, do not hesitate to express their doubts as to the fairness of his death: and the causes which might have made his removal necessary to certain parties are freely discussed, as in the following rather mysterious extracts:

SIR R. NAUNTON TO SIR R. WINWOOD.

"17 Nov. 1612.

"Touching our *Paladium* which we have lost, I hold it neither fit to write what I conceive, and less fit to be written to your Lordship. It is given out by his confidents that he had a design to have come over with the Palsgrave, and have drawn Count Maurice along with him, *with some promises*, and done some exploit upon the place that shot the Palsgrave's *Harbinger*, and happily to have seen the Landgrave's daughter, or I know not what. That this he meant to have done, whatsoever it was, *clam Patrem et senatum suum*, and hatching some secret design, *which was made subject to misconstruction*, it is now become abortive, like that of Henry IVth. of France. Sir Henry Neville told

me he had vowed that never idolater should come into his bed, and was ascertained that, in his sickness, he applied this chastisement for a deserved punishment upon him, for having ever opened his ears to admit treaty of a Popish match."

The grief of the princess was extreme on the sad loss of so beloved a brother, and, it is said, the sympathy shown in her sorrows by the Count Palatine, endeared him to her, and rendered her perfectly willing to ratify her father's promise. The ceremony of their marriage was necessarily postponed, and three months were allowed to elapse before he was to call her his bride. This appears but a short period of mourning for so great a misfortune, and the sad event might well have excused the Court from entering into any great expense on the occasion; but, so far from embracing an opportunity to show some consideration to economy, the marriage only gave occasion for even more unbounded extravagance than formerly. James and his thoughtless Queen, neither of whom showed much feeling on their son's death, and both of whom soon apparently forgot it in newer considerations, gave a loose to their appetite for pomp and display, and the whole Court was in confusion with the gorgeousness of preparation.

To defray a part only of the senseless expense he chose to incur, James levied the feudal aid* of twenty shillings on every knight's fee, and on every twenty pounds of lands held in soccage. This produced twenty thousand pounds, but the total expense amounted to fifty-three thousand two hundred and ninety four pounds, *exclusive of the bride's portion of forty thousand pounds!*

The "triumphs and shows" that ensued are beyond all description, and far from pleasing to hear of, when the state of the exchequer is considered, and the late bereavement to the kingdom remembered. One writer says: "It were to no end to write of the curiosity and excess of bravery of both men and women, with the extreme *daubing on* of cost and riches." Ladies in gowns which cost fifty pounds a yard, jewels, embroidery, and every species of luxury in dress and ornament abounded, and the whole scene was one blaze of treasure: but a gloom, which could not be dispelled, hung over all: the phantom death was too clearly seen lording it over all, and the masques and revels were witnessed without gaiety or mirth.

It is recorded that the only instance of hilarity displayed was ill timed, and, by the superstitious, considered ominous: the fair bride, in her flowing tresses bound with a coronet of gold, and followed by her twenty noble bridesmaids in white robes, rich

* Lingard.

with embroidery, was more than usually lively on the occasion, and, whether from lightness of heart or some hysterical affection caused by recollections which

> " Had no business there at such a time,"

disturbed the solemnity of the scene by a low titter which soon burst into a loud laugh.*

It was on Valentine's day, 1613, that this alliance took place with such infinite pomp and gorgeousness; and all that painters, poets, and musicians could invent, was done to show honour to the young pair, whose union was looked upon as propitious to the kingdom and to religion; so short-sighted is man!

The poets, Donne and Daniel, and others equally prosaic, showered bad verses on the bride and bridegroom, proving that they had neither the genius nor the power of divination attributed to bards. Little better than the following was produced:—

> " Thy happy bridegroom, Prince Count Palatine,
> Now thy best friend and truest Valentine,
> Upon whose brow my mind doth read the story
> Of mighty fame, and a true future glory."

Amongst many accounts given of the bridal, is the following, from a pamphlet printed in England in 1613, which sets forth that—

* Lingard, and others.

"Elizabeth was clad in white satin, richly embroidered with silver. Upon her head, a crown of refined gold, made imperial by the pearls and diamonds thereon placed, which were so thickly set, that they stood like shining pinnacles over her *amber coloured* hair hanging down over her shoulders to the waist. Between every plait a roll or list of gold spangles, pearls, and rich stones: and diamonds of inestimable value were embroidered on her sleeves.

"The King was in a magnificent suit of black, with a single diamond in his hat. The Queen was in white satin, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds. In the chapel, the King sat in the chair of state, on the right, wearing jewels valued at *six hundred thousand pounds*; opposite to him was the Queen, whose jewels were supposed to be worth *four hundred thousand pounds*. The royal party were all placed on the *haut pas*, or throne. None but persons of the first quality came into the chapel.

"First, the choristers sang an anthem; then the Bishop of Bath and Wells preached a sermon from the text referring to the marriage of Cana in Galilee. After the sermon, another anthem was sung, taken from the psalm, 'Blessed art thou that fearest God.' While the choir were singing this anthem, the Archbishop and Bishop robed, and, having ascended the *haut pas* or throne, the young couple were married according to the form in

the Prayer Book, the prince speaking in English. The King's majesty gave the bride away. After the ceremony, the herald having proclaimed *largesse*, the King gave the joy-Ipocras: wine and wafers were produced from the vestry. After tasting the wafers, a health was begun to the prosperity of the marriage by the Prince Palatine, which was answered by the princess and others in their order."

The number of the princess's attendants is variously reported, from twelve to twenty: some say both she and the Palatine had each sixteen of the nobility in their train, to number the years they had passed—hitherto all summers!

After the ceremony of the marriage—in which, some say, the word *obey* was left out—a dinner of fifty-two guests, which lasted three whole hours, succeeded; then a tedious ballet on the subject of Orpheus, which tired every one out, until the King, "saturated with watching," was obliged to declare that he could hold out no longer, and put off the rest of the interminable pageants prepared, till a future day.

The students of Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple appear to have been greatly disappointed at the non-success of their device at the moment it was to have been presented, for the King having admired the riding, dressing, invention, and, above all, the *dancing*, of the learned gentlemen of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, till he was

ready to drop with fatigue, declined seeing any more; and the second pageant of the marriage of the Thames to the Rhine, boats, barges, lights, and fireworks, all prepared at a cost of three hundred pounds, was forced to return as it came, without exhibiting at all.

The Thames and the Rhine, however, would not be thus driven back without an effort, and, after "much repining and contradiction," the actors displayed their skill in the new banqueting-house, and were rewarded by the King with a supper, which sent them all away in good humour, though, probably, their play had been witnessed by the weary Court as impatiently and sullenly as when Hippolita sneered at the "tedious, brief tragi-comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, presented for her amusement by the gallant Theseus.

The Queen's disinclination to the match every now and then became too apparent, and she spared her daughter no mortification which her ill-humour suggested; for this, the gratification evinced by the people and the city made some amends, and the bride received with pleasure a present from the Lord Mayor and aldermen, of a chain of pearls worth two thousand pounds. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge vied with each other in attentions to the Palatine; but in the midst of these civilities, a sudden fit of economy, on the part of the King, undid all that had pleased before, and annoyed the young couple exceedingly.

Just before the time fixed for Elizabeth's departure from England, with her husband, their household was suddenly broken up, and the greatest part of their attendants dismissed. In a letter from Sir J. Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, the occurrence is thus commented on :—

" 10th March, 1613.

" Since my last of the 23d Feb., I received yours of the 20th, and wish you many such windfalls as it mentions from Count Maurice, and all little enough considering the charge that is now coming towards you by the Lady Elizabeth's passage : though I am of opinion that her train will not be so great by many degrees as was expected, for we devise all the means we can to cut off expense, and not without cause, being come *ad fundum* and to the very lees of our best liquor, else should not the Palsgrave's house be so abruptly broken up and the most part of his company dissolved and sent away so suddenly, presently after the King going to Newmarket, which the Lady Elizabeth's Highness took very grievously, and not without cause, but *that necessity hath no law.* The number and quality of her attendants varies every day : some say the Lords go no further than Bachrach, and that Dr. Martin, the King's advocate, and Mr. Levinus, are the sole commissioners for settling and looking at the jointure : the time of her departure also varies in common report, being, they say, put

off from the 8th of April till after St. George's Day, that they may have fair moon-light nights at sea.

"The Palsgrave hath presented the Queen with an exceedingly fine *carosse*, made in France, of pale coloured velvet, richly embroidered in gold and silver, both within and without; with six horses and two coachmen all in the same livery, and the wheels and the iron-work richly gilded and curiously wrought, valued at eight or nine thousand pounds at least. He hath dealt bountifully also to Sir Henry Saville, and sent him two fine standing cups with a basin and ewer all gilt, to the value of better than fifty pounds, in requital of his Crysostum he presented him withal: besides five pounds to the man that brought it."

In lieu of hospitality, James was content to treat his son-in-law with more shows, and a grand tilting match was prepared—in which, Wotton observes, "in despite of a wet day and the disgrace of their plumes the gallants performed nobly."

Amongst the sights of London, the young pair visited the Tower, and looked over the armoury; Elizabeth volunteering, with a boldness which delighted those present, to apply the match herself to the great cannon which was to be discharged in their honour.

The unsuccessful application of the bridegroom to King James in favour of Lord Grey, accused of holding communication with the now distracted

Arabella Stuart, has already been mentioned;* and deeply mortified must Elizabeth have been to find she possessed so little influence in her family that she was not even permitted to regulate her own household. Her former protectress, Lady Harrington, was, however, granted to her desire, and she was not denied the society of her young friend, Ann Dudley, as well as that of her preceptor, Dr. Chapman.

As if pleased to get rid of expensive guests, the King seemed now resolved to speed their departure with all necessary pomp, and appointed a convoy of seven vessels, commanded by the Lord Admiral the Earl of Nottingham, of Armada fame, in person. The royal parents accompanied their children to Rochester on their way to Margate, where they were to embark; and young Prince Charles was allowed to go with them as far as Canterbury, where they all lodged for several days in the dean's palace, most honourably treated.

The grief of the young princess was very great in parting from her native shores and all she loved in her family; sad thoughts of her lost brother, Henry, no doubt mingled with her regret, and a thousand fears and anxieties must have awaked in her mind, as she stepped on board the vessel which Pett had built under the auspices of that promising prince whose star was set for ever.

The vessel was a fine one, carried fifty-four

* See her Life in Vol. I.

guns, and had accommodation for six hundred men. On board were, besides the Elector and his bride, and the Admiral, Lord and Lady Harrington and their suite. The vice-admiral, Governor Effingham, was in the "Royal Anne," in which, also, embarked the Duke of Lennox, the first royal commissioner. The Earl of Arundel and his countess and suite were in the ship "Assurance." The "Repulse" and "Red Lion" lodged Viscount Lisle and General Cecil, other commissioners; in the "Destiny" the legal commissioner, Dr. Martin, and in the "Rear-Admiral" was Mr. Levin Monk, the sixth commissioner. Smaller ships followed in the train of these; and gallant and gaily the fleet set sail, with the beautiful bride and her attached and interesting husband.

But, as if ominous of the ill fortune which awaited them, they had scarcely put out to sea, when the indications of an approaching storm warned them to return, which they were obliged to do; but, so careless were the parents of the bride as to her fate, thus embarking as she was for a foreign shore, on a treacherous element, that, instead of lingering near the coast, that every rumour of their appearance might be reported to their anxious ears, and watching their sail

> "Till the diminution of space had pointed them
> Sharp as a needle—and then
> Have turn'd their eyes and wept"——

the volatile and indifferent father and mother were

already far away, on a progress of pleasure, as if their "part in her was done." Prince Maurice, of Nassau, uncle of the bridegroom, however, showed kindlier concern for the voyagers, for he sent a pilot-boat from Flushing, with Professor More, an able navigator, to guide the English fleet to the destined port. When they arrived at Flushing, Maurice came on board to welcome them; and Stow tells how "the town and garrison sent forth a volley which made the heavens and earth to echo."

Great was the enthusiasm with which the daughter of the King of England was greeted by the free and generous people of the republic, who had reason to be grateful for the friendship of that nation; and as the lovely Elizabeth walked unveiled through the streets, the acclamations of the spectators were louder than the clarions which hailed her arrival.

A series of triumphs attended the "Pearl of Britain," as she was designated, wherever she appeared, and a ruinous expense incurred, which, from its profusion, seems almost incredible. Both Frederic and Elizabeth were so young that they can scarcely be blamed for their unbounded extravagance; for, true it is that their conduct was that of children allowed to run unchecked into every sort of wild folly; and that such a pair were unfit to govern appears but too clear; the example of the King and Queen of England was closely followed by them, and they appeared to strive how

far they could outdo all the fatal waste they had been witness to.

Even in Holland, where there was no Court, and simplicity of manners prevailed, Prince Maurice for a while, to do honour to his fair and admired guest, became a courtier, and clothed himself in gala attire, instead of his usual coarse, woollen garb; and he, who laughed at luxury, and taunted the epicure, Lord Hay, when sent ambassador to him, by giving him only two dishes, one a *boiled*, the other a *roasted pig*, now condescended to preside at feasts, and be as gay as the celebrated courtier himself, of whom and of his *bravery*, an account is amusingly given by Wilson, in his History of James the First, when, in 1616, he was sent as ambassador extraordinary to France, to congratulate the King on his marriage with the Infanta.

"And who is fitter for that employment, being only for courtship and bravery, than the Lord Hayes, afterwards Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle, a gentleman whose composition of mind tended that way? He was born in Scotland, where bravery was in no superfluity, bred up in France, where he could not have it in extravagance; but he found it in England, and made it his vanity. The King had a large hand and he had a large heart, and, though he were no great favourite ever, yet he was never but in favour. He, with a great train of young noblemen and other courtiers of

eminency, suited themselves with all those ornaments that could give lustre to so dazzling an appearance, as love and the congratulation of it carried with it.

"All the study was, who should be most glorious; and he had the happiest fancy whose invention could express something novel, neat, and unusual, that others might admire. So that Huntingdon's prophecy was fulfilled here, when, speaking of the time of the Scots' conquest of England, he said, '*Multimodæ variatione vestium et indumentorum designaretur.*' I remember I saw one of the Lord Ambassador's suits, and, pardon me that I take notice of such petty things, the cloak and hose were made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver; the cloak, almost to the cape within and without, having no lining but embroidery. The doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned, and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery both above and below. This is presented as an assay for one of the meanest he wore, so that if this relation should last longer than his old clothes the reader might well think it a romance savouring rather of fancy than reality.

"But this kind of vanity had been long active in England. * * * * * Thus accoutred and accomplished he went into France, and, a day for audience being prefixed, all the argument and dispute betwixt him and his gallant train, which took

up some time, was, how they should go to Court. Coaches, like curtains, would eclipse their splendour; riding on horseback in boots would make them look like travellers, not courtiers; and not having all foot clothes it would be an unsuitable mixture.

"Those that brought rich trappings for their horses were willing to have them seen, so it was concluded for the footcloth, and those that have none, to their bitter cost, must furnish themselves.

"This preparation begot expectation, and that filled all the windows, balconies, and streets of Paris as they passed, with a multitude of spectators. Six trumpeters and two marshals in tawney velvet liveries, completely suited, laced all over with gold, richly and closely laid, led the way, the ambassador followed with a great train of pages and footmen in the same rich livery, encircling his horse and the rest of his retinue according to their qualities and degrees in as much bravery as they could devise or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders; and some said, how truly I cannot assert, the ambassador's horse was shod with silver shoes, lightly tacked on; and when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminence were, his very horse, prancing and curveting, *in humble reverence*, flung his shoes away, which the greedy understanders scrambled for; and he was content to be gazed on and admired, till a farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen,

out of a tawney velvet bag took others and tacked them on, which lasted till he came to the next troop of grandees. And thus, with much ado, he reached the Louvre."

The reflection of the quaint historian on the extravagance of the time is much to the purpose, and suits equally that which attended Elizabeth and her husband:—

"I know not what limit or bounds are set to the glories of Prince's Courts, or nobles' minds. We see the sea itself and all its tributary rivers do ebb and flow, but if they swell so high to overflow that bank that reason hath prescribed to keep them in, what inundations of sad mischief follow experience shows!"

Prince Maurice, willing that the bridal party should find no lack of splendour and welcome on his part, accordingly exerted himself to the utmost, and attended the bride in the most devoted and gallant manner imaginable. When she took leave of the admiral, Lord Nottingham, she gave him a letter to her father, relating how well she had been received in Holland, and attributing all to the zeal of the Prince and people for his Majesty, to whom she professed her belief that she owed all, though, of course, she was inwardly convinced that her own beauty and the expectations formed of her, were the chief causes of her popularity. Whether James felt any pang for the coldness with which

he had dismissed the new-married pair, is not recorded; but it is more than probable that his conscience reproached him with the selfishness he had displayed.

From town to town the Electress, conveyed by the gallant Prince Maurice, everywhere met with hearty welcome and rejoicing: at the Hague, a grand hunting match was made for her amusement, at which she performed a feat thought worthy of record, for it is frequently named with commendation of her skill: she shot a deer, and thus proved herself as skilful in wood craft as in gunnery.

Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam opened their gates with delight to the beautiful traveller, who enjoyed the novelty of visiting places so full of interest and excitement: nothing escaped her observation; and, with all the vivacity of youth, she explored every scene that possessed attraction either from its historical recollections or intrinsic merit. At Amsterdam, she was particularly delighted — went through the town and ascended a tower, from which she looked over thirty cities: triumphal arches and gilded barges awaited her at every turn; and the Princes of Nassau met her on the banks of the Rhine with troops of horse and foot, all professing themselves her soldiers, and ready to die in her service.

Stranger princes came forward to offer her their homage, and, at length, wearied with pomp and

ceremony, she was not sorry to find herself in the midst of a fairy fleet which her tender husband had prepared to surprise her. Frederic had caused a galley to be built for his Cleopatra, of the most graceful design; painted and gilded as if the Graces themselves had prepared it; and, hovering round about their guiding star, flitted numbers of nautilus-like boats propelled with one oar only, which were so delicate, that it was necessary every night to transfer them to a large yacht ready for the purpose.

Along the romantic Rhine, floated the royal beauty, surrounded by all that love and luxury could invent for her gratification; and, enchanted with the unrivalled scenery that met her view by day, she every night landed at a spot rendered interesting by some tradition, to which she listened with charmed attention. It is said that she passed one night in the famous castle of the rat-devoured miser-bishop, Hatto, not a little excited by the adventure. All the towns on the banks sent forth their hundreds to gaze upon the beautiful vision of her passage, and all came laden with offerings for her acceptance; so that her frail barks could hardly contain all the stores brought down to freight them.

But, however pleased with what she saw, Elizabeth regretted the absence of her lover-husband, who, on his part, was equally impatient to return to her; for he had been obliged to precede, in order to prepare everything for her reception at his expectant home.

A German chronicle, quoted by Miss Benger, gives an animated account of their meeting :—

"The Palsgrave became impatient to see his beloved consort; and, having collected a troop of cavaliers, and four companies of soldiers, he transported himself to Gilsheim, on the Rhine, where, having learnt that his princess was off Baacherat, he entered a yacht, soon descried the fleet, and hastened to welcome her whom he held most dear in the world. What joy it was to meet again, it were needless to say. And now the Elector conducted his spouse to Gilsheim; but, lo! her approach being rumoured, the princes and their vessels gather from all parts to the banks of the Rhine, and friendly invitations were poured in from every side. And this day did the Princess first arrive in the land of the Palatinate, thanks to God, safe and sound, and gay, and most heartily welcomed."

Then was she borne in triumph from place to place in her dominions; sometimes addressed, in Latin, by zealous, but tediously-learned professors; sometimes greeted with rich presents, showered with garlands and hailed with music. Her approach was the signal for brilliant displays of dress and drapery, eloquence and song, acting and saluting, as if the sole business of the world was, wherever she stept, to do her honour.

> "When'er you walk cool gales shall fan the glade,
> Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade."

Nature and art alike vied to make their progress all light, and life, and joyousness. Pageants and temples, palaces and bowers, with every god and hero, every goddess and nymph, that history and poetry ever named, were pressed into the service to pleasure the young Electress, who must, by the time she reached her home, have been more weary than King James himself at her wedding.

At length the portals of the palace of Heidelberg expanded to let in the anxiously-expected pair—the objects of so much enthusiasm. An angel hovered above the portal, with broad glittering wings, and the motto displayed was, *Deus conjunxit.* The streets through which they passed were covered with green turf, and every house was hung with wreaths of May and festoons of flowers of every colour. Through arches and groves the bride passed gaily on, and from one a device—afterwards remembered as a bad omen—appeared: a crown, suspended by a silken cord, was lowered for a moment on her head, and instantly withdrawn. But it were in vain to attempt to rehearse the bravery which was displayed on this occasion, or to follow the processions, and pass through the triumphal arches, and hear the orations of learned boys and erudite magistrates, with which Elizabeth was accompanied to her castle, and greeted when within it.

She was not sorry when all the demonstrations of loyalty and attachment which bewildered and

fatigued her were over, and she could indulge her romantic taste in contemplating the magnificent fabric whose walls echoed with music and revelry in her honour.

The castle of Heidelberg is raised above the town three hundred feet, and from a distance she had beheld its venerable turrets with admiration. One of the most ancient parts was a tower erected on a commanding cliff, the scene of one of the many traditions which belonged to the castle. Here, she was informed, once dwelt a prophetess, Jetha Behel, whose oracles were delivered from a concealed retreat there, and by whose advice the new palace was constructed in place of the old, which was as ancient as the time of Charlemagne.

Nothing of architectural magnificence which Elizabeth had ever beheld in her own country could compare with that of Heidelberg, which was a perfect town in itself. And grand and imposing was her reception into this mighty fabric: the Dowager Princess Juliana, the mother of her husband, with twelve princesses, and a train of noble ladies, as her attendants, were ranged in order in a double row to meet her, as, borne in her husband's arms to the portal, she was received into those of his mother with a burst of affection and feeling which overcame the restraint of etiquette.

They now entered the palace, whose pillars were of seeming gold, the floors of porphyry, and the cornices inlaid with gems; all brilliant and

gorgeous as in a fairy tale. The ceilings glowed with vivid colours, the walls were rich with tapestry, and a suite of ten rooms, each more sumptuous than the last, completed the enchanting vista.

At the dinner of state, Elizabeth was served by twelve princes in the Silver chamber, where the trumpet and the drum spoke to Heaven, while the Queen drank, amidst five thousand guests, for whose use the *great tun* was repeatedly drained and replenished.* A tournament followed, and running at the ring, with dramatic pageants, in which the Elector himself bore a distinguished part.

It would seem as if the scenes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" had been written as a type of the rejoicings on this occasion; for Bottom, Starveling, and the rest, could hardly have imagined any absurdity to outdo the vagaries of the heathen deities, and Mount Parnassus, who figured in the pageants, together with the Danube, the Rhine, the Neckar, and other celebrated rivers; all of whom in person spoke and sung and harangued until even the youthful patience of the gratified Queen must, one would think, have been exhausted.

Stowe gives the following account of the expenses incurred, which are the more lamentable when the sad reverses of most of those concerned which ensued are remembered:—

"Besides the *six thousand* trained footmen who

* Miss Benger. Stowe.

staid during the solemnity and were fed by the prince in the camp, there were every meal, whilst the commissioner staid, furnished above *five thousand* tables, and above six thousand guests served and fed at his expense. But, because this is extraordinary, know that this Court is ever great, for it hath one thousand persons in ordinary daily fed and clothed twice a year at the prince's charge; and he keepeth three hundred great horse; besides his Highness hath many governors, lieutenants, deputies, receivers, captains, and other officers who have all large salaries and are served in such state.

"At every meal a marvellous great kettle drum striketh, and twenty-four trumpets sound the service. Wherefore let envy, malice, and ignorance cease to carp at that they cannot parallel now they may know it, and all honest men rest satisfied therewith."

After this admonition, of course, no further comment can be made, although, but for the severity of the chronicler, it might have been allowable to express amaze and regret that these gorgeous doings cost nearly three hundred thousand pounds!

True it is, that Frederic was at this time head of the most flourishing district in Germany; his affairs, during his minority, had been conducted with the greatest care by the Duke de Deuxponts, and all smiled prosperously upon him when he brought home his beautiful bride. He was proud

to hear himself hailed, also, as the chief of the Evangelic Union, although as much danger as honour was now attached to the distinction, and it was not long before dissension crept in amongst the other heads of the Protestant states, which involved consequences not apparent at the moment.

There were not, unfortunately, wanting fanatics in religion, and astrologers who predicted that the young Palatine was destined to perform wonderful actions; and the flattery was but too pleasant to the inexperienced mind which received it. In the midst of good auguries of all descriptions, an heir was born to the delighted and exulting Prince, and all Germany, England, and Scotland rang with rejoicings for the desired event. New revels, new glories, new pageants, and new presents succeeded each other, impoverishing the country and preparing its misfortunes.

Already, in spite of the continued scene of feasting and rejoicing in which she existed, Elizabeth looked back with something like regret to the superior refinement and amusement of her native Court, and was obliged to acknowledge, with a pang, that she was neglected by those at home nearest and dearest to her. She knew her mother even yet nourished resentment against her, for the condescension she had showed in accepting the hand of a man whose dignity was less than a king; and she saw, also, that, once away, her place was easily filled in her father's heart.

In the unabated fondness of her husband, and their congenial tastes; in the tenderness of her mother and sisters-in-law, Elizabeth had, however, a powerful resource; and she endeavoured to forget that there was an ungrateful world beyond the romantic castle she inhabited, and the fairy gardens created for her by the devoted Frederic. Nothing could be more beautiful than these gardens, which, at great expense and with persevering anxiety, her husband caused to bloom on the steep side of the rocks of Heidelberg. This Armida-like spot was laid out by the famous and unfortunate Solomon de Caus—one of those energetic and enquiring spirits to whom the secrets of steam were divulged; but whose knowledge, added to disappointed expectations, made him mad. In a work, published by him in 1620, De Caus gives a description of the gardens of Heidelberg, and records the inscription which Frederic had placed over an arch at the entrance.—"Frederic the Fifth to his beloved wife, Elizabeth, 1615."

The powers of mechanism were called into play in the retreats of this garden, and from streams of water were made to issue melodies of the most bewitching kind, whenever the royal pair sought the solitude which these beautiful glades offered them, when wearied with the pomp and luxury around.

The chase was another source of amusement to Elizabeth, for which she seemed to have a passion

scarcely inferior to her father; and it was remarked of her by Maximilian of Bavaria, that she was as celebrated for her sylvan prowess as for her charities and munificence.

Her love of letters continued unabated, and she received with pleasure at her court her learned and elegant countrymen, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, when the latter was sent ambassador to Germany: his celebrated and beautiful verses have tended, as much as anything known of Elizabeth, to keep her memory alive in all hearts.

"TO ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

"Ye meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your number than your light,
Ye common people of the skies,—
What are ye, when the Sun shall rise?

"Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple blossoms known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are ye, when the Rose is blown?

"Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak numbers,—what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

"So when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?"

It would have been well for Elizabeth and her dominions, if the simple pleasures and the occasional magnificence of Heidelberg had sufficed for her ambition, and if the sincere piety of her heart had been contented with the duties she had within her power: but the taunts of her mother had had too much weight in her mind, and the enthusiasm of her brother, Henry, respecting the spread of Protestantism, had been adopted by herself with equal fervour. The generous desire of rescuing the sufferers of her own religion from the persecutions they endured, was fostered by the hope of obtaining power which would enable her effectually to assist them, and secure the sway of true religion.

Abraham Scultetus—the great apostle of the reformed faith—urged and excited his willing pupil until her devotion to the great cause was not less than his own: his inconsiderate zeal may, in a great measure, have caused much of the misfortune which ensued to herself and her husband.

A revolution had burst forth in Hungary and Bohemia, and the old order of things was overturned: enterprising men—some, doubtless, instigated by patriotism, and many by their own interests—were not wanting to take advantage of circumstances. In the end, the crown of Bohemia was offered as the prize of that prince who dared to brave the power of Austria, Spain, and all the Catholic potentates.

Frederic had many friends and relatives who

saw in him the person destined to undertake so important an adventure: the stars were supposed to have pointed him out as one foretold to deliver Europe from religious error, and to found one of the greatest monarchies in the world. The energetic and resolute Count Thurm had an army at his disposal; his fortune seemed to beckon him on to greatness: his uncles, Maurice of Nassau, and the Duke de Bouillon offered him their counsel and support, and, above all, his beautiful and enthusiastic wife, his beloved Elizabeth, bade him stretch forth his hand to the diadem within his reach, and accept the high station which would enable him to become an efficient servant of God.

The arguments that were used to determine the young Palatine to take the decisive step were these, falling from the lips of experienced men on whose judgments he relied:—

"Fortune," said the chancellor, Louis Camerarius, "commonly declares for the brave; and it would be unworthy of your rank to reject that which every other sovereign would be disposed to seek. Neither would such self-denial gain credit with mankind for moderation, but rather you would incur the odium of meanness and pusillanimity. Yet, in reality, what evils have you to anticipate? Who is the Emperor you have to oppose? Is he like Charles V., at the head of a victorious army? No; but shut up in Gratz; and conscious that he

would be unsafe in Vienna. Hungary is his no longer —Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Lusatia are ready to embrace your interests. Almost the whole of Austria is ready to shake off the yoke of Ferdinand. Where shall he find forces to attack you? The succours which he expects from Italy and the Low Countries cannot easily pass into Germany. The States-General of the United Provinces will presently furnish occupation for the Spaniards; and, although the truce with the Catholic King is about to expire, the Prince of Orange will raise both men and money to assist you. The King of Great Britain is your father-in-law, the King of Denmark, your ally, the Protestant princes of Germany will readily concur in an enterprise so glorious, so useful to the Reformation; even the Court of France, though at present hostile to your designs, probably assumes that repugnance to satisfy the Pope, when, in reality, it would rejoice to see Austria despoiled of so fair a possession. Whatever may be the result, it is impossible that France, England, Denmark, the United States, and the Protestant Princes of Germany shall remain tame spectators of your exertions.

"In fact there is nothing for your Highness to lose, and much to gain; but were there even more difficulty and peril, it would well become a courageous prince to run some risk for glory."*

Frederic could not listen to such congenial advice

* Le Vassor. Spanheim.

without secret exultation; and Elizabeth gave herself up, heart and soul, to its fascination. In vain the Dowager Juliana, the careful and far-seeing mother of the Elector, represented the fallacy of all these splendid imaginings. On the other side, she bade them both reflect that there was little doubt but that the Pope, roused by the threatening danger to the empire, would convoke all Catholics to defend him. France had not power to oppose Austria. Spain would eagerly sustain it; and, above all, she entreated them to pause before they placed reliance on King James, who would most assuredly not break with his great Spanish ally for their sakes.

She acknowledged that from some of the other powers they might gain support; but they were too weak to overcome such mighty opponents. Others were fickle, or divided amongst themselves; and as for the Bohemians themselves, it was trusting a broken reed to depend on their stability. "But even," she added, "though you could depend on your kinsmen, your allies, your friends, and your subjects, you have neither troops nor treasures adequate to the charges of war, and never can hope to obtain the general suffrage, until you shall be ensured against defeat."

Frederic, accustomed to attend implicitly to the superior wisdom of his mother, would probably have given way to the force of her representations, but Elizabeth's hold upon him was too strong; and he could not resist her entreaties, her tears, her

eloquence, and, it is even said, her reproaches. She could not endure to see the vision of a regal crown fading away; and her vain mother's contemptuous laugh rung in her ears, as she imagined her turning from her disappointed daughter, and the weak prince who had not courage enough to be a king.

His mind torn with conflicting emotions, Frederic now inclined one way, and now the other, but at length the cause of prudence was abandoned for that of ambition, and he consented to become a candidate for a crown which was to be given away.

The people of Bohemia decided to accept him, and the die was cast. His tears, on the occasion of their election being reported to him, were prophetic of the future, and he said, sadly, to the Duke of Wirtemberg: "Alas! if I accept the crown, I shall be accused of ambition; if I reject it, I shall be branded with cowardice. However I may decide, there is no peace for me or my country."

He was not, however, permitted further vacillation: all his friends pressed round him, and assured him, that

"Fate would have him king."

The Dowager Juliana heard that all was ended with despair; she took to her bed, and silently deplored the ruin which, like Cassandra, she foresaw in vain.

Very differently was the news of her husband's decision received by the young, ardent, and aspiring

Elizabeth, in a letter in which the state demanded her opinion of the step taken. Her answer was in conformity to the arguments urged by Count Schomberg to his master, as well as those of Scultetus and Camerarius.

"Since you are persuaded that the throne to which you are invited is a vocation from God, by whose Providence are all things ordained and directed, then, assuredly, you ought not to shrink from the duty imposed; nor, if such be your persuasion, shall I repine, whatever consequences may ensue; not even though I should be forced to part from my last jewel and to suffer actual hardships, shall I ever repent of the election."

These are Elizabeth's own prophetic words.

If it was presumptuous in Elizabeth thus to urge her husband, she was supported in her ideas of the propriety of the measure by the judgment of a great statesman, habitually discreet and eminently fortunate in his various undertakings.* It is told of Maurice, Prince of Orange, that, in answer to some objections to Frederic's acceptance of the crown of Bohemia, he exclaimed, in jest: "Is there any green cloth sold in Heidelberg?" When asked why he made the demand, he replied: "Oh merely to make a fool's-cap for the man who could propose such a silly question."

* Miss Benger's Life of Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Probably, if Frederic's character had been as bold and prompt as that of Maurice, success would have crowned his enterprise; but he had too much conscience or caution for a conqueror:

"Letting I dare not wait upon I would."

When he returned to Heidelberg, his reception by his mother was solemn and sad; but that which greeted him from his exulting Queen was calculated to repress all his doubts, and inspire him with new courage to carry through his undertaking.

Juliana consented to resume the sway she had abdicated for a time, and to quit the retreat and retirement which she had hoped to enjoy for the remainder of her life; and the new King and Queen of Bohemia prepared to take leave of the home where they had been happy, and the subjects who adored them.

"A portentous gloom," says an eye-witness, "overspread the face of nature; the people wept; the clouds poured down torrents; nowhere was seen the smile of joy. Early in the morning, the Elector, with his eldest son, Henry Frederic, now in his sixth year, repaired to the great church of Heidelberg, to offer oblation and sacrifice to the Most High. No sooner was this duty performed than Frederic, not without tears, pronounced a solemn valediction to the people, who, with an involuntary movement, clasping their hands in agony, implored for him and his house the divine benediction.

"When he passed through the church, the sighs and sobs of grief were audible: every eye followed his steps; every heart dwelt on his parting accents; and, when they no longer saw his form, they expatiated on his virtuous administration. Never had any sovereign been more truly beloved."

In the Queen's private chapel, where she performed her devotions, her chaplain, Dr. Chapman, chose a text which might be considered prophetic.

"Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go to such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even but as a breath that appeareth for a time, and then vanisheth away: for that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this."

At length the parting moment arrived, and the sad separation from an affectionate and beloved family, from adoring subjects, and from scenes, endeared by habit and association, was to take place.

The royal pair entered their travelling carriage, eighteen others following them, including all Elizabeth's English ladies, and some German of high rank, amongst whom was Amelia of Solms, afterwards tenderly loved by her mistress.

Tears were shed in abundance, and unconcealed was the regret and distress of all: their departure was looked upon, as it indeed was, as a great

national calamity. The letter-writer, before quoted, goes on thus to describe the scene: alluding to young Prince Henry, he says:—

"There were none but discerned *something extraordinary* in the aspect of this hopeful young prince: but, above all, delightful was the demeanour of that great lady, who, the tears trickling down her cheeks, was mild, courteous, and affable, yet, with a proper degree of state, like another Queen Elizabeth, *the Phœnix of the world.* Gone is that sweet princess, with her *now* more than princely consort, towards the place where his army attendeth, showing herself like that *virago of Tilbury*, another Queen Elizabeth, for so she now is, and what more *she may be*" (meaning Empress), "or her royal issue, is in God's hand, for the good and glory of his Church.

"Such a lady going before and marching in the front, who would not adventure life and covet death! It is the manner of the Moors, in their deadly battles, to choose one of their fairest virgins to go before them in the field: for her to be surprised they would deem an everlasting shame, and, therefore, rather fight to the last man. And shall we suffer our princess, our only royal *infanta*, to go to the field and not follow her? Then are we worse than the very infidels, who, at the last day, shall rise in judgment against us."

The new sovereigns were met on the frontiers of

Bohemia by the grandees and burghers with every demonstration of affection and respect. The smiles and affable manner of Elizabeth delighted all who approached her; and the curiosity to see a lady of such great rank, who was come to be their Queen, was extreme: the lively and animated appearance of the Bohemians pleased her in return, and the delight they showed on her appearance completed the favourable impression they had made.

The nobility exerted themselves to do the royal party honour; and they were astonished at the enormous size of the castles, and magnificent style of entertainment offered them: everywhere the people's enthusiasm followed them; but the old Bohemian dialect in which they spoke was unknown to the new sovereigns, who had no words in which to reply to their greetings. At length, after a series of triumphs, they reached the fine old city of Prague, and set foot on the ground of their new kingdom, at the beautiful walk at the foot of Weissenburg, called "The Star," where a deputation waited to escort them into the town.

A grand and curious procession of four hundred burghers, in their antique dresses, and with primitive manners and customs — against which the risibility of the somewhat injudicious Frederic was not proof—conducted them to the palace.

Their coronation soon followed,* and Elizabeth's

* 4th Nov. 1619.

triumph was now complete—"Goody Palsgrave" was a queen: but she who had excited her daughter to desire this distinction, could not now witness her exaltation. Queen Anne was dead, and her vanity and weakness buried in the tomb. And, alas! although almost all the nations of Europe presented their congratulations to King Frederic, there was one potentate who sent censure instead; and, like the bad fairy at the royal christening, cast an evil influence on all around.

King James refused his son-in-law the title of king, protesting that he would never aid and abet rebellion. However mortifying this harsh conduct might be, the Duke de Bouillon, elate with pride and hope, endeavoured to reassure his nephew, by exclaiming in triumph—"I care not who makes *knights* since I create kings."

But this exultation was short-lived, for the unnatural father of the young Queen, from whom they naturally expected support, or at least could not imagine that he would prove their enemy, declared himself openly as opposed to them in every way, as totally disapproving of their conduct, and ended by encouraging the other powers to discountenance what he called rebellion and usurpation.

This blow fell heavily on Elizabeth, who had not seen her father's character so clearly as Juliana had done, and who could not fathom his motives for thus treating a Protestant prince and his near connexion. She was not aware of his cowardly

submission to Spain, of his idle and mean desire to ally himself to the monarch of that country, and the tangled mazes of his crooked policy were inscrutable to her open, noble, and candid mind.

She saw, too late, that she had vainly relied on his paternal tenderness. Alas! he felt as little towards her as his vain queen had done, who in her will had not even named her daughter: they treated her as one who, once married and sent from them, was to trouble them no more.

Six months after she was queen, she learnt the mischief that the selfish and unmeaning policy of James had created. His declaration had given the tone to the other Protestant princes, who ventured to remonstrate with Frederic on his conduct in accepting a crown which they had promised to assist him in defending.

All parties now, from different motives of self-interest, thought it prudent to withdraw, as much as possible, from supporting a cause which the nearest and most powerful ally of the King of Bohemia reprobated. One by one the Protestant chiefs showed that they could abandon the great work they had pretended to forward, as soon as danger came in the way; and, while brotherly love and peace was preached amongst them, all Christian duties were neglected. One of those who did most harm to his master, was the too zealous and fanatical Scultetus, whose Calvinistic violence disgusted and enraged the Lutherans and Catholics, who

had hoped to be unmolested, if not favoured, by the sovereign they had chosen. Not only did this injudicious minister loudly and fiercely inveigh against all those points of religion which differed from his own, but he excited his people to destroy in the night certain revered relics and images which were the pride and boast of Prague, and were the objects of fondness—an innocent, and even praiseworthy, one—to the people. Elizabeth was unjustly blamed for this destruction, for, it was recollected, that she used to avoid passing a bridge where stood a celebrated cross—her real motive being delicacy —as at that spot it was the custom for both sexes to bathe; and, from that moment, all the enthusiasm for the Queen was changed to suspicion and ill-will.

Superstition, that bane of all good, had, at this period, a sway little inferior to that which it had exerted in the darkest ages; the people of all nations

> "Hearkened after prophecies and dreams,"

and every appearance in the sky was looked upon as the harbinger of some great event. Each sect and party saw, in the phenomena of the heavens, a visible sign which spoke to themselves, and by none were they allowed to be a portion of the natural order of things which the learned might explain. It is not surprising that the half-savage nations of the North should be impressed with such notions, when

France and England encouraged such benighted ignorance; and, however absurd it may now seem, when an aurora borealis, or some similar beautiful appearance in the skies, suddenly illuminated the nights of Northern Europe, all the wondering gazers read a fate in its luminous lines.

The Catholics insisted that it was a vision of angels gliding along to heavenly music, and promising a holy triumph for them. Some, who desired the event, thought it portentous of the Emperor Ferdinand's death. Scultetus declared that it was a procession of souls, rejoicing that the Church had been purified from idolatry; and Frederic and Elizabeth believed it to be a *fairy vision*,

> "Of some gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live
> And dwell in the pighted clouds."

Meantime, in spite of the gathering storm, Elizabeth and her husband endeavoured to hope the best: their eldest son was solemnly acknowledged his father's successor to the throne of Bohemia, and the fickle people seemed to be returning to their original allegiance.

The Emperor Ferdinand, however, was daily gaining ground; treachery was at work, constantly undermining the tottering fabric of Frederic's popularity. An army was on foot, composed of leaders of fearful strength and overpowering numbers, and the King of Bohemia must meet them in the field;

day by day his pretended friends drew off; and, if they did not join his enemies, they remained neuter, and he was left without help. King James, all the time, turned away his face, and would not see his daughter's peril.

Meanwhile, the Emperor's *ban* was issued against Frederic, accusing him of high treason, for having made himself "head of that perfidious and rebellious crew" of his kingdom of Bohemia, banishing and proscribing him, and warning all persons to avoid affording him or his assistance or relief.

The Duke of Saxony took the field, with an army of twenty thousand men, to execute this imperial ban. To them were opposed Counts Thurm and Mansfeld, who, for a time, kept the great power in check; but jealousies sprang up between them and the Prince of Anhalt, and others of higher rank in the King of Bohemia's service, who would not consent to be second in command, thus introducing dissensions of a fatal tendency.

The Marquis Spinola was forming an army in Flanders; and all threatened destruction to the new King. James contented himself, in spite of the representations of his son and daughter, with sending to his ambassador at Brussels, to demand the meaning of this gathering, the truce being still in force between the Low Countries and Spain; but no satisfactory answer was returned; and he must have been blind, indeed, if he saw not the

meaning of six-and-twenty thousand foot, and four thousand horse, being ready for action.

The enthusiasm in England in favour of the King and Queen of Bohemia and their Protestant cause, obliged King James, at last, though sorely against his will,—"so odious was the name of war to him," says Wilson,—to permit one regiment of foot "to join with the princes of the Union, and make *a little noise and bustle.*"

This gallant troop, composed of the most high-spirited and noble young men in England, commanded by Sir Horace Vere, and swelled by numbers of other daring and enterprising persons, amongst whom were the Earls of Oxford and Essex—for two more regiments were allowed to follow—gladly set forth in defence of their beloved princess; but they were but a handful; and to send so few was as barbarous and unfeeling as the rest of James's conduct.

Agitating uncertainty and incessant anxiety had now usurped the place of the domestic peace which had been the portion of Elizabeth and Frederic in the beautiful retreats of Heidelberg, and of the high aspirations which dwelt with them in the palace of Prague. Frederic was with the army; their children were sent away to places of security; and the Queen, now near her confinement, remained in the capital, a prey to sorrow and regret, obliged to assume a confidence she no longer felt, and to encourage those still true to her cause by her smiles and apparent cheerfulness.

The letters written to her by Frederic from his camp, in which he tells her he is surrounded by spies and traitors, were far from re-assuring, but breathe the spirit of the fondest affection and devotion. How melancholy must have been the forebodings which dictated the following reflections!—

"What madness is it to lavish embellishments on a poor inanimate corpse! for myself, I should desire nothing more than a plain linen shroud. I trust Providence will long preserve us both to live together; but, in the name of God, I conjure you to be careful of your own health, if not for your own sake, for mine, for our beloved children, and for that dear being yet unborn, whose existence is bound up in yours! Yield not to despondence! I would fain be with you; but this being my vocation, I trust you do not the less believe me your devoted friend in life and death."

On the eve of the battle of Rakonetz he wrote to her thus:—

"God grant that it may not be necessary you should depart from Prague; but *it is better to prepare for the worst*, otherwise, in case of an emergency, we should be thrown into extreme confusion. Could I but once receive the assurance that you were perfectly resigned to the will of God, I should experience unspeakable comfort. Without this resignation on my part, I had long since sunk

under the heavy burthen of afflictions which it has pleased Divine Providence to impose. Tell me, then, freely, your sentiments on this subject, and whether you do not acquiesce in the propriety of retiring from Prague in good order, whilst order may be preserved, rather than wait until you shall be compelled by the enemy to a precipitate flight. We are now near the Bavarian camp. Yesterday he saluted us with his cannon: to-day we have had another *feu-de-joie*. Once more I entreat you to believe that I would not urge you to depart contrary to your own choice. I merely transmit my opinion; above all, be assured I am, for my whole life, your faithful and devoted

"FREDERIC."

But Elizabeth resisted all his anxious advice that she should remove from Prague for greater safety; she justly considered this would be an impolitic step, and have the air of desertion: where, indeed, could she find safety? for she was hemmed in on all sides by foes; and far was it from her design, even were it otherwise, to separate herself from the fortunes of her husband, although she had been careful to place her children as far as she could out of the reach of danger. She continued, therefore, her former conduct, endeavouring to inspire others with hope; but her mind was torn with remorse for the part she had taken, and she reproached herself, in her letters

to Frederic, as the author of his troubles, for which he affectionately reproves her.

But the tide had set against them, and there was no retreat: the contending parties advanced even to the gates of Prague; and that fatal battle ensued which sealed the fate of the unfortunate Frederic. On the same spot, the beautiful park where he and his royal bride had received the congratulations of the Bohemians, a dreadful carnage took place, and all was lost.

Nothing remained for the distracted husband but to rescue his wife from the pressing dangers that surrounded her; and, hurrying her into a carriage, he carried her off to the old town of Prague in an almost unconscious state.* When Frederic lifted her from the carriage at the old palace gate, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "I now know where I am. We princes seldom learn the truth till we are taught it by adversity."

No grace was accorded to the unfortunate pair, but a truce of eight hours. Count Thurm, who had been the last to quit the field, seeing that resistance would be vain, conjured the king to hasten his departure from Prague, where the

* She had to pass the bridge where the famous cross had been destroyed, and in a contemporary pamphlet she is thus reproached:—

"Whither goest thou, Elizabeth? Whither, but over the bridge which thou didst refuse to pass on the specious pretext of modesty. Mockery and falsehood! it was because thou couldst not endure to look upon that holy object. Unsanctified unbeliever! thou art now carried whither thou wouldst not follow," &c.

emperor's ban was impending over his head: and he knew that the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria were eager to execute its mandates.

After a brief consultation, Frederic decided to leave his claims on Bohemia in the hands of his friends, and to retire himself to Silesia.

On the 9th Nov. 1620, they began their melancholy retreat from a city which had been the scene of their triumph for a short year.

"At the moment of departure, all was panic and dismay; and the historians of the day have not disdained to notice, amongst the most important details, that the Queen's night-clothes, and the King's insignia of the order of the garter, were left behind. Of the ladies, Elizabeth alone retained self-possession. Her bosom friend, Anne Dudley, was overwhelmed with the fate of her husband, who had fallen in the fatal conflict; the others were appalled with apprehensions for the Queen's future destiny: nor could Elizabeth herself be insensible to the danger: but, when Bernard, Count Thurm, from whom she received an homage bordering on idolatry, eagerly proposed to defend the citadel a few days, in order to allow her more time to withdraw from pursuit, Elizabeth exclaimed, with true womanly heroism: 'I forbid the sacrifice. Never shall the son of our best friend hazard his life to spare my fears: never shall this devoted city be exposed to more

outrageous treatment for my sake: rather let me perish on the spot, than be remembered as a curse!'"*

Frederic has been blamed for thus at once abandoning his capital; but he knew that traitors, who had betrayed him, were concealed about his Court, and he acted under the advice of his most gallant officers and best friends: the unfortunate are always blamed, while all the imprudences of the lucky are cited as their merits.

The travellers pursued their flight by unfrequented roads, at times impracticable for carriages; the Queen was forced to alight frequently, and be placed on horseback behind a young British volunteer, named Hopton—a man of good family, and whose proud boast it afterwards became, that he had once served and protected the Queen of Bohemia.

She arrived, at length, at Breslau, after great fatigue and hardship, the snow having fallen and barred their passage; which, if it had come three days sooner, might have saved their kingdom, by impeding the march of the hostile army. Elizabeth lost no time in appealing to her father, and imploring his prompt assistance and interposition in behalf of her husband: her letter runs as follows:

* Miss Benger.

"The Baron d'Hona will not fail to inform your Majesty of the misfortune that has befallen us, and by which we have been compelled to leave Prague, and come to this place, where God only knows how long we may be permitted to remain. I therefore most humbly beseech your Majesty to protect the King and myself, by sending us succour: otherwise we must be brought to utter ruin. It is from your Majesty alone, next to Almighty God, that we expect assistance.

"I most humbly thank your Majesty for the favourable declaration you have been pleased to make respecting the preservation of the Palatinate. I earnestly entreat you to do as much for us here, and to send us good aid to resist our foes; otherwise I know not what will become of us.

"Let me, then, once more implore your Majesty to have compassion on us, and not to abandon the King at the moment when he most needs assistance. As to myself, I am resolved not to leave him; *and, if he must perish, why I will perish also.* But, whatsoever may become of me, never, never shall I be other than your Majesty's

Most humble, most obedient
Daughter and servant
"ELIZABETH."

Prague submitted to the conquerors, the day after Frederic quitted it, under promises of amnesty

and protection; which were so far from being kept, that their breach afterwards filled the country with bloodshed and horror.

The Silesians, intimidated at the vicinity of the Saxon troops, received the royal fugitives in the coldest manner: without money or resources, abandoned by all whom he hoped to find his friends, his beloved wife on the eve of her confinement, and all his prospects of the most gloomy kind, the unhappy Frederic quitted Breslau with Elizabeth, prevailing on her to remain for a few days at Frankfort on the Oder, whilst he despatched a courier to Berlin, to his kinsman and brother-in-law, George William of Brandenburg, simply to beg that he would allow his wife shelter in his castle of Custrin, during the period of her accouchement.

The mean and brutal prince whom he addressed returned a churlish answer; and represented that neither Custrin nor Spandau were in a fit state to receive her, both being dismantled and without furniture, fuel, or servants; in fact, he added, there was nothing to be expected there "but misery and starvation."

But for the intervention of Sir Henry Wotton, the British envoy, his peerless queen and sun of beauty would have been denied a lodging by this cowardly relative, who feared to bring danger on himself by countenancing the defeated party. When forced to agree to their going to his castle

of Custrin, he took care to stipulate that they should pay their own expenses, to the last farthing; and he was cautious that the picture he had drawn of the desolation to be expected there, was not too highly coloured.

It was on the 25th of December—just a year from the time when her son, Rupert, was born in the stately palace of Prague—that, in a desolate and inhospitable abode, where discomfort, want, and wretchedness were too evident, Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of the King of England, gave birth to her son, Maurice: both these princes were afterwards remarkable for their attachment to their mother—perhaps the greatest reward for all her sufferings, which could be reserved for her:

"An over-payment of delight."

In three weeks she was forced, by her savage host, to quit his castle and journey on to Berlin; from whence she hastened to Wolfenbuttle, in Brunswick, where kindness and attention were offered her by the relatives of Anne of Denmark.

The Dowager Juliana had removed to Polish Prussia: to her was sent the infant, Maurice, while Rupert accompanied Elizabeth in her wanderings. No reproach ever passed the lips of the patient and affectionate mother of Frederic, who wept with her daughter-in-law, and offered her every consolation in her troubles, without once

alluding to the errors her ambition had led her into. She did not, however, approve of the King of Bohemia's submission and temporizing, and foresaw, as the event proved, that such a line of conduct would be of no avail, and could only excite contempt.

King James, now that his assistance came too late, was ready to join in mean solicitations, all of which were without effect; for the enemies of his son-in-law were on the strongest side.

His speeches to his parliament, however, show with what ill will he came forward to their assistance, as well as what merit he claimed for himself in what he did:

"Touching the *miserable dissensions in Christendom*, I was not the cause thereof; for the appeasing whereof I sent my Lord of Doncaster, whose journey cost me three thousand five hundred pounds. My son-in-law sent to me for advice, but within three days after accepted the crown, which I did never approve of for three reasons: First, for Religion's sake, as not holding with the Jesuits' disposing of kingdoms; rather learning of our Saviour to uphold, not to overthrow them. Secondly, I was no judge between them, neither acquainted with the laws of Bohemia. Thirdly, I have treated a peace, and, therefore, will not be a party. Yet I left not to preserve my children's patrimony; for I had a contribution

of my lords and subjects, which amounted to a great sum. I borrowed of my brother of Denmark seven thousand five hundred pounds to help him, and sent as much to him as to make it up ten thousand. And thirty thousand I sent to the princes of the Union, *to hearten them.* I have lost no time: had the princes of the Union done their part, that handful of men I sent had done theirs. I purpose to provide an army the next summer, and desire you to consider of my necessities," &c.

Another time he thus expresses himself:

"It is true that we have ever professed, (and in that mind with God's grace we will live and die,) that we will labour by all means possible, either by treaty or by force, to restore our children to their ancient dignity and inheritance. * *

"But, because we conceive that ye couple this war of the Palatinate with the cause of Religion, we must a little unfold your eyes herein. The beginning of this miserable war, which has set all Christendom on fire, was not for Religion; but only caused by our son-in-law, his hasty and rash resolution, following evil counsel, to take to himself the crown of Bohemia: and that this is true, himself wrote letters unto us at that time, desiring us to give assurance both to the French King and State of Venice, that his accepting of the crown of Bohemia had no reference to the cause of Religion,

but only by reason of his right of Election (as he called it.) * * This unjust usurpation of the crowns of Bohemia and Hungaria from the Emperor, hath given the Pope and all that party too fair a ground, and opened them too wide a gate for curbing and oppressing of many thousands of our religion in divers parts of Christendom."

Whilst her father was thus cold in her cause, "The Queen of Hearts," as Elizabeth was commonly called, had many enthusiastic admirers in England, who were ready to afford her support. It is related that this warmth greatly annoyed King James, who felt the affection of his subjects towards his children as a reproach. One instance particularly offended him; it is thus recorded by a writer of the time:

"The lieutenant of the Middle Temple played a game this Christmas time, whereat his Majesty was highly displeased. He made choice of the civilest and best-fashioned gentlemen of the house to sup with him; and, being at supper, took a cup of wine in one hand, and held his sword drawn in the other, and so began a health to the distressed Lady Elizabeth: and, having drunk, kissed the sword: and, laying his hand upon it, took an oath to live and die in her service: then delivered the cup and sword to the next, and so the health and ceremony went round."

If sympathy and earnest affection could have helped her cause, the fair Queen of Bohemia would not have been lingering sadly at Wolfenbuttle, lamenting the sudden fall of all her highly-raised hopes; but her father was, perhaps, the only man in his dominions who was lukewarm in her favour, and who possessed the means of helping her effectually.

Her husband, meantime, is said, during her stay in that part of the country, to have visited Heidelberg, the scene of his early happiness, in disguise, in order to seek there for gold for his expenses. Melancholy must have been his reflections as he furtively trod the mazes of those beautiful gardens which he had arranged with so much taste and care for his royal bride, and where they had so often strayed together, forgetting the world beyond and all its vexations; of which, alas! they then knew so little in comparison.

Singular and original must those gardens have been. An ancient German work,* published not many years after they were completed, affords us a glimpse, in its minute details of drawing and architecture, of that spot where art and nature joined to create beauty and delight. The broad Neckar flowing at the foot of the town, whose numerous spires and turrets, and elevated buildings, are reflected in its waters; the covered bridge, with its triumphal arches and high-pointed tower at the entrance; the Geisberg rising at the back

* Topographia Bavaria. Lust gartens zu Heidelberg. 1644.

of the scene; the palace and all its terraces in the centre, approached by wide and handsome streets, and towering far above all the rest of the city; the river studded with boats; and the animated country around—all convey an idea of content and pleasure: but, chiefly, the far-famed gardens attract the eye, shown as they are by the artist in so many aspects.

Here we are led to a retired grot, at the extremity of which a scene, as at a theatre, opens, displaying a stage of sparkling water, from whence rise rugged rocks ornamented with branches of coral and other marine plants: while from their centre spring transparent jets, which leap into a basin beneath, and mingle with the foam caused by the fall of a large body of water, which is whirled to the utmost height of the sparry cavern that encloses it, and returns, in fantastic and feathery shapes, to its original bed. Besides this, in niches round this aquatic palace, stand nymphs and water-spirits, pouring fresh offerings from their flower-crowned urns into crystal cups, which overflow, and dash into a silver stream beneath, whose onward course is interrupted by cataracts rushing down on every side over shelves of rock, above whose murmurs recline sculptured forms, supported by dolphins and other watery creatures, all apparently revelling in their "parent wave," and inviting the unwary stranger to partake their "cool delight."

From thence we wander in idea through separate compartments of verdure and flowers, enclosed by arcades of rich and fantastic patterns, one parterre leading from another through little door-ways cut in a leafy wall; and at length we descend to a terrace below, where gardens, in rich carved frames, lie in symmetrical order, divided only by central fountains and miniature lakes full of glittering fish; then, through long, shady groves of perfumed lindens, we are led, by flights of marble steps, to a series of arched walks, protected at all seasons from the rough winds, where temples and sheltered seats offer fine views over the rich country round; here rows of orange-trees delight the senses, and all the tender plants which shun the chilling air of the north are placed in retreat; walk after walk, all roofed with climbing flowers, intersect each other, till, by descending other steps to other platforms, mazes, involved in flowery confusion, in the midst of which a murmuring fountain tells the secret of its hiding-place, lie tempting the wanderer to explore their concealed recesses.

Many tears must Frederic have shed as he hurried through this *Al Aden* of his own creation, whose charms,—like those of the Eastern monarch, who thought in such a retreat misfortune could not reach him—a breath had swept away! How often had he said to his beloved, as they walked together through the wilderness of bloom,

" Here are cool shades, Lycoris, meads, and flowers,
Here could I melt all life away with thee."

He wrote to the constant object of his thoughts at this time, during his brief absence—" It already seems many years since we parted."

At length, the Queen, with her ladies and eighty cavaliers, began a long and fatiguing march through Westphalia; but the gaiety and vivacity, the kindness and resolute cheerfulness of Elizabeth, who, with recovered health, was restored to all her original spirits, made the way light to all, and gained her the hearts of every one on her passage. Her maternal solicitude was relieved too, at this period, by again embracing her son, Henry, who was under the care of the Countess Ernest of Nassau, at Munster. Their way was to the Hague, and, to judge by the rapturous manner in which their friends everywhere received them, their journey might have seemed rather one of pleasure than a forced visit to sue for protection.

That protection they sought was offered them by the States of Holland, and a liberal allowance was made to Frederic for the maintenance of his family. Elizabeth, in effect, found the society here much more congenial in manners than that of the semi-barbarous Bohemians, who regarded her as a divinity, and looked upon her with savage reverence, while in favour, deserting her for new objects of wonder when others were presented to

them; whilst in Holland she was surrounded with persons of rational and polished habits, and she had also an opportunity of renewing her correspondence with her friends in England.

But it was otherwise with Frederic; he missed the respect and the state to which he had been accustomed, and he exclaimed, gloomily, "Heaven preserve me from the population of a great city, and, above all, from the *canaille* of the Hague!"

Bohemia, meantime, was a prey to the vengeance of the conqueror Ferdinand, and the most cruel executions of the friends of the late King were daily occurring; heart-breaking accounts reached the ears of the expelled monarch of those dearest and most faithful to him dying on the scaffold, insulted and reviled, and his heart bled for injuries which he could not redress.

It were vain to follow the ill-fated Elector through all the attempts he made to recover possession of his kingdoms; sometimes a brief triumph dazzled his eyes for awhile — the contending princes, whose interests clashed, now joined and now deserted him. At one time he was on the verge of victory, if he had been supported by his flinty-hearted father-in-law, but anon his fortunes fell once more, and he saw himself reduced to hopelessness.

"Would to Heaven," he writes to his wife, "there were but one little corner of the earth, where we might dwell together in peace and content! I should desire no better lot."

Not only was the whole of his new kingdom wrested from him, but his Palatinate, at length, became the prize of the emperor, until Frankenthal, the dower of Elizabeth, was almost his only remaining possession. It now appeared certain to the partisans of Frederic, that King James connived at his son's ruin; and the fatal truth would seem to be impressed on the mind of the Queen, for she thus writes to her friend and advocate, Sir Thomas Roe:—

"It is not good in these days to be my friend, for they have ever the worst luck; but I know that it will not alter you. The prosperity the King had in the Palatinate lasted not long, for he was constrained to leave the army, (being ready to mutiny for lack of payment,) and to retire to Sedan, having no help from any body. He went thither not without danger of his life, by the King my father's command; and when he was there he did not so much as maintain his army with any help, but chides him that he was himself in person with his army, which hath forced him to leave it having no other means. There is a speech here that the Count Mansfelt will serve the French King against those of the religion; if he do so, I would he may be hanged for his pains. But I must confess I am in a little trouble what will become of a worthy cousin-german of mine, Duke Christian, of Brunswick, who, I am sure, you have heard of; he hath

engaged himself only *for my sake* in our quarrel, and if Mansfelt go to the French King I know he will not follow him, which makes me fear he will be in danger of retiring himself hither. I look every hour for news of him and the King, who cannot stay long at Sedan for fear of a siege. I pray thee be assured that nothing good or evil that can come to me shall ever alter my good opinion of you, to whom I am ever your most assured friend,

ELIZABETH.

"P.S. I pray you commend me to your wife, and continue writing to me of such news as you hear, and of the idiot deeds of your Emperor.*

* Sir Thomas Roe was ambassador at the Mogul's Court, from 1614 to 1618. This potentate, happy in his pride and ignorance, imagined his dominions to be the greatest and most extensive in the world. Sir Thomas, in an evil hour, showed him Mercator's maps, and, to his horror, astonishment, and mortification, he discovered that he was emperor of a little nook only in the vast universe. He turned away his eyes in disgust, and angrily desired that the maps should be given back again to the English ambassador.—See *Grainger*.

Sir Thomas Roe was ambassador not only to the Great Mogul, but to the Kings of Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and the Emperor and Princes of Germany, at Ratisbon.

In him the accomplishments of the scholar, the gentleman, and the statesman, were eminently united. During his residence in the Mogul's Court, he zealously promoted the trading interest of England, for which the India Company is indebted to him to this day.

"Public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade."

Dyer's Fleece.

He collected many valuable Greek and Oriental MSS., which he presented to the Bodleian Library, to which he left his valuable

"Your old servant, Jack,* is now sitting by me, as knavish as ever he was. We have many volunteers here that may serve, for their wit, your Emperor, especially English and French; so I am never destitute of a fool to laugh at; when one goes another comes."

This lively postscript to a letter announcing untoward events shows the natural lightness of heart of the charming princess, who, in a happier position, would have been the life and soul of all society, for, even in her continued adversity, she never lost her agreeable spirits and humour. She had need of them all, for the letters of her husband were calculated to depress her beyond all hope; he had little to announce to her but defeat and misfortune, and every word he said proved her father's unkindness.

She was staying near the Hague with her newborn son, Louis, when Frederic wrote her the following melancholy and affectionate letter; in which it is clear that she was the sole object of his regard, and, if she had been willing to share his beloved quiet, he would never have sought to aggrandise himself, and even then would willingly

collection of coins. The fine Alexandrian MS. of the Greek Bible which Cyril, the patriarch of Constantinople, presented to Charles I, was procured by his means. He died in 1644.

* Her monkey.

abandon all for her society alone. How often his words express—

> " Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
> With one fair spirit for my minister,
> That I might all forget the human race,
> And, hating no one, love but only her!"——

With what agonized feelings must he have told her of the destruction of his beloved Heidelberg!

" I received yesterday, by the way of Brussels, three of those dearly-cherished letters, which assure me of the continuance of your affection—the inestimable and only blessing that remains to me! To this alone can I look for consolation under afflictions too overwhelming to be described. Behold, the final catastrophe of the treaty of Brussels is the capture of Heidelberg; yet, so completely has the King been amused, that *he has not even made the smallest preparation to lend us aid, even if such were his choice.* These ambassadors have even the effrontery to talk of demolishing Manheim, allotting to us merely the bailiwicks of Heidelberg, Gemersum, and Newstadt. God knows what the King may say to it! In Germany they continue to make distinctions between the Emperor and the King of Spain, and, at the same time, either of these, or both, conspire to bereave me of every thing; and, with comfortable *sang froid,* divide the Palatinate between them."

He now comes to the saddest part of his

announcement: he had received a blow which seems to have wrung his heart more than all the rest.

Heidelberg—

"There, where he had garnered up his heart"—

where his happiest, his most exulting moments, had been passed—where he had been far more blest than when he led his Elizabeth, a queen, through the state chambers of the palace of Prague —Heidelberg was fallen!

"Here is my poor Heidelberg taken, subjected to every species of cruelty; sacked, plundered; and the superb church, which formed its principal beauty, devoted to the flames. Poor old Herbert is killed!—would to Heaven all had been as faithful as he, and this calamity might have been averted. God visits us with rigour. The miseries of these devoted people have overwhelmed my soul. According to report, Manheim also is besieged; and I have reason to fear that, whilst England treats, it will be lost for ever. Should this take place, I shall put it to the account of Mansfelt, with whom I am little satisfied at present; but minute details must be reserved for our meeting, for which I long with unutterable impatience. To judge by my own feelings, I have now been banished many years* from that being who is dearer to me than all the world: from which I should otherwise be ready

* "For in love's hours there are many days;
Oh, by this count, I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold thee!"—*Shakespeare.*

to withdraw for ever; for, without thee, I could better devote myself to God; and should have more real peace and content in some little obscure nook than with the greatest monarch in the most splendid palace: nor will I deny, that, if I thought only of myself, I should cease to struggle with fortune, and leave the king of England to do whatsoever he listed for the good of his grandchildren.

"It is only by the charm of your affection that I am won to renounce this opinion, and yield to the strongest impulse of my soul, the desire to see you again. To this there now remains no other obstacle than the king's express command for my detention, which, I trust, a few days will now remove. You have again assured me that I shall receive a cordial welcome. It is wretched to live amongst such a population; but patience is the only remedy.

"I am thankful that you can ensure me immunity from debts; for I should not much relish taking up my quarters in the bridewell of the Hague.

"I hope you have received that letter in which I announced the fate of Heidelberg: it is in vain I struggle to divert my thoughts from the subject—the wound is still too fresh."

He then names the sad event of Duke Christian of Brunswick having lost his arm in the severe battle of Fleura; and expresses his sincere gratitude and strong affection to that faithful friend.

His letter is a mixture of public and private details: he alludes to the Queen's domestic affairs with even an approach to gaiety, while he congratulates her on the little prodigy she possesses in Rupert, who can already speak so many languages; and concludes, in the language popular at the time of D'Urfey's famous "Astrea:"—

"Continue to love your poor Celadon, whose thoughts, be assured, are ever constant to his star, and that he will remain till death, your

"FREDERIC."

It was after this sad battle of Fleura that Duke Christian first met the beautiful queen, in whose cause he had lost his arm, and for whom he had striven so long. He had frequently seen her pictures,* which were carefully exhibited, in order to

* There are a great many portraits extant of the Queen of Bohemia; indeed, few noblemen's galleries are without one. That by Gerard Hornthorst, at Woburn, has been copied frequently. Grainger enumerates many; amongst them, one with a large ruff, and a feather in her hair; and one, in which she is represented on horseback, the horse richly caparisoned. At Combe Abbey, she appears with all her children.

At the period of her distresses, caricatures appeared of her; and one, in particular, at Antwerp, which pictured the beautiful queen as an Irish beggar, with her hair hanging about her ears, and her child at her back, her father, carrying the cradle, following.

The disposition of King James towards his unfortunate daughter did not seem quite apparent to the artist, or he would, probably, have made him figure in the character of an Irish landlord turning out his unlucky tenant, instead of affording her relief, or following her fortunes.

excite enthusiasm, by her zealous friend, Sir Thomas Roe; and, like every one who looked even upon the mere shadow, was charmed and interested; but when he saw "the substance of that lovely shade," all the chivalry and gallantry of his nature were roused, and, from a cold, fierce, daring, and severe soldier, he became the devoted slave of her worth and beauty.

His romantic affection was all chivalric; he had at length found a being for whom he considered he could devote his whole powers with honour; she was the guiding-star whose rays he had hitherto wanted to reward his valour with sufficient splendour; and, when he placed her glove in his hat, as the proudest ornament he could wear, he drew his sword, and took a solemn oath never to lay down arms until he should see the King and Queen of Bohemia reinstated in the Palatinate.* Immediately on taking this engagement, he eagerly proclaimed it to the world; and, discarding his ancient motto, which conveyed a denunciation against priesthood, he substituted the words, "*For God and for her.*"

The enthusiasm of the Scotch and English volunteers was kindled at this burst on the part of Christian; and not one, even those perhaps amongst the party at whom the lively queen had laughed†—but

* Miss Benger.

† Amongst many of the unquiet spirits of the time who were delighted with an opportunity of exhibiting their valour, were men whose absurdities might well excuse the ridicule of the young

renewed their vows to support her. Elizabeth had a lover in every soldier; and what the vain queen of England, her namesake, believed herself to be, this

queen. Such a one was a man of war, who boasted the name of Arthur Severus Nonsuch O'Toole; whether, even at his advanced age, he drew his sword in defence of Elizabeth of Bohemia's cause, is not clear; but he was the model on which gallants of his period were formed.

"The captain was a singular compound of vanity, courage, and caprice. He took every occasion of exercising and boasting of his precipitate valour, which he abundantly displayed against the Irish rebels. Ireland was not the only scene of his romantic bravery; he served as a volunteer in various nations, and was as notorious and ridiculous in other parts of Europe, as in his own country."

He, like Tom Coryat, was the whetstone and the butt of wit. John Taylor, the water-poet, has written an ironical panegyric on him, dedicated to "The unlimited Memory of Arthur O'Toole, or O'Toole the Great, being the Son and Heir of Brian O'Toole, Lord of Poore's Court, and Farre Collen, in the County of Dublin, in the Kingdom of Ireland; the Mars and Mercury, the Agamemnon and Ulysses, both for wisdom and valour, in the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland." In the argument to the history or encomium on him in verse, the author classes him with Thersites, Amadis de Gaul, Don Quixote, Gargantua, and other wild and redoubtable adventurers; and informs us that Westminster is now honoured with his residence, 1622. His portrait appears on the title-page, in which he holds a sword in his hand, on the blade of which are many crowns. At the bottom are these verses, worthy of their subject; he was then eighty years of age:—

"Great Mogul's landlord, both Indies' king,
Whose self-admiring fame doth loudly ring:
Writes fourscore years, more kingdoms he hath right to,
The stars say so, and for them he will fight too.
And though this worthless age will not believe him,
But clatter, spatter, slander, scoff, and grieve him:
Yet he, and all the world, in this agree
That such another Toole will never be"—*Grainger.*

He might have furnished Shakespeare for an original for his Pistol, Parolles, and others of that ilk.

persecuted and unfortunate, but beloved, being, was *indeed*, "The Queen of Hearts."

It was impossible but that the object of all this adoration must have been deeply gratified by it; but it was not from any feeling of vanity; her mind was far above such weakness, and she had none of the low spirit of her mother: she returned the love of her husband with all the tenderness he felt for her, and she rejoiced to be the beloved of all, for his sake and that of her children. It might be that the enthusiasm she excited amongst her friends may have blinded her to the real motives of her desire to continue the fatal struggle for power, which had been so disastrous in the first attempt, and, dazzled by her own aspirations and the applause of all, she took that for pious devotion, which was, in fact, ambition. But, even the failings of Elizabeth turned to virtue's side, and no mean or grovelling thought or motive, such as disgraced her father, ever found entrance in her heart; if she erred, it was at least nobly; and if it would have been more virtuous, more wise, and more pious, to have lived quietly, doing good at Heidelberg, as the more experienced Juliana advised, the ardent and aspiring nature given her by Heaven must plead her excuse for the love of false glory which she could not repress.

That most cunning of all clever politicians, who was, in appearance, all things to all men, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, had, at this time,

completely gained the ear of James; and he was now, more than ever, afraid of losing the brilliant prize which he was weak enough to believe the Catholic monarch intended to give him. He did not hesitate between his desire for the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta, and the sacrifice of all his daughter's interests; and he was properly rewarded for his meanness and pusillanimity. Wilson tells a comic story, amongst many others, showing how little respect was paid to the king of England by the proud monarch of Spain, whom he so meanly courted. So contemptible did James appear in the eyes of all, that, even on the Spanish stage, he was openly ridiculed. In one comedy they introduced messengers, arriving post-haste, bringing news that the Palatine was likely to have a very formidable army, shortly, on foot; for the king of Denmark would furnish him with a hundred thousand—*pickled herrings;* the Hollanders with a hundred thousand—*butter boxes;* and the king of England with a hundred thousand—*ambassadors.*

He was caricatured wearing a scabbard without a sword, and with a sword that no one could draw, though a great many persons were pulling hard at it.

When Lord Digby was sent into Spain as one of those extraordinary ambassadors whose expeditions, to no end, made their master a by-word in Europe, the manner of his treatment was

enough to show the estimation in which James was held.

"He landed at St. Andero, in Biscay, a poor maritime town, where the people *for the most part go all barefoot*, and there his lordship had the patience to stay a fortnight, expecting the Court civilities, they being then on the remove from Madrid to Lerma."

In this miserable place—an idea of which may well be formed by any who have been reduced to stop at a Spanish country town or village, or even at any such in France—the ambassador was allowed to remain without notice being taken of his arrival; and when he, at length, sent to intimate that he waited the King's pleasure, he was told that the journey of the Court was merely one of amusement, and not of business.

Swallowing his mortification as he could, Don Juan, as Digby was called by the Spaniards, sent a special message to importune the King for an audience at Lerma—a mode of conduct which infinitely annoyed the high-spirited lords and gentlemen in his train. He was, therefore, permitted to approach as near as Burgos, about twenty miles from Lerma, but being there, he seemed again forgotten, as before. Again he despatched his messenger, Sir Francis Cottingham, to entreat to be allowed an audience, who brought back word that some order should be sent the next day.

Accordingly, one of the Duke of Lerma's secretaries condescended to employ a common peasant, who brought a letter, mentioning that two coaches should arrive the day following to transport the King of England's ambassador and suite to a place called Villa Manza, about a mile from Lerma, where they would find suitable lodgings provided, and the "King's Harbinger" attending to prepare all things with diligence. This gave new life to his lordship's spirits; the coaches came according to the time, and to Villa Manza they went, in all their splendid equipments—the young English fashionables in great delight, with visions flitting before their minds of lovely donnas, gorgeous courtiers, a splendid summer palace, fountains, gardens, guitars by moonlight, and more than Eastern splendour. Gaily and gallantly they rode along, straining their eyes to behold the turrets of the romantic Villa Manza gleaming from amongst its groves. Many a traveller in the North of Spain has done so, before and since, with the same result!

At length their carriages arrived at a rugged, squalid, dirty, ruinous-looking village, and in the centre of—what could not be called a street, but—a muddy, filthy lane, bordered with broken-down huts, where gaping peasants and children stood staring at the unwonted apparition which amazed their senses, the brilliant cavalcade halted.

The gorgeous ambassador looked from his window and demanded the cause of delay. "We

are at Villa Manza," was the astounding reply. "Drive to the lord ambassador's house!" exclaimed Lord Digby, impatiently. But vain were his indignant commands,—vain the inquiries of the astonished and bewildered attendants; and the more astonished and more bewildered country-people, who professed utter ignorance of the existence of any house, or of any King's Harbinger, or of any train arrived to meet them, in fact, could only assure them they were in a dream, as they believed themselves to be.

The English strangers drove up and down the wretched little town, surrounded by a crowd of ragged boys, not knowing what to do; there was not a house worthy to be used by them as a stable in the place, and the ambassador of England was constrained to sit in his coach in the street for four hours, while he sent on a messenger to Lerma, to endeavour to find out the meaning of this strange neglect.

Arrived at Lerma, the messenger was not permitted by the guards to approach beyond a certain limit, being informed that the whole Court were at the theatre, and no message was allowed to be sent to the King during his recreation. The discomfited herald returned to his master much crest-fallen, and recounted his misadventure.

The ambassador called for his portfolio, being now convinced that, by some error, he had stopped at Villa Manza by mistake, instead of some other

place; but no; clearly and too legibly written down in his letters was the poetical and musical-sounding name of "Villa Manza," the dirty village in which he was planted!

Anger now got the better of courtesy, and the ambassador commanded the Spanish coachman, in no very gentle terms, to return at once to Burgos; but this that functionary refused to do, as contrary to the orders he had received; whereupon all the party got out of their carriages, mounted their horses, and prepared to ride back, leaving their conveyances there. The coachman-in-chief, however, fearful of losing the gratuity he expected from the rich English, finding they were in earnest, volunteered to turn his horses' heads, and do their bidding; meanwhile, however, a consultation had taken place, and prudence had overruled choler; so that it was thought advisable to enter the largest of the hovels in the town and resign themselves to their fate.

The owner of this tenement, with bare walls and scarcely any furniture, received the ambassador with all the gravity and pomposity of a Spanish grandee, overwhelming him with words; but nothing besides being provided for their accommodation. In the midst of this perplexity, news was brought that the expected "Harbinger" was at last arrived. The ambassador, smoothing his ruffled temper as well as he could, desired him to be introduced. He began by offering a thousand

excuses for his unavoidable delay, and, after a shower of compliments, congratulated his lordship on his sagacity in having divined the very house which himself and one of his fellows had been the day before to bespeak.

Lord Digby's fury began again to mount as he looked round the wretched room. "Why, then, sirrah," said he, to the master of this castle, "did you deny that I was expected?" "Your lordship is in error," was the calm reply; "I never heard of you before, and no one ever came to my house on your account."

This was too much: such barefaced falsehoods and indignities, even a governor of Barataria could not have endured; and preparations were instantly made to throw the lying Harbinger of his most Catholic Majesty out of the window. He was, however, too nimble for them; and, clearing the room at a bound, dashed down the staircase, and, bolting through the court, was out of sight before he could be overtaken.

Seldom had the *élégans* of the Court of James been condemned to pass such a night as they now found their portion; and seldom, it is to be imagined, did the town of Villa Manza echo to such objurgations as on this occasion, when its walls had the honour of receiving an ambassador from the first monarch in Europe.

By break of day again was Cottingham sent off to Lerma, to demand an explanation of the duke.

He represented, with much heat, all that had passed, at which the great man appeared duly shocked; but, suddenly, he was confronted with the fugitive Harbinger, whose apparently "plain tale" at once "put him down."

He stated, in the most simple manner in the world, that the ambassador, having expected that several grandees would meet him at Villa Manza, not finding them there, had refused to enter any house, had treated all the preparations for his reception with contempt, and, finally, when he waited on him to do him service, had threatened to throw him out of the window; and that he was obliged to fly from his violence.

The duke was more shocked at this account than at the other; and, putting on a severe countenance, expressed his amazement that "so great a councillor as Don Juan should have so miscarried with passion as to menace and affront the King's officer in that manner."

The ambassador had, in fact, no remedy but to remain in his rural retreat for several days, until it was the pleasure of the Court to hear what he had to say from King James. "Such," observes the sarcastic historian, "were the glories of the Spanish entertainments, the honours shown the English, and the ground-work of that union between the nations, whereon they built up some great formalities, which, like royal shadows, vanished in the end and came to nothing."

All this time King James persisted in recommending passive patience to Frederic, who perforce was obliged to obey. Another daughter, Louisa, was born in this time of uncertainty, who became the object of her mother's peculiar affection, although the hopes she entertained of her, amongst so many others, were destined to fade as well as the rest.

It well became a Protestant King to sit tamely by and see the inheritance of his grandchildren torn from them, as well as the realm which Frederic had acquired, not by violence or treachery, but by the choice of a whole people; and this by a monarch, who gave, as his best reason for despoiling him of everything, that the "Palatine House had always been the nursery of heresy; and, since God had given his party the opportunity of rooting out the unbelieving, the precious moment ought not to be neglected!"

Yet this did James continue to do, and to be content with the pretended interference of Spain to preserve some part of her possessions to his daughter, allowing himself to be cajoled, and the King and Queen of Bohemia injured past redress. Her town of Frankenthal—the last left to her—was taken by a Spanish garrison, as if in trust, to be restored to her; but such was, of course, never the intention of the greedy and artful monarch, who cheated the wise King by specious promises whenever he thought it necessary to do so.

The great ally of Frederic, his uncle the Duc de Bouillon, died, and this was, indeed, a blow not to be recovered; but it was succeeded by others not less stunning, until the courage of Elizabeth herself began to quail. Her champion, Duke Christian, had just retired to Wolfenbuttle after the loss of a battle, in which he had been defeated by the famous Tilly; and here he found his family in consternation, all having submitted to the Emperor, and having, without his knowledge, mediated in his favour, and obtained the offer of a free pardon for him, on condition of his abandoning the cause of the King and Queen of Bohemia. But so proud, so firm, and so resolute, was Christian known to be, that, when he arrived, there was no one who dared to make him the proposal: he knew a herald was at his brother Ulric's Court, and he was too certain negotiations were going on; he, therefore, shut himself up in his chamber, and refused to see any person whatever. His mother, however, dared to disobey him, and, by her prayers and tears, endeavoured to subdue his inflexibility.

The great soldier could not behold her distress, or listen to the representation of her dangers, and those of his family, unmoved; he even listened to the arguments she repeated of his uncle, the King of Denmark; but when she, encouraged by his forbearance, produced the imperial parchment—the pledge of reconciliation—his passion broke forth, and, snatching the hateful scroll from her hands,

he trampled it beneath his feet, and hurled it into the flames, exclaiming,

"Thus let it perish; I will not obey the King of Denmark. I disdain his authority—defy all the recreants; and again swear never to lay down my arms till the King and Queen of Bohemia shall be restored to the Palatinate."

The duchess gave up the contest, and retired with Duke Ulric for Holstein, while Christian collected a few scattered troops, and went his weary way to join the standard of Mansfelt.

While this was going on, Prince Charles and *Steenie* were on their way to Spain, on that foolish and romantic expedition which reflected so little credit on any party concerned, and whose supposed utility the pride of the overbearing favourite at once annulled.

Elizabeth writes to Sir Thomas Roe at this time, 1623:

"I have cause enough to be sad, yet I am still of my wild humour to be as merry as I can, in spite of fortune. I can send you no news but that which will make you sadder; and I see you have no need of it. All grows worse and worse, as I know you understand by honest Sir Dudley Carleton. My brother is still in Spain: the dispensation is come, and I know not yet upon what conditions. My brother is still loving to me: I would others had as good nature. He sent Will. Crofts to see me, from

Spain, with a very kind letter and message. But my father will never leave treating, though with it he hath lost us all; for poor Frankenthal he hath delivered to the Spaniard, and now would make a truce for fifteen months till a peace be made; to give our enemies time to settle themselves in our country. My young cousin of Brunswick is still constant: he hath a fair army of twenty thousand men. He was forced to leave Mansfelt by his evil usage. Mansfelt is a brave man; but all is not gold that glitters in him. I am glad you like our pictures. The King desires me to tell you that he wishes all were of your mind, and that he entreats you to be assured of his love.

"I pray you commend me to the Count de Tour (Thurm). I will answer his letters by the first (opportunity). I would the Turks payed the Emperor soundly, for it is a hard choice which is the worse *dieull.* I need not desire you to do all the good you can, for I see you do it; which will make me ever to be constantly your most assured friend,

ELIZABETH.

"I pray you recommend my love to your wife. *Farewell, honest Thom.*"

As may be seen from the above letter, Elizabeth did not allow her spirits to sink under her reverses; and she contrived to live in a state of considerable

comfort and enjoyment during her residence in Holland, where all around were devoted to her.

> " Where friends in all the aged she met,
> And *brothers* in the young."

She had a dear female friend, Amelia of Solms, who had been her companion in all her vicissitudes, and whose romantic marriage to Count Henry of Nassau gave her as much pleasure as she could then receive.

The circumstances of this marriage reflect credit on all the parties concerned; and occurring in a station of life where such things are rarely known, are the more worthy of notice.

Count Henry, the brother of the Prince of Orange, after he became the widower of Louisa de Coligni, had retired, somewhat mournfully, to his brother's Court. When Elizabeth came to ask hospitality there, he felt the charm which her wit, her beauty, and her amiability, spread around; and in her friend Amelia he saw her reflected in colours as fair as the original. He knew that his brother wished him to marry again; but he reflected on the improbability of one with his ambitious views consenting to his union with a woman who, though of royal blood, had neither power nor wealth to make her a desirable match.

He, therefore, brooded in secret over the disappointment he saw in store for him, and indulged in the dangerous society of the Queen and her charm-

ing friend with a trembling pleasure, which, he feared, would soon be rudely swept away. Maurice, however, had more affection for his brother than ambition, and was clear-sighted enough to see the state of the case; and, one day, to the extreme amazement of Count Henry, suddenly proposed Amelia to him as a wife; adding, that he considered a person who had so long lived with the Queen of Bohemia, was her steady friend, and resembled her so much, could not fail to make any husband happy. The count could not at first believe his happiness, and feared to trust his hopes; but his brother assured him he spoke in earnest and after mature deliberation, and nothing was now left to the lover but gratitude and joy.

The marriage was solemnized with great pomp; and Elizabeth enjoyed the delight of seeing two of her faithful friends rewarded; for forty years her friendship with Amelia continued unabated, and no shade ever passed over their intercourse, for Amelia never presumed on her acquired rank, which now placed her even above her former mistress; and Elizabeth was always the kind and tender friend whom she had known in early youth.

It was about this period that, amongst the band of volunteers who came to study war under the Prince of Orange, an Englishman was distinguished for his military talents, and his devotion to her cause above the rest. This was William, Earl of Craven, a nobleman of exalted mind and generous

disposition, whose attachment to his royal mistress partook still more of romance than that of any of the other knights who fought beneath her banner, and whose name was, in future, to be inseparably joined with that of the princess, whose interests he espoused, and to serve whom seemed the sole end of his existence.

Along the gloomy sky of their fortunes a bright meteor suddenly flashed, giving hope of more prosperous days; for the caprice of Buckingham, when such an event was least expected, seemed to place the affairs of the King of Bohemia in a most promising position.

Elizabeth thus writes to her friend, Sir Thomas Roe:—

"Since my dear brother's return into England all is changed from being Spanish; in which I assure you that Buckingham doth most nobly and faithfully for me. Worthy Southampton is much in favour, and all that are not Spanish.

"The Parliament should have been upon the 10th of last month; but, by reason of the good Duke of Richmond's death, who was found in his bed:* you know how well I loved him, and may, therefore, easily guess that I am not a little sorry for his loss. The Parliament began the 19th of the last month. I send you the copy of the King's speech, which I know will not afflict you. I leave all particulars to

* See the Duchess of Richmond's Life, in this work.

Sir Dudley Carleton's letters; only I will tell you that one thing gives me much hope of this Parliament, because it begun on my dear dead brother's birth-day. I must also tell you, that my brother doth show so much love to me in all things as I cannot tell you how much I am glad of it. The good old Count of Tour is here, whom, I think, you have bewitched, for he cannot speak enough of your kindness to him; which I give you many thanks for. He is still very confident of Bethlem Gabor.* Honest Tom, I pray be ever assured of my love; and be confident I am ever your very affectionate friend,

"ELIZABETH."

* The real name of this singular man, whose influence Elizabeth anxiously looked for, was Gabriel Bethlem; he was a native of Transylvania, of a good family, but poor; and his wife was in the same rank and circumstances as himself. By a concurrence of events he became, from a private man, the sovereign of Transylvania; and the mixture of piety and warlike enterprise in his character, rendered him one of the most remarkable personages of his time.

After the death of his homely wife, whose chief distinction seems to have been her culinary talents, Gabor even aspired to the hand of one of the archduchesses, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand; and as it was the interest of most of the princes of Germany to humour, if not favour him, in order to prevent his declaring in favour of the King of Bohemia, the haughty Ferdinand allowed him to imagine he might listen to his proposals; and, in order to secure him, the hand of a sister of the Queen of Sweden was actually offered him by the Protestant party.

The juvenile preparations which this antique lover, with a long flowing white beard, made for his marriage, and the fiddlers, jewellers, and milliners, sent for to his Court on the occasion, was a theme of much mirth throughout Europe.

Count Mansfelt visited England, and was received with honour: troops were levied for the relief of the Palatinate. Buckingham openly declared in favour of the exiled family of Bohemia; and, as the Spanish match was broken off, all things seemed propitious. With all this appearance, however, not more than twelve thousand pounds could be wrung from James for his daughter's cause, who thus addresses her correspondent:—

"I had answered you sooner but that I stayed, hoping every day to send some certain news out of England, where there are thirteen thousand men a levying for Mansfelt. What they are to do I know not; for the King and I are utterly ignorant of all, *though they say it is for our service.* The King doth give you many thanks for your forwardness in his service, as you shall see by his own letter to you.

"He is of your opinion concerning Bethlem Gabor and his peace, and will see what means can be done to encourage him; and by my next, I hope to say more to you on that point. For the marriage you write of for him,* our princes in Germany are so ticklish in that, as they will hardly propound one, before they be desired from Bethlem Gabor himself, or some underhand from him. Sir Robert Anstruther is now with the princes of

* Roe had advised the offer of the Princess of Bradenburg's hand to Bethlem Gabor.

Germany from the King my father. By Sir Dudley Carleton's letter, you shall see what he doth there. I see they are all forward enough if they had a head; but they strain courtesy who should begin. The King of Sweden offers as much as can be desired: I would my uncle would do so too; but he is more backward than so near a kinsman should be. I have no hope of the Elector of Saxony; *he will ever be a beast.* By my next, I hope to let you know more. I will also send you a cipher, and for this time you shall have all more fully by Sir Dudley Carleton.

"I am sure you have all heard the infinite loss we have all had of the brave, worthy Earl of Southampton, and his son, the Lord Wriothslie.* You know how true a friend I have lost in them both; and may imagine easily how much my grief is for them, which hath been redoubled by the death of my youngest boy, save one, called Louis. It was the prettiest child I had, and the first I ever lost. I have christened this youngest of all, Edward. You see I can send you nothing but deaths; only your wife,† Apsley, (Anne Dudley,) is gone to England to marry Sir Albert Morton, who goeth ordinary ambassador to France. I have not yet seen the Dutch ambassador's letter you refer me to, but I am promised. Honest Thom, I pray still continue,

* Both died of fever; the son at the winter-quarters of the army at Rosendale, and the father at Bergen-op-Zoom, where he had brought his son's body, intending it to be taken to England.

† This alludes to some joke between them.

as you have done, to do your best in these businesses; for I am most confident of your love to me, who am ever constantly,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"ELIZABETH."

The hopes of the Queen and her party were destined to be again crushed; delays and irresolution defeating all the plans intended for her good. Buckingham's attention was distracted by his eagerness to perfect the French match, now that he had rejected the Spanish, and the fine army, so speedily ready in England, to fly to the assistance of the King and Queen, were kept in feverish excitement without being permitted to depart; and when, at last, they did so, not being allowed to land either in Flanders or Holland, by degrees their numbers dwindled away, before the forces in Denmark or France were put in motion.

At this crisis King James died, and, immediately after, Maurice, of Nassau, the great stay of the cause, expired also. This last was an irreparable loss to Elizabeth, and she thus deplores it:—

"26 July, 1625.

"I have had of late two such great losses as hath made me unfit to write to you or any else; for the King's death and the Prince of Orange's did follow

so near one another, as it gave me double sorrow for the loss of such a father, and such a friend, whom I loved as a father. All this hath much afflicted me, and I should have been sadder, but the comfort of my dear brother's love doth revive me.

"He hath sent to me Sir Harry Vane, his cofferer, to assure me, that he will be both father and brother to the King of Bohemia and me. Now, you may be sure, all will go well in England; *for your new master will leave nothing undone for our good.* The great fleet is almost ready to go out. If Bethlem Gabor be an honest man, I hope he shall shortly have no excuse, not to be crowded by diversion.

"My uncle, the King of Denmark, doth begin to declare himself for us, and so doth Sweden. I hear a discourse of what you have so often wished, of a marriage for Gabor. The Elector of Brandenburg hath a sister, and he is our brother-in-law: I hope you understand me that it is she I mean; but I pray keep this to yourself, till you hear it from others. I am sure you hear already of the Prince of Orange's marriage with one of my women. She is a Countess of Solms, daughter to Count Solms, that serves the King of Bohemia at Heidelberg. *I doubt not but you remember him by his red face, and her mother by her fatness:* she, you never saw, but two of her sisters; she is very handsome and good; she has no money; but he has enough for both.

"I have heard that you are to be recalled; let me know if it be so; if it be true I hope it shall be for a good preferment, which, I assure you, none wishes you more than I do: if you be not recalled, I shall, and the King, more freely employ you than ever; because I know you will have more liberty to do us good than ever, *for I have the best brother in the world.* He is now a married man; for his marriage was performed at Paris, the 1st of this month, (old style,) by the Duke of Chateauneuf, otherwise Prince Genuille, as representing my brother; she is now on her way for England. If I can at any time do you any good to my brother, I assure you I will if I do but know in what; for I will never be unfaithful to you for the many testimonies you have given me of your good affection. Therefore, honest Thom,[1] be assured that I will never change being constantly your most assured loving friend.

"ELIZABETH."

Miss Benger, in her admirable life of Elizabeth Stuart, well remarks on this letter:—

"There has never, perhaps, existed a document which more strikingly illustrates the vanity of human expectations than this. How far Charles justified the confidence reposed in him by his sister, will

appear hereafter: of Sir Henry Vane it is here needless to speak.

"The great fleet, which Elizabeth had contemplated with such exultation, sailed to Cadiz, and, after having weathered a severe tempest, returned to England without the rich galleons, or any recompense worthy of such an undertaking. Equally unavailing were the brotherly promises which had excited in her mind such ardent feelings of gratitude. That the first impulse of Charles was strong and generous, cannot be doubted; but his faith was given to Buckingham, and his good intentions frustrated by empty coffers, and the mutable humours of his capricious favourite.

"The marriage of Charles, from which Elizabeth augured all that she wished, proved a fatal source of discord, and ruin to herself and her family. The espousals of Bethlem Gabor were celebrated with Catherine of Brandenburg, only to endow that princess with a splendid portion for a second husband. The results of the Northern coalition were still more melancholy.

"Of all the circumstances mentioned in her letter, the union of Count Henry of Nassau with Amelia de Solms, to which she appears to have attached the least importance, alone contributed to her permanent comfort."

Her brave defender, Christian of Brunswick, her ally, Mansfelt, both died and left their places vacant;

they had fought for her to the last, but the victorious General Tilly's star was in the ascendant, and theirs became extinct before it. The Emperor Ferdinand conquered all before him; Buckingham, continually swayed by his passion and his interest, was never to be trusted, and, at length, the steel of Felton put an end to his intentions of repairing the neglect he had shown to the persecuted King and Queen of Bohemia.

Elizabeth and her husband now retired from the Hague, to conceal their sorrows and their poverty in a more secluded spot. They fixed upon Rheten, in the province of Utrecht; and there, with her usual cheerfulness, the Princess endeavoured to form a happy home, where her husband might yet find the simple enjoyment which best suited his disposition. Their gardens, their villa, and the pleasures of the chase furnished them with agreeable occupation; while the care and education of their large family, and an extensive correspondence, fully occupied their time, and prevented their thoughts from dwelling too much on the realms they had lost.

How well content would Frederic have been here, to remain unmolested, realizing the vision of the poet, Cowley:—

"In books and gardens thou hast placed aright,
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refined and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.

Oh! who would change these solid joys
For empty shows, and senseless noise,
And all which rank ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds."

Once when the Queen was out hunting, she was nearly made prisoner by a party of Spanish chasseurs, who pursued her so closely that, but for the fleetness of her horse, she must have fallen into their hands.

Occasionally they were, in their retreat, still able to afford protection to persecuted Protestant fugitives, who sought shelter from the cruelties of the Emperor Ferdinand; and sometimes there arose enthusiasts, who still predicted that a glorious fortune was yet in store for them.

Of all the numerous children of Elizabeth, perhaps the most promising was her eldest son, whom she had named after the two dearest to her in the world, Henry Frederic. She loved to imagine that she saw in him a great resemblance to her beloved brother; and his early genius, his vivacity, intelligence, affection, and generosity made him as much the idol of the family as Prince Henry had been of England. Some of his letters, from childhood upwards, are preserved, and are extremely interesting, as they develop his character, and show the easy, natural manner in which he was allowed to express his thoughts—so different from the constrained and pedantic style which Elizabeth

was herself forced to adopt, when a child. One of his letters to his grandfather is amusing from its simplicity.

"Sir,—I kiss your hand. I would fain see your Majesty. I can say nominative hic, hæc, hoc, and all five declensions, and a part of pronomen and a part of verbum. *I have two horses alive that can go up my stairs*, a black horse and a chesnut. I pray God to bless your Majesty.

"Your Majesty's obedient Grandchild,

"HENRY FREDERIC."

He thus writes to his brother from Friesland:—

"Dear and heartily beloved brother, I have taken a long journey from Prague to the Netherlands, and am now in Friesland, with Count Ernest, of Nassau. I hear that Spinola has been wounded, but is not dead. I entreat you to present my most dutiful remembrance to my grandmother, and dearest love to my sister."

"*Nov.* 1620."

His letters to his brother are full of little details of the family, such as little Prince Rupert's arrival "blithe and well, *safe and sound*," and how he uttered his first sentence in the Bohemian tongue, signifying "Praise the Lord." He tells of having visited Leyden, and heard an Arabic professor's

discourse, of which he adds, with infinite earnestness, that "he did not understand a single word."

The great object of his affection appeared to be his sister Elizabeth:—

"I wish," he says, in writing to his aunt Catherine, "for nothing so much as to see her again, with all happy things around her, at dear Heidelberg. I beg your Highness to accept with this a pair of gloves and a silver pen—would it were better for your sake! I beseech you to present my friendly greeting to my cousin Catherine, and to my sister Elizabeth a true-hearted brotherly kiss, to whom I send also the enclosed trinket—a little heart—in token of my fond, faithful, fraternal love."

To Charles he writes, longing earnestly to see him, but expresses his fears that their meeting will be delayed, as Heidelberg is besieged, adding—

"I trust you omit not to pray diligently, as I do, both day and night, that it may please God to restore us to happiness, and to each other. I have a bow and arrow with a beautiful quiver, tipt with silver, which I would fain send you, but I fear it may fall into the enemy's hands."

The sister, Elizabeth, of whom he was so fond, was as much distinguished as himself for her remarkable capacity, and the progress she made in her studies; and there was an affectionate emulation between them, who should outstrip the other. Alas!

the career of this interesting boy was soon to terminate, like that of the uncle he so much resembled.

His father was accustomed to make him the companion of most of his excursions to Bois le Duc, Breda, or any place of peculiar interest; and when he expressed an earnest desire to accompany him to the sea of Haarlem to see the Spanish galleons, which the naval hero of Holland, Peter Heins, had brought home in triumph, it was impossible to refuse his eager request; while his mother was forcibly reminded of her brother Henry's attachment to maritime concerns, as she remarked the animation with which he listened to the details of the event.

She parted with her husband, and the son she was never to behold again, with smiles and joyous anticipations of their amusement; and they set out full of gaiety and expectation.

It was evening when they reached the Zuyder-see, which was crowded with vessels, all arriving with the same intent. By some it is related, that the yacht in which they sailed became entangled with a larger vessel; by others it is asserted, that they were crossing in the usual ferry-boat; but be that as it may, the catastrophe was the same: their vessel was run down and instantly sunk. The King of Bohemia clung to a rope, and, with great difficulty, reached a boat which had come to his assistance; but all efforts to save the unfortunate Henry were vain. The last words he was heard to

utter—words which must have rung for ever in the King's ears, and startled his wretched mother in her midnight dreams, were—"Save me, father, save me!"

It is related, that his body was afterwards found clinging to a boat, partly in and partly out of the water, but frozen to the cords and planks that supported him. This is a horrible tradition; for if he could have reached such a position, he must have been lost for want of assistance. It is surely more probable that he sank at once and was drowned, as no effort would have been spared to rescue him, had any help been available. His father has been reproached for deserting him, for meanly hiring a common passage-boat in which they sailed, and for want of feeling after the event; but these are ideas too dreadful to entertain for a moment, and are unworthy of the affectionate character of King Frederic. That neither of the parents of the ill-fated youth could ever after bear to allude to the lamentable event is not surprising: of all her sufferings, Elizabeth probably found this blow the hardest to bear.

As for Frederic, after their bereavement, he seems to have resigned himself to regret and despondency, and abandoned the care of his affairs entirely to his wife, and his secretary, Rusdorf: he heard, without interest, of memorials in his favour presented to the Emperor by the advice of Charles the First, and was passive when he became aware of the unworthy proposal made by that ill-judging monarch, that they should consent to the expressed

desire of Ferdinand, and allow their son, Charles Louis, to be educated at Vienna as a Catholic. How scornfully and indignantly did the outraged Queen reply to Sir Henry Vane on this occasion, and how full of shame should her brother have been to have offered her such an insult!

"Rather than stoop to such an act of meanness," she exclaimed, "she would, with her own hands, take away her son's life."

But, just when all hope for Elizabeth and her family appeared at an end, Gustavus, the hero of Sweden, came sweeping onward in his conquering career, and declared himself the champion of the exiled race.

New hopes sprung up, new prospects opened, and all former losses and disappointments were almost effaced by the brightness of the future.

Frederic was roused from his torpor of grief, and called again into action: old friends re-appeared and encouraged him; Count Thurm, Sir Thomas Roe, Lord Craven and others, again exerted their utmost to revive an almost blighted cause, and the unfortunate king consented to take his place once more on the stage of fortune.

The name of Sir William Craven is so intimately connected with that of the Queen of Bohemia, that he demands particular notice in any account that concerns her. His once good family had been reduced during the civil wars of the Roses, and

remained depressed for some time in the humbler walks of life, till, by industry and talent, the father of Sir William amassed an immense fortune, and rose to honour.

At seventeen, the young man entered the service of the Prince of Orange; and when Charles the First came to the Crown, he was created Baron Craven, of Hempstead Marshall. When he found that Gustavus had opened a new field to fame, and that there was yet a possibility of assisting the beautiful and unfortunate Queen, to whom he had vowed eternal devotion, in common with most of the gallant spirits of the age, he lost no time in hastening to join his standard: and great was his exultation in being appointed to conduct the husband of his mistress to a meeting with her great champion.

The interview of Frederic and Gustavus must have filled his mind with joy; and visions of triumph doubtless flitted before his eyes, as he beheld them clasping each other's hands in amity. There was but one happiness wanting, that of greeting Elizabeth herself, and seeing her smile with her usual radiance on the group of devoted friends, who swore to defend her and her husband and children. He missed her, when the interesting wife of Gustavus arrived, through danger and fatigue, at his camp, and, closely embracing her hero, the tender Eleanora exclaimed, playfully:—"Now then, is the great Gustavus a prisoner!"

Frederic, too, as was always his wont, looked back with regret to the place where he had left his heroic wife, whose counsel and encouragement his now bleeding heart required more than ever: as he passed through towns once traversed by her in those days of joy when she came a blooming bride to his dominions, he sighed to observe the change time and war had made: speaking of Oppenheim he says to her:—

"This place is now totally different from what you once saw it! I am resolved to go to Mayence, because I shall have less difficulty in receiving letters from you. I have once followed the chace, but *when I was coursing the hares, how did I wish for you at my side!*"

Frederic was welcomed everywhere with the strongest expression of affection by his old subjects; but his heart was in the watery grave of his eldest son, and he had evidently ceased to receive pleasure from any hope of the future. A gallant action was performed at the strong fortress of Creuzenach, where Lord Craven led a forlorn-hope at the head of his brave British volunteers, and was the first to plant the victorious banner of Bohemia on the walls of that stronghold. Gustavus, enchanted at his intrepidity, exclaimed aloud to the gallant soldier—"I perceive you are willing to give a younger brother a chance of your title and estate." Craven was much wounded, but he was sufficiently re-

warded; he had fought for Elizabeth, and had been commended by Gustavus of Sweden.

His conduct at several succeeding sieges was equally glorious, and his name was a rallying-cry to the British army.

Their successes now followed as quickly as their former defeats. Frederic, though he took no command, followed the movements of the troops, and witnessed the famous *passage of the Lech*, considered one of the most memorable of the achievements of Gustavus, where the brave Tilly received his death-wound.

The spirits of the King seem to have a little revived; and he writes, describing the beauties of the country to his anxious wife:—

"We spent," he says, "one day at Fresingen, of which the situation is exquisitely beautiful: the palace is nothing extraordinary, but the deer come almost to its gates, and there is a noble perspective extending to the Tyrolese mountains and their snowy summits."

What a singular mixture of violence and peace his letters exhibit! Of Gustavus he says:—

"He is an excellent prince, and *ennui* can never be experienced in his society. May God long preserve his precious life!"

He congratulated Elizabeth on the cession made her by her brother, of property bequeathed by

the Duchess-dowager of Holstein, who was very rich.*

"I cannot but be pleased with this proof of affection in your brother, and that he is satisfied with my conduct. God knows, I would not willingly incur his disapprobation, and am proud to proclaim my obligations to his kindness. * * * Happy am I that Rupert is so pleasing to you, and that Charles goes on well. They are, in truth, all very near my heart. May God but grant me the happiness to see you all again! I beseech you to say everything kind for me to *our Queen*, madame of Orange.

"I had written thus far, when who should arrive but Marquis Hamilton, with your dear, dear letter. I have seen the cession made by your brother in your favour, as a testimony of his affection. It is very gratifying; but how much more is the proof you give me of attachment, in appropriating it exclusively to my advantage. Never can I sufficiently thank you for this goodness; but I would far rather it should be vested in good security, to raise a fund for the gradual liquidation of every debt with which you are at present encumbered.† For myself, I desire no other portion than that you should equally repay my love. Ah! do not allow

* Owing to litigations, wars, and controversies, no part of this property ever came to Elizabeth's hands.—See *Miss Benger*.

† Frederic in everything proves himself a man fitted to shine in domestic life; his views were too *honest* for his position.

yourself to suspect that absence can ever diminish affection such as mine. I could wish that your daughter became a *marvellous beauty*, and that I could procure her a splendid marriage. The Count Maurice will be ill pleased to find the Count Hanau his rival. Upon second thoughts, I believe neither of these will have her; and M. Hautin keeps her for his own son.

"This morning I went with the King to visit my good Cousin's palace.* The Marquis of Hamilton protests it is the finest house he ever beheld. The most precious articles have been removed; but there still remain many rarities, which are not, however, very portable; and even if they were, the King of Bohemia would not choose to take one of them. I began this letter yesterday. I shall now conclude, assuring you that I remain for ever,

"My best and only beloved,

"Your

"FREDERIC."

Delays and vexatious negotiations, such as had always been fatal to the interests of Frederic, still continued to exercise their baneful influence, and his mind appears to have been in a constant state of excitement during the successes of Gustavus, and the

* The Duke of Bavaria had himself planned this palace. Frederic showed great magnanimity in disdaining to exult over his faithless kinsman.

treaties of England. He was seized with fever, a circumstance which he carefully concealed from Elizabeth, although the depression of spirits observable in his letters must have in some degree betrayed the state of his mind and body. This illness seemed to return at intervals, and, doubtless, had greatly weakened him when the news of the great victory of Lutzen, where Wallenstein was defeated, and the hero of Sweden perished at the moment of triumph, came to overwhelm him with its important consequences. His most powerful friend was gone, and the future fate of his family was again involved in perplexing uncertainty. Neither his mind nor body were equal to this last dispensation; and when he exclaimed, "It is the will of God!" he resigned himself to the decree, and laid him down to die.

His last thoughts were of her who had been dearer to him than all the world beside. He died at Mentz on the 17th of November, 1632—less than a fortnight after his gallant defender, the King of Sweden: after all his vicissitudes and trials, he was only thirty-six years of age; but fate had crowded the sad events of his life into a little space, and made him aged in suffering.

His remains were transported to Sedan, where they were allowed to repose in peace.

The "*marvellous grief*" of Elizabeth on receiving the fatal intelligence is not to be described: it was by her totally unexpected: she had made herself so

happy in the prospect which, but a few short days before, seemed opening upon her in such dazzling lustre, that it was difficult to contemplate this sudden end to all her aspirations; and she might have exclaimed, with the Persian poet:—

> "My dreams were yesterday so blest,
> Like the young moon just rising fair;
> To-day—a star extinct may best
> Be likened to my void despair!"

When she could recover in some degree from such an affliction, Elizabeth roused herself, to transmit the following memorial to the States of Holland:—

"It has pleased Almighty God to call from this scene of woe my ever and most entirely beloved consort—an event of which I desire to transmit you an account, not doubting of your full and generous participation in my sorrow: and what renders this calamity the more overwhelming is, that it followed immediately that of his ally, the glorious, the invincible, King of Sweden, and on the eve of triumph, just when he was about to re-enter into possession of his States with all his former dignity. Thus to lose him, renders my grief almost beyond endurance. My first great resource is Heaven: next to that divine trust I confide in you; nor will I doubt but that to me and my children will be continued that friendship, so long manifested to my lamented consort.

"It is for a widow, for her orphans, that I now

implore your protection; conscious that it is not less the pride than it has been the glory of your commonwealth, to offer a refuge to the oppressed from the oppressor. It is for you to receive those who have been proscribed for the sake of righteousness and truth; you refuse not succour to the destitute and persecuted; therefore, to your friendship, in his last moments, did my husband consign me and my bereaved children."

In all the sorrows of the Queen, she had been comforted, hitherto, by the steady affection of her husband: they had mutually supported each other, and together were able better to endure all their troubles; but now they came upon Elizabeth with redoubled violence. Her children were taken from her to be governed by others; her brother grew more and more lukewarm in her cause; her friends fell off, and her relations were faithless; except Lord Craven, she had scarcely a true partisan left, and he was but little supported.

Plans, the most distasteful to her, were suggested by cold-hearted politicians for her sons; and she was obliged to rouse her maternal energy, to prevent their being sent off on the wildest knight-errant expeditions.*

* A scheme was proposed to send the young Prince Charles Louis to take possession of the Isle of Madagascar, and his brother, Rupert, to found a colony in the West Indies. The enterprising youths by no means objected to this plan, as it would give them occupation, and offered independence.

It was not till four years after their father's death, that Charles the First invited his two nephews, Charles and Rupert, to England. Elizabeth, anxious to guard their youth from the dangers to which they might be exposed, and, in particular, fearing that their religious faith might be tampered with, solicited her zealous friend, Lord Craven, to follow, and be on the watch for their sakes. He also exerted himself for the payment of Elizabeth's pension, for he found it quite necessary to do so. The monarch of the most magnificent court in Europe found it difficult to afford a pittance to his sister; and, notwithstanding his professions of kindness, her sons found no advancement in England.

At length, tired or ashamed of his supineness, when the young prince solicited his aid after the Emperor Ferdinand's death, the King consented to sanction any steps his friends might take for the recovery of his dominions, and even promised to equip a fleet for his use.

"And now," writes the Elector, "we shall see whose professions are real or not: my Lord Craven has already offered ten thousand for his share; if all were like him, the affair would soon be completed."

There was little in the character of Charles Louis to remind his mother of her eldest lost son, or of the husband who was to her all indulgence and

consideration. She was shocked to find, that, in all his negotiations, self was ever predominant, and to mention the interests of his brothers and sisters offended and annoyed him. He already assumed a tone of dictation to the Queen, intruding his advice on her domestic arrangements, and in no instance did he show any desire to conciliate or benefit her. Lord Craven, who was only eight years older than the Elector, was the only person who, by judicious management, contrived to soften the harshness of the son, and soothe the mortification of the mother. He devoted himself entirely for their advantage in every way, accompanying them in their military expeditions, and sending the Queen regular details of their operations.

"The first movements of the combined army," says Miss Benger, "amounting but to four thousand men, were successful: but having been driven from the siege of Lippe, they had the misfortune to encounter General Hatsfeld, over one wing of whose army Lord Craven and the Palatine princes had obtained a decided advantage, when suddenly they found themselves abandoned by the Swedes, and were at length overpowered by superior numbers."

This was Prince Rupert's first action, and he fought with such obstinate bravery, that but for Lord Craven, his life would have been sacrificed, for he refused to surrender. Both he and his

gallant friend were made prisoners, and Charles Louis escaped with the utmost difficulty, entering his coach and driving with all speed towards Minden, where he ordered the coachman to ford the river which impeded his progress. This was done; but it was found that the opposite bank was too steep to ascend, and Charles, aware that he was closely pursued, had no way of escape but by climbing up the rocks, till, by dint of scrambling and clinging to the pendant plants, he managed to reach the summit, and alone, and a fugitive, made his way to Minden.

From thence he let his mother know his reverse of fortune, and, to add to her grief, he was obliged to inform her that her beloved Rupert and her faithful friend Craven, were captives. Charles Louis showed his selfishness even at this moment, by begging his mother would not attempt anything in favour of his brother, who was strictly guarded in the castle at Vienna: but in the meantime Rupert had contrived to send her a few lines simply to quiet her apprehensions, and to assure her that no power on earth should induce him to abjure his faith, or renounce his party.

Lord Craven had to pay the enormous sum of twenty thousand pounds for his liberty, and then, instead of hastening to a place of security, he, whose whole existence was devoted to the service of that "most resplendent Queen even in the darkness of fortune," as her aged admirer, Wotton, called

her,—still lingered in Germany, vainly hoping to obtain the liberty of her darling son, who was kept in durance for three years, and then exchanged for Prince Casimir, of Poland, not without being forced to pledge his faith not again to bear arms against the Emperor.

The young Elector during this period had been arrested, in a somewhat incautious expedition through France, and was a prisoner in the castle of Vincennes, under a pretext which suited the views of Cardinal Richelieu and Louis XIII. at the time, while three of his younger brothers, who were in Paris for their education, were surrounded by spies, and treated with great harshness.

It required some time before the anxieties of Elizabeth could be quieted; and she again saw her children at liberty: but the mean concessions of Charles Louis, and the noble firmness of Rupert, were so strongly contrasted in her mind that she could not help betraying her feeling on the occasion, and thus caused a jealousy which her eldest son ever after indulged towards his brother.

Another change now manifested itself in the chequered fortunes of Elizabeth; her son's title of Elector Palatine was acknowledged by France, and her niece, Mary, daughter of Charles I., was contracted to Prince William of Nassau, an eventful alliance, which, although its importance could not be then contemplated, was hailed by her as a happy omen. The infant nuptials were

celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and the elation of the Prince of Orange knew no bounds at the honour of being thus connected with the crown of England.

None of the gaiety and splendour of these espousals, however, found their way to the quiet Court of Elizabeth of England, which was justly called the "Mansion of the Muses and the Graces," for there the beautiful mother, still young and attractive, and her three charming daughters, rendered their retreat a theatre of taste, grace, and learning.

This is the Court which Evelyn speaks of in his diary, when, in 1641, he visited the country:—

"The 26th July. I passed through Delft to the Hague, in which journey I observed divers leprous poor creatures, dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.

"Arrived at the Hague, I went first to the Queen of Bohemia's Court; there were several of the Princesses, her daughters, Prince Maurice, newly come out of Germany, and my Lord Finch, not long before fled out of England from the fury of the Parliament.

"It was a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband, and the presence-chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

"The 28th, I went by Leyden, and the 29th to Utricht. We then came to *Rynen*, where the Queen of Bohemia hath a neate palace or country house, built after the Italian manner, as I remember."

It was said of these illustrious sisters that the first, Elizabeth, was the most learned; the second, Louisa, the greatest artist; and the third, Sophia, the most accomplished lady in Europe.

The Princess Elizabeth was another Jane Grey for learning and attachment to study, and her attainments went beyond those ordinarily granted to females; her habits were essentially different from those of her mother or sisters: she found no amusement in the chase, which with the Queen was as great a passion as it had been with her father, King James; nor had she any skill in music or light accomplishments, consequently she did not stand so high in her mother's favour as the others; and her sensitive feelings, perhaps, led her to imagine she was still less so than in reality was the case. Her mind had a tincture of gloom, owing to the sorrows and misfortunes of which she had been a continual witness from her birth. She was a good deal separated from her mother in early life, and had lost the habit of familiarity with her, which, probably, imparted a coldness to her manner little in accordance with the Queen's ardent temper.

Her grandmother, Juliana, to whom she was most accustomed, was grave and devout; her cousin, Catherine, the same; and she grew up without having known the usual gaiety and light-hearted freedom that attends childhood. Her studies were the same as those of her brothers, and her attachment to Henry Frederic led her to choose those which he pursued. His sad end, at the early age of fifteen, was a blow which her sensibility never recovered; and the loss of her father, and all the subsequent misfortunes of her house, combined to render her retiring and somewhat melancholy. She had no inclination towards forming a matrimonial alliance, and secretly rejoiced when several negotiations on the subject failed. It has been imagined that she had some attachment which her high birth forbade her indulging, but there is nothing to prove the supposition, although it is by no means unlikely.

She corresponded with Des Cartes on the most abstruse subjects; and he held her character and acquirements in the highest veneration and esteem, dedicating his works to her, and addressing her on all difficult questions. He wished to bring her and Christina of Sweden acquainted; but the jealousy of the celebrated daughter of Gustavus prevented their ever meeting or continuing a correspondence which the princess had begun at his request. She was a friend of William Penn, of

Pennsylvania, who had several conferences with her, and has published some of her letters.

She resolved to devote herself to a single state, and finally became established at the head of a female Protestant community at Hêrvorden, of which she is usually styled "the Abbess," as her sister Louisa was of a Catholic convent.

Louisa, who was her mother's pride, from the remarkable beauty of her person, an advantage which her sister Elizabeth did not possess, was distinguished for her talent in languages, and her skill in painting. Her works are occasionally to be found in cabinets, and are valuable both for the sake of their author and for their intrinsic merit.* Her master was Gerard Hornthorst, who took infinite pains with her, and was very proud of his pupil: her story is somewhat singular, and affords another instance of the misfortunes which attended her mother throughout her life.

Brought up in the strictest principles of the Protestant faith, and considered by her mother as staunch and as true as her sister Elizabeth, she suddenly changed her religion, escaped from her home, and alone and on foot traversed the streets of the Hague, where she was met by persons with whom she was in correspondence, and conducted to a convent of Carmelites, at Antwerp. Her

* In Lovelace's "Lucasta," is a poem on "The Princess Louisa's drawing."—*Grainger.*

departure, of course, spread consternation in her family, and amazement was at its height when a paper was found on her table, on which she had written—"I am gone to France with the intention of becoming a nun." There had been certain aspersions on her character which have never been explained, and these she laboured hard to confute during her stay at Antwerp; after which, she went to Rouen, where her brother, Prince Edward, with whom she had been at variance, and who, to the grief of his family, had become a Catholic, met and conducted her to Chaillot, where she was admitted as a sister, and became an object of great interest to all who rejoiced over the conversion of a Calvinist. She was afterwards made Abbess of Maubuisson, and her ambition was gratified by the visits of all the royal personages in the kingdom, by whom she was caressed and congratulated, and, finally, made little less than a saint in the *Oraison Funèbre* pronounced over her.

These Catholic and Protestant abbesses seemed quite to forget that they had a mother who required their care, their tenderness, and their gratitude, and that the most meritorious act of christian charity they could have performed, would have been to endeavour to soothe her sorrows, and mitigate her sufferings. By their friends, of both parties, these sisters are held up as patterns of piety and goodness; in the eye of common sense

and feeling they can only be looked upon as vain and selfish personages, who neglected a great and evident duty for an imaginary one.

The beautiful Sophia, who "was mistress of every qualification requisite to adorn a crown," was married about the same time that her sisters embraced a recluse life. Her life, after her marriage, was by no means congenial to her taste; and her letters express the discontent she felt at residing in a dull, unintellectual Court. Her husband was not at that time even presumptive heir to the States of Hanover, as he afterwards became, and she had little idea that her son would become King of England. She lived to the age of eighty-four.

But, at the period, from which these particulars are a digression, the three princesses were the ornament of their mother's simple Court, and the admiration of surrounding nations. Poetry, music, painting, and philosophy, flourished amongst them, and every intellectual pleasure abounded. But the fearful scenes of civil war in England taught Elizabeth that peace was yet far removed from her family; her brother was driven from the throne; her sister-in-law, the hard, haughty, and unamiable Henrietta Maria, was a fugitive, whom she was called upon to welcome and to comfort. Although the Queen of England had always stood between her and prosperity, Elizabeth Stuart forgot all her wrongs in her misfortunes, and exerted herself to show her sympathy and kindness.

The beloved Rupert, and his brother, Maurice, threw themselves, heart and soul, into their uncle's cause, and did for him what he had been too dilatory in doing for their father. The young Elector caused her many a heart-ache, by the meanness of his conduct in courting the Puritans, and proved himself as contemptible and selfish as she had feared he would become.

In 1644, the excellent Princess Juliana expired. Her last words to her daughter, Catherine, were:

"Give my farewell to the Queen of Bohemia; tell her that, in my last moments, I gave her my solemn benediction. In this world I shall never see her more; but it shall be the last prayer on my lips, that she may long survive to taste whatever health, gladness, or satisfaction, this world has to bestow, and to enjoy all the blessings she so well deserves. Let her know how much from my inmost heart and soul I have loved and honoured her, and that I declared these sentiments in the hour of death."

This tribute of esteem from one of the most exalted and virtuous women of her time, is the greatest proof of the noble character of her who could inspire such sentiments.

This was a shade of comfort to the afflicted Queen, sufficiently required; for those nearest and dearest to her deserted her in her increasing poverty and anxiety of mind. Her eldest son had

disappointed her hopes; her two unnatural daughters (for such they must be called) had sought their own gratification at a distance from her; one son, Edward, had become an apostate; and her young son, Philip, had disgraced his name by the cowardly assassination of a man who had offended him; her brother, Charles, was murdered by his subjects; and she herself—a name almost forgotten!

Her beloved Rupert was looked upon rather as a half-crazed knight-errant, than the hero she expected him to be; and he was, besides, little better than a corsair and adventurer;* and, after a struggle of thirty years, the successor of her devoted husband was a poor prince, shorn of half his territories, and happy in being allowed to retain the little left him. Prince Maurice's fate was never known to her; he was supposed to have perished in the Indian seas, and her young daughter, Henrietta, died soon after she became a bride; while her daughter-in-law, the virtuous Princess of Hesse, was obliged to leave her husband, Charles Louis, whose immoral and cruel conduct made his name a by-word in Europe. Very little reason had this charming and amiable woman to be proud of her children, who were all so singularly unlike herself.

Rupert, who was, there is reason to believe, her favourite, whatever might have been his personal

* Miss Benger.

regard for his mother, must have disappointed her hopes in many particulars, and have been a fertile source of mortification and annoyance to her; for he seldom spared her feelings in any of his expeditions, although he seemed to have been really attached to her. A proposed matrimonial engagement, which had been projected for him by his mother and sister, and to which he had a great inclination, was frustrated in consequence of the illiberal conduct of his brother, the Elector; and, perhaps, that disappointment might have prevented his character from becoming sobered down to respectability.

Careless and reckless, the Prince then offered his sword to the best bidder, and actually engaged to serve the Emperor Ferdinand the Third against the Swedes—that people who had formerly generously assisted his father in his struggles. Again, in the war of 1666, he actually attacked the fleets of that republic to which both his parents had owed protection, where his own childhood had been kindly fostered, and from whose munificence his mother, during forty years, had derived her subsistence!

Prince Rupert's character is a singular mixture of ferocity and refinement—of kindness and inhumanity—of love for the arts and destructiveness. He appears as if excited almost to madness when engaged in warfare, and generally disliked by his equals at Court; yet he could converse calmly and

pleasingly with Evelyn* on his favourite pursuit of engraving, and has left an honourable name as the discoverer of Mezzo-tint. His conduct in England was sufficiently brutal, if he has not been strangely misrepresented by the party inimical to him.

Amongst other exploits, Rupert entered Cirencester, where the county magazines were placed, and having put to the sword the whole of the Earl of Stamford's regiment, and many more, possessed himself of three thousand stand of arms, and also of eleven hundred prisoners, with which he returned to Oxford. These unfortunate captives, described as *barefooted, half naked, tied together with cords, beaten and driven along like dogs*, he led in triumph into the city; when, as we are told, *the King, accompanied by many noblemen*, was content to be a spectator of their calamities, but gave neither order for their relief, nor commands for ease of their sufferings;—"nay, it was noted by some then present, he rejoiced in their sad affliction." This last remark, one would fain hope, is overdrawn; though it is even said that Charles's own adherents were, many of them, alienated by this unfeeling conduct, and so loud was the outcry

* "This afternoon, Prince Rupert showed me, with his own hands, the new way of graving, called Mezzo Tinto, which, afterwards, by his permission, I published in my history of Chalcographie. This set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to that perfection it is since come, emulating the tenderest miniatures."—*Evelyn.*

raised against the military brutalities perpetrated by Rupert, especially at the capture of Birmingham —which was sacked, and half of it burnt down— that, soon after, whilst he was engaged in the siege of Lichfield, it was found necessary to address to him a royal message on this topic, in which Charles desires his "good nephew," by well managing his affairs, to undeceive the people, who had taken a notion that their king was not merciful; "Let your fair actions make it appear that you are no malignants, no evil counsellors; and that you seek not the ruin and destruction of our kingdoms, which aspersions are cast upon you, which can be no acceptable service unto us." In conclusion, the Prince is enjoined, in his siege of Lichfield, to have a care of shedding innocent blood, and to allow the people, if they desire it, to have free quarter, and to march out with bag and baggage.*

Rupert is described as having a sharpness, or moroseness, in his temper, which led him to treat with contempt such opinions as he did not approve; and his haughty and presuming conduct made him extremely unpopular with the noblemen of his uncle's Court, who could ill brook his arrogant demeanour.

The Elector Charles did not blush to see his mother reduced to the necessity of soliciting the charity of the States, refusing to afford her the assistance she stood in need of, till at length they

* Rushworth.

became weary of bestowing, and considered and treated her as an incumbrance.

Lord Craven, her ever devoted friend, who would willingly have sacrificed his whole fortune for her sake, had been so impoverished by fines and confiscations that his once numerous princely possessions were reduced to one. Combe Abbey, which his father had purchased of Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, was all that the vengeance of the Commonwealth had left him, in consequence of his being suspected of aiding the nephew of the Queen of Bohemia in his intentions against its power.

Although Lord Craven was known to be in the service of the Elector, as his master of the horse, and that prince had made his peace with the Commonwealth, and was on good terms, yet all his appeals were vain; and the fifty thousand pounds which he bestowed on the exiled King of England was counted against him by the enemies of monarchy.

Mortified and dispirited, the unfortunate Elizabeth Stuart was forced to apply to her son, Charles Louis, and intimate her desire to return to Germany, for the pittance he allowed her was insufficient to maintain her where she was. This proposition was by no means welcome to her penurious son, who, like the children of Lear, had been reducing her expenses by degrees, until at last he seemed inclined to say with them—

"What need of any?"

He was, however, obliged to feign satisfaction at her probable arrival; but he pretended not to imagine that she meant to take possession of her own palace of Frankenthal, but wished her to suppose he thought she meant to live in the old castle at Heidelberg.

He wrote to inquire what apartments she would like to be fitted up for her reception, intimating at the same time, that nothing could be less inviting than the society she would be condemned to there.

"I can," he says, "name few men who are conversible, and the women as little, and what they imitate is still the worst part. Those that are for the French have nothing from them but their clothes, good letters ill spelt, and the *affèteries of the Marais*, from whence they have all their modes. For the Spaniards, they show off their *guard-infantas* only; in everything else as dull and impertinent as can be."

In the next passage he evidently intends a reproach to his mother.

"I am much bound to your Majesty for your gracious wish, and had been glad to know my father's saying when I spoke to your Majesty of my intentions at my last coming out of England, in your bed-chamber; but any stranger may be deceived in that humour, since towards them there is nothing but mildness and complaisance until accustomed to them. But, patience; every one must bear their task, *and it is mine to bear several.*"

This hypocritical resignation to wrongs in a man who had insulted his amiable wife, by bringing a female favourite to her Court, and who, rather than give her up, had parted with his princess, disgracing himself in the eyes of all Europe, while he affected religion and morality, is very disgusting.

"If I may deserve your Majesty's favour," he adds, to the mother, whose visit he was endeavouring meanly to shuffle off, "it will be the greatest comfort."

The high-spirited Elizabeth instantly wrote to stipulate for a residence at Frankenthal; to which she received the Elector's reply, who remarks, in assumed astonishment:

"Sure, your Majesty had forgotten in what condition the house at Frankenthal is in, when you were pleased to write of preparing it for you, for no preparation would have made that fit for your living in; but a whole new building, which to do, on a sudden, or in a few years, my purse was never yet in a condition for it; but I intended to do it by little and little.

"If your Majesty had come hither, I had done a little last year. As for the *accidents* falling out in my domestic affairs, it is as likely they had not happened had your Majesty been present; and if any other inconvenience had happened with regard to two families (which was not likely,) it might always have been remedied by a separation.

"As for the taking upon me your Majesty's debts, which were made upon another score, I believe it cannot justly be claimed; and it is believed that if your Majesty had shown the States any intention to come hither, they would have taken some order to have appeased your creditors."

This feigned respect and real coldness was not to be endured; the Queen might have exclaimed, with the poet, Lord North,—

"So full of courtly reverence,
So full of formal fair respect
Carries a pretty double sense
Little more pleasing than neglect.
It is not friendly—'tis not free;
It holds a distance half unkind;
Such distance between you and me
May suit with yours, but not my mind.
Oblige *me, in a more obliging way,*
Or know, such over-acting spoils the play."

In fact, Elizabeth was disgusted, and declined troubling her ungracious son by her presence at all; she could not leave Holland till her creditors were satisfied, and of that there was little hope, as far as he was concerned.

In the midst of these troubles she made an excursion to Brussels, where Christina of Sweden was then staying; but she declined meeting her, as she could not forget that queen's want of courtesy to her daughter, Elizabeth, who, though she had quitted her in a manner but little considerate, she had forgiven, and was still in correspondence with her.

In spite of all her annoyances, the Queen's elasticity of character kept her from sinking, and she still pursued her favourite pastime of hunting with infinite spirit; though she had still to sustain a frequently-renewed contest with the parsimonious Elector, who, having arranged a marriage for his sister Sophia, with Ernest Augustus, Bishop of Osnabruck, youngest brother of the Duke of Brunswick, had an excellent excuse, of which he took care to avail himself, to evade his mother's claims. He writes:—

"The expenses about my sister's marriage, not for the ceremonies or pomp, but for the realities fit for her, to which I am obliged, render me incapable of what your Majesty is pleased to require of me concerning the seven thousand rix-dollars; for, besides her due, which I must advance, I am bound to an extraordinary dowry, more especially for the friendship she always showed me, *and because nobody else hath done anything for her.* Withal your Majesty will be pleased to consider that, though there be no apparent danger of war for the present, yet the great expenses I have been at at Frankenthal," &c. &c.

Though condemned to regret the selfish meanness of her son, Elizabeth had still some comfort in her home and the agreeable society of her daughter, Louisa, whose taste and talents were a constant source of amusement to her. Louisa was the only

one of her daughters who had refused to quit her; and on her she reposed with perfect confidence and affection. How great, then, was the shock she received, when, without a word or sign, the unnatural daughter quitted the maternal roof, to throw herself into the arms of strangers; and those the enemies of the religion which her family had battled to uphold.

"This was the unkindest cut of all!"

and the poor Queen felt it deeply and severely at first. But she writes soon after to her son, Rupert, in this familiar strain; her natural cheerfulness getting the better of her vexation:

"My Lord Fraser sent you a letter from Portugal, and two cases of Portugal oranges: two for the King, and two for me: as soon as the things are come from Rotterdam, you shall have your part sent you. I believe Lord Craven will tell you how much ado he had to save your part from me, for I have made him believe I would take one of your cases for my niece, and the Prince of Orange. *I did it to vex him.*

"The King and my niece and my other nephew were at Antwerp, and went to see Louisa in the monastery. I sent the copy of Sir Thomas Berkeley's letter to Broughton. My nephew and niece did write to me before they saw her, to know if I would be content they should see her; which

I told them would be too much honour for her: but, *because the prioress of Q. had told such base lies,* they would do a good action to see her, to justify her innocence. The prioress of Q. did go to Antwerp twice, and spoke with Louisa. I have not yet the particulars. Louisa writes they parted on ill terms. The prioress made many believe, on her return, she brought me letters from the King, my niece, and Louisa, to justify her, and talked two hours with me—*which is a most impudent lie.*

" Cromwell has broken his mock parliament, because the independents were too strong for him.

" I must tell you I am more beholden to the Spanish Ambassador, to the Sweden and Denmark residents, than to your brothers, for they would not visit the prioress of Q."

The Queen, in the midst of her resentment, is evidently extremely anxious to clear the character of her daughter from the aspersions cast upon it: what was their nature does not appear; but this prioress seems to have originated them. She continues:

" I forgot to say that the King and my niece did chide Louisa for her change of religion, and leaving me so unhandsomely: she answered, that she was very well satisfied with her change: but very sorry that she had displeased me.

" Just now the French letters are come; ——— writes to me, that the Bishop of Antwerp has

written a letter to your brother, Edward, where he clears Louisa of that base calumny: yet Ned is so wilful, he excuses the Princess of Tolerne."

She afterwards mentions, that "the Queen of England has asked her (Louisa's) pardon. I have excused it as handsomely as I could, and begged her not to take it ill; but to think how she would have felt, had she had the same misfortune." *

The Princess Louisa afterwards, when she was made Abbess of Maubuisson, by Louis XIV. formed a great attachment to Mad. de Brinon, formerly the confidant of Mad. de Maintenon; who had been the superintendent of St. Cyr, till she ventured to differ with her patroness on points of opinion, and, consequently, incurred her displeasure. She was dismissed with a pension, and entered this convent. She possessed great powers of insinuation; and obtained as great an ascendency over the mind of Louisa, as she had formerly done over that of the favourite. Animated by her eloquence, the Princess entered into a correspondence with her sister, the Duchess of Hanover, with a view of bringing her over to the Catholic faith.†

Sad are the following letters, which Elizabeth was now obliged to write to the Elector to urge her claims.‡

* Miss Benger. † See Bossuet.

‡ A painful contrast is presented in them to the playful style in which she generally wrote. Mr. Jesse gives the following lively epistle, first printed in his volumes, addressed to Lord Finch:—

"My

Mournful is it to record such instances of cold-heartedness and neglect, as this royal daughter of an unfortunate house had to complain of from her nearest relative. These are only a few of many such letters which she was compelled to address to the niggardly prince who, but for her exertions, would himself have been a pensioner on some foreign sovereign, or an outcast and beggar altogether.

" My Lord,

" I assure you your letter was very welcome to me, being glad to find you still heart-whole, and that you are in better health, if your cough is gone. As for your appetite, I confess your outlandish meats are not so good as beef and mutton. I pray you remember how ill pickled herring did use you here, and brought you one of your hundred and fifty fevers.

" As for the countess, I can tell you heavy news of her, for she is turned quaker, and preaches every day in a tub. Your nephew, George, can tell you of her quaking, but the tub-preaching is come since he went. I believe at last she will become an Adamite.

" I did not hear you were dead, wherefore I hope your promise not to die till you let me know it; but you must also stay till I give you leave to die, which will not be till we meet a shooting somewhere, but where that is, God knows best. I can tell little other news here, my chief exercise being to jaunt between this and Schievling, where my niece has been all the winter. I am now in mourning for my brother-in-law, the Duke of Simmeren's death.

" My Lady Stanhope and her husband are going, six weeks hence, into France, to the waters of Bourbon, which is all I will say now, only that I am ever

Your most affectionate Friend,

ELIZABETH.

" I pray you remember me to your Lady, and to my Lord of Winchelsea.

" *Hague, March* 4."

"Son,—

"I thought to have written to you by Floer. I thought ——— was gone to Amsterdam. I have stayed till now, believing he would have come to me before he went; but now I see he is at Heidelberg. I send this by the post, to let you know the States have given me for my kitchen one thousand guilders a month, till I shall be able to go from hence, which God knows how and when that will be for my debts; whereof I earnestly entreat you to do so much for me as to augment that money which you give me, and then I shall make a shift to live a little something reasonable; and you did always promise me, that as your country bettered, you would increase my means, till you were able to give me my jointure. I do not ask you much; if you would add but what you did hint, you would do me a great kindness by it, and make me see you have still an affection for me, and put me in a confidence of it; since you cannot yet pay me all that is my due, that will show to the world you desire it, if you could.

"I pray do this for me; you will much comfort me by it, who am in so ill a condition, as it takes all comfort from me. I am making my house as little as I can, that I may subsist by the little that I have, till I shall be able to come to you; which since I cannot do, because of my debts, which I am not able to pay—neither the new nor the old;

if you do not as I desire you, I am sure I shall not increase.

"As you love me, *I do conjure you to give me an answer*, and you will tie me to continue

As I am,

"Most truly yours."

The Elector would probably have taken no more notice of this appeal than he had of many others, but that, in the meantime, a change had taken place in the affairs of England. Charles II. was restored, and it might not be policy in him to neglect his mother any longer: he seems to have sent a favourable answer, as her next is in a less distressful tone.

"TO THE ELECTOR PALATINE.

"I am glad I was deceived, and that you intend shortly to send me to the King, and that he will pass by this way. I assure you I neither am, nor ever was, unreasonable; so, as reason will satisfy me, I desire not to ruin you, nor to make you live under what you do. In my letter I told you why I did not send any to be informed of your revenue, for either they were such as durst not offend you, or such as might easily be deceived, being strangers; and, besides, in the condition that my family was then in, I easily imagined that they would not be much regarded.

"What I have received from you since your restitution was not so much. Till Frankenthal was restored you gave me two thousand rix-dollars per month; but, since that, you gave me but half, and I was near six months from receiving anything to rebate the five thousand the Emperor gave me. You sent me once seven thousand guilders, and never since any more; besides the fifteen thousand guilders, only two thousand for living. I do not mention the mourning, for that is a thing of course. *I had not tasted fine bread and white caudles if you had helped me as you promised;* but fifteen thousand guilders could not do it, living as I do, much less as I should, which makes me, in a manner, beg the States' assistance; and, as it is, I cannot give my servants their wages.

"If remembering you to have more would have done it, you should not have lacked; *but when I wrote I never received answer*, which has hindered me to write concerning my niece's mourning.

"I can assure you there is nothing I more desire than to have an end of this business, which shall be as much for your honour as for my good and contentment."

The Elector Palatine had, about this time, to seek his mother's sympathy—which was never withheld from any of her children—for he was thrown into great affliction by the loss of his favourite child,

a boy, born in England, on whom all the affections of his heart seemed fixed.

He thus writes on the subject:—

"For the too early ripeness of his understanding, besides the misfortunes of his birth,* made me, as much as possible, husband the affection I bore him, for fear the expressing it too much might injure his fortune towards those on whom he ought to have depended, if God gave him life; and the setting my heart too much upon him might make his loss the more inconsolable to me: but I see God and nature have not vouchsafed me to enjoy the fruits of my circumspection." †

The mother of the Elector, while she was yet condoling with her bereaved son, had to bewail a loss which greatly added to her load of griefs. Her favourite niece, the Princess of Orange, went to England to be present at Charles II.'s coronation; and, while there, corresponded with her aunt, expressing, in the most affectionate terms, her hope that she would soon join her in that country; but, in the midst of the public festivities, this amiable princess was seized with the small-pox, and died, to the great sorrow of the afflicted Queen.

Evelyn thus mentions the sad event, in his quaint and curious diary:—

* He was called Baron de Rosenchild, and was the son of an Englishwoman of high rank, whose connexions protected and brought him up.

† See "Bromley's Royal Letters."

"1660, Dec. 22. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter being now newly owned, I went to see her, she being Sir Richard Browne's intimate acquaintance when she waited on the Princess of Orange. She was now at her father's, at Worcester House, in the Strand. We all kissed her hand, as did also my Lord Chamberlain (Manchester), and Countess of Northumberland. This was a strange change—can it succeed well?—I spent the evening at St. James's, whither the Princess Henrietta was retired during the fatal sickness of her sister, the Princess of Orange, now come over to salute the King, her brother.

"23d. This day died the Princess of Orange, of the small-pox, which *wholly altered the face and gallantry of the whole Court.*

"25th. Preached at the Abbey Dr. Earle, Clerk of his Majesty's Closet, and my dear friend, now Dean of Westminster, on 2 Luke, 13, 14, condoling the breach made in the public joy by the lamented death of the princess."

Elizabeth, who had now no tie to make her desire to live in Holland, looked anxiously forward to the invitation which she expected from her nephew, Charles II. Her friend, Lord Craven, had gone before, in the hope of arranging everything to her satisfaction; and he had been received by the King with great distinction, who created him Earl of Craven and Viscount Uffington.

Ten thousand pounds had been voted her by the British Parliament, in common with the Queen Dowager of England and her two daughters; and she was thus enabled to adjust her affairs with her creditors.

The coronation of Charles had taken place with all its pomps and ceremonies, delighting the eyes and hearts of the people, to whom these gorgeous shows were a novelty, and on which the loyal Evelyn dwells with infinite satisfaction.

After enumerating the dukes, lords, and great people who formed the procession, he continues:

"This magnificent train on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold, and silver and jewels could make them and their prancing horses, proceeded through the streets strewed with flowers, houses hung with rich tapestry, windows and balconies full of ladies. The London militia lining the ways, and the several companies, with their banners and loud music, ranked in their orders; the fountains running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the several triumphal arches; at that of Temple Bar (near which I stood), the Lord Mayor was received by the Bayliff of Westminster, who, in a scarlet robe, made a speech. Thence, with joyful acclamations, his Majesty passed to Whitehall. Bonfires at night. * * *

"1 May. I went to Hyde Park to take the air, where was his Majesty, with an innumerable

appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now a time of universal festivity and joy.

"8th. His Majesty rode in state, with his imperial crown on, and all the peers in their robes, in great pomp, to the Parliament now newly chosen."

Elizabeth now took leave of the States, and proceeded to Delft, every arrangement being made for her voyage to her native country; when, to her infinite annoyance and mortification, she suddenly received a despatch, informing her, from the ministers of Charles, that it would be more convenient if her visit were delayed for the present.

The Queen, indignant, as well as hurt, by this inhospitable proceeding, instantly wrote to the Chancellor,

"That having taken leave of her friends at the Hague, she could not go back to it without incurring disgrace; and that she never would submit to; that she was willing to return to Holland whenever his Majesty required it; but that she must now depart from thence without delay."

To her beloved Rupert she writes in a sadder strain than usual.

"I go with a resolution to suffer all things constantly. I thank God he has given me courage. I shall not do as poor niece, but will resolve upon all misfortunes. I love you ever, my dear Rupert."

Accordingly, the once gay and beautiful princess

of England embarked to meet the cold welcome which awaited her. Charles, who could lavish the remaining treasures of his nearly-exhausted coffers on unworthy favourites and profligate amusements, had nothing to spare for his distressed aunt; and it was her exemplary and attached and noble friend, Lord Craven, whose purse and home were hers from the moment she landed on the shores of her own country.

This was at a moment when such scenes as the following were unwillingly described by a friend, who would fain have been as lenient as his conscience would permit to the vices of the Court: *

"This evening, *according to custom*, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself, in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, *and lost his hundred pounds.* (The year before he won fifteen hundred.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about one thousand pounds, and left them still at *passage, cards,* &c."

At other tables, both there and at the groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly, and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers:

"Sorry I am," says the chronicler, "that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, *which ought to be an example of virtue* to the rest of the kingdom."

* Evelyn.

After a life of sad vicissitude, Elizabeth Stuart at length landed, the 17th May 1661, at Margate,* a deserted widow; that place from whence she had embarked a blooming, happy bride, with hope and joy before her; but as she left cold hearts then amongst those nearest and dearest to her, so did she now return to find that a new race had not, in adversity, learnt greater tenderness or feeling. Where were now the shouts of the pleased people to greet her arrival? where the addresses, the triumphal arches, the garlands, and the thronging poets, bent to do honour to the beloved Elizabeth?—alas! there were but one or two solitary friends to bid God bless her, and only one to do her real service. There was no palace prepared for her reception; no guards or troops of attendants: she landed as any private individual might do, and her coming was unmarked and uncared for.

* Her old *protegé*, Phineas Pett, was still living in honour and prosperity. Evelyn thus names him, 1663: "Passing by Chatham we saw his Majesty's royal navy, and *dined at Commissioner Pett's, master-builder there*, who showed me his study and models, with other curiosities belonging to his art. *He is esteemed the most skilful ship-builder in the world.* He hath a pretty garden and banqueting-house, pots, statues, cypresses, resembling some villas about Rome.

"*After a great feast*, we rode post to Gravesend, and, sending the coach to London, came by barge home that night."

This is a pleasant passage to read, with a fresh recollection of the time when the persecuted man of talent knelt for hours before the pedant, King James, defending himself from his envious enemies, while his gallant and generous young royal patron stood by, impatiently witnessing the unworthy conduct he received, and, at every pause, encouraging him with kind words and glances.

But she found a comfortable mansion, whose hospitable doors flew open to receive her, and whose master had the proud satisfaction of offering a home to her for whom he had devoted all the best years of his life. Drury-House, a pleasant and convenient domicile, well situated, and surrounded by a delightful garden, was the place which Lord Craven had lately purchased for her accommodation. It had, in Queen Elizabeth's time, belonged to Sir Robert Drury, and was the scene of those ill-omened meetings of the unfortunate Essex, and the discontented men who were plotting against their sovereign. The Drury family patronized the poet, Donne, whose misfortunes and poverty they pitied; and in this house they permitted him, and his suffering wife, to find an asylum.*

All in this mansion was conducted with the utmost taste and munificence; and, if she could have divested her mind from "low-thoughted care," here Elizabeth Stuart might have passed a happy old age. As she was prevented by her generous host from requiring pecuniary assistance from the

* After the death of the Queen, Drury House, rebuilt by the Earl of Craven, and surrounded with a brick court, was called Craven House. In process of time, Drury Lane was built on the site of the garden; but a small part of the original mansion subsisted, having been *converted into a tavern*, the entrance to which was by Craven Court, and which, owing to traditional associations, was called the *Queen of Bohemia*. Over the door was an equestrian statue of William, Lord Craven. Strange fate of mighty princes! The tavern remained so lately as 1794, and a correct print of it is extant in that curious and entertaining work, "Smith's Topography of London."—*See note to Miss Benger's Memoirs.*

profuse and selfish Charles, he had no objection to extend to her his usual *good nature*, and though she did not make her appearance at Court, or join in any public festivities, she appears to have been always on good terms with her nephew. Above all, her Rupert was now her companion; and in his society she experienced all the good "the gods would diet her with."

Lord Craven, desirous that his royal mistress should, as much as possible, forget her sorrows, and only be reminded of the happy years she had known at Heidelberg, immediately busied himself in preparing for her an abode at his place of Hampstead Marshall, Berkshire, which he was building on the exact plan of that favourite palace, once so decorated and adorned for her by her adoring husband. Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the famous architect, superintended the erection; and the Queen must have taken infinite pleasure in hearing of the progress of this building, where she was to find repose and calm enjoyment, after all the storms of her chequered existence.

Her daughter, Sophia, writes to her at this time, congratulating her on her peaceful state; by which it appears that she was really tranquil, and had accomplished her avowed resolution of resigning herself to whatever fortune was in store for her. It is pleasing to dwell upon this brief space, in which she was able to enjoy the scenes around her, apart from ambition, and the irritating and unsatisfactory splendours of a Court.

The Princess Sophia expatiates to her mother on the delight she will doubtless experience, when she beholds the "beautiful Infanta," who was expected shortly to arrive in England as the Queen of Charles II.

To be a royal personage and lovely, seemed synonymous; the comic description given by Evelyn of this beauty's first appearance does not impress one with any extraordinary ideas of her charms.

"The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies, in their monstrous fardingals, or guard-infantas: their complexions *olivader*, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, *her foretop long and turned aside, very strangely.* She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though of low stature, prettily shaped; languishing and excellent eyes; her teeth wronging her mouth, *by sticking a little too far out:* for the rest, *lovely enough.*

* * * * * *

"Now saw I her Portuguese ladies, and the guarda-dames, or mother of her maids, and *the old knight*, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread very oddly."

What was wanting in beauty the Infanta seemed to have endeavoured to make up in singularity; and though, fortunately perhaps, she had no beautiful ladies of honour to exhibit to the Court; all the

world was amazed at the rich furniture with which her rooms were filled: such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen, she brought with her from Spain, and these formed part of the gorgeous adornment of her state chamber, where stood that famous crimson and silver bed, presented to the King by the States of Holland, worth eight thousand pounds, with the great looking-glass and toilet of beaten and massive gold; an offering from the Queen-mother.

But none of this pomp and glory was Elizabeth Stuart destined to see; her health was failing her, and she had removed, for change of air, to Leicester House. Here she made her will; and to her friend, servant, and benefactor—the Earl of Craven—she left her little all—her papers, books, and pictures; for she felt that the end of her sad life was drawing on. She was now sixty-six, and till the last year, had not found her strength or health declining; but all was now soon to be over, and she would be indeed at peace.

On the 13th Feb., 1662, the Queen of Bohemia died. When her own marriage was about to take place, it was delayed for a time by a death—that of her beloved brother, Henry; and she died a few days only before the arrival of her nephew's bride in England.

On the 17th, it is recorded by Evelyn, that "this night was taken to Westminster Abbey the Queen of Bohemia, after all her sorrows and afflictions, *being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King.*"

Storms and tempests of appalling violence shook the island from one end to the other that same night; and the visitation was construed by the superstitious into a judgment on the land. Evelyn adds:—

"Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time, so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court."

There is no record of any sorrow felt at Court on this occasion: tears for Elizabeth were, probably, shed by her favourite son and her devoted friend alone; there was no time to feel sorrow at Court, when the Infanta, and all her train of Portuguese *beauties*, were receiving the homage of a gallant monarch and his refined companions: death was a new jest for them, as the following letter from Lord Leicester to the Earl of Northumberland shows:—

"February 17, 1662.

"I heare that, as your lordship foretold in your letter, my royal tenant is departed. It seems the Fates did not think it fit that I should have the honour, which indeed I never much desyr'd, to be the landlord of a queen.

"*It is a pity she did not live a few hours more, to dye upon her wedding daye,* and that there is not as good a poet to make her epitaph as Dr. Donne, who wrote her epithalamium on that day unto St. Valentine."

The body lay in state, and was interred the 1st of March.

Lord Craven survived the Queen of Bohemia thirty-five years; he saw the extinction of the male heirs of Frederic the Fifth, and followed his dear friend, Rupert, to the grave. He lived chiefly at Combe Abbey after her loss, the scene of her youth, endeared to him by that remembrance. He had reached the age of eighty-eight * when he died. He retained his activity and energy to the last, both in public and private life. One peculiarity he possessed, was his promptitude in all cases of fire; so ready was he with his assistance, that it was a common saying at the time, "that his horse smelt fire as soon as it happened." He was not, unfortunately, on the spot to avert the calamity at Hampstead Marshall, when his miniature

* When, at the accession of James II., it was proposed to take his regiment from him, he exclaimed, "They may as well take my life, for I have nothing else to divert myself with."

He was said to have a habit of whispering in the ears of the politicians at Court, which occasioned much amusement to the young men there, as they judged he wished to appear to possess some important knowledge. Lord Keeper Guildford styled him, for this reason, "Ear-wig." And Charles II. allowed himself to be entertained by this foible. On one occasion, the Earl of Dorset, having, with great good breeding, attended patiently to some imaginary communication of this kind from Lord Craven, the King asked him what he had heard? The earl answered, "My Lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen."

It has been sometimes asserted that the Queen was privately married to him, which is very improbable.

palace of Heidelberg, which had been intended for his queen, was burnt to the ground.

Accomplished, noble, brave, and generous, one of the most gallant soldiers in Europe,—the most devoted of friends, and most amiable of men,—his whole existence was chivalrously bent on one object, and to that worthy cause he devoted all the energies of his mind and body. He had his reward in protecting, comforting, and supporting her for whom alone he lived, and in closing her eyes in her native land, at a moment when prosperity seemed settling on that country, too long torn to pieces by civil contentions.

He was a patron of art and literature; esteemed and beloved by the wise, the good, and the benevolent; although the courtiers of Charles the Second had only ridicule to bestow on him, like those of Louis the Thirteenth on the great Duke de Sully. The approbation and friendship of such a Court would have been a disgrace, the only one that could ever have fallen on the friend of Elizabeth Stuart.*

* Grainger speaks of a portrait of him in armour, on horseback, with this inscription :—

" London's bright gem, his house's honour, and
A great assister of the Netherland :
Bounty and valour make thy fame shine clear,
By Nassau graced, to Swedeland's king most dear,
Who when, on Crusnacke's walls, he understood
Thee wounded, came to knight thee in thy blood :
To whom, when folded in his arms, he said,
' Rise, bravest spirit that e'er thy city bred !' "

LUCY HARRINGTON,

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

DISTINGUISHED as well for her learning and taste as her courtly manners, Lucy Harrington is interesting as being the companion of the early days of Elizabeth Stuart,* at Combe Abbey, before the cares of state had pressed on that fair brow the seal of sorrow. When still very young, she showed her love of pomp and expense, and a fondness for gorgeous decoration and elegant erections, which, in after-life, became a source of vexation and disappointment, carried as the pleasure was by her to a ruinous extreme. In the masques of Queen Anne, of Denmark, to whom she was lady of the bedchamber, none appeared with greater splendour than Lucy Harrington, and no pageant or revel was complete without her.

The death of her brother, the friend and companion of Prince Henry, taken untimely from his

* Two pictures of the Queen are at Combe Abbey, by Marc Garrard, and Gherardo della Notte.

sorrowing family as suddenly as the hope of England himself, conferred on her his large fortune and inheritance; and when she became the bride of the Earl of Bedford, she was one of the richest heiresses of the kingdom. Her extreme profusion, however, the vice of her time, soon made itself felt, though others profited by her liberality, particularly the professors of the *gaie science*, for poets were ever welcome with her, and to the arts she was a munificent patroness.

The unfortunate Dr. Donne, whose weakness of profusion was equal to her own, and whose generosity was as great, although he deprived himself of the means to exercise it, and was forced to live on the alms he would have gladly dispensed to others, tuned his unmelodious lute in praise of his benefactress, lauding her in strains so quaint and strange, that one cannot but feel astonished that such verses as he and most of his contemporaries wrote, could ever find admirers; particularly in an age when Jonson taught what poetry might be, and sweetest Shakespeare still was awakening his immortal melodies. True is it, that the fashion of that day, as it happens in our own, was less to admire simple truth and beauty in composition than decorated and artful turns of wit; and, for the time, pedantry was more in vogue than natural genius; fashion carries the taste away in literature as well as in costume, and the mind is continually wandering in mazes till it reach again that original

spot from whence it started; and, though obliged to confess the power of truth and nature, and able to see the ridicule and absurdity of what it transiently admired, some novel mode whirls the judgment off again, and the fixed principle is once more neglected to be again returned to, and abandoned, and loved again, and ill-used as before.

All our great poets, from Chaucer to Moore, have been neglected for meaner lights, and never have there been wanting detractors who have triumphed for a while, and succeeded in spreading a veil before the sun, which time is continually removing, and allowing its rays once more to

"Shine in the forehead of the morning sky."

Ben Jonson seems himself fully alive to the false taste of *his* time—strange is it that bad taste is so immortal!—when he says, speaking of the poets, or versifiers, at that time struggling for mastery:—

"You have others that labour only to ostentation, and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work than in the matter of foundation; for that is hid, the other is seen. Others, that in composition are nothing but what is rough and broken, and if it would come gently they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs: as if that style were strong and manly that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly;

they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hatband; or their beards specially cut, to provoke beholders and set a mark upon themselves. Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of *tuning and rhyming fall* in what they write. *It runs and slides and only makes a sound.* Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors:

> " 'They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream,
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.'

" You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle deep.

" * * * I do hear them say often, some men are not witty because they are not everywhere witty: than which nothing can be more foolish.

" But now nothing is good that is natural. Right and natural language seems to have the least of wit in it: that which is writhen and tortured is counted the most exquisite. *Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed,* and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be as preposterous and affected as our gallants' clothes, sweetbags and night-dressings. * * * If it were put to the question of the Water-rhymer's * works against Spenser, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages."

* " John Taylor, usually called the 'Water Poet,' was a native of Gloucester, and intended by his parents for a scholar; but his inclination not leading him to learning, though it did to poetry

Drayton,* Daniel, Donne, and Jonson, all sung the praises of their patroness, in verse, more or less harmonious. That of the last is often quoted, and is, at least, ingenious and enthusiastic, though not entirely free from the faults his taste condemned.

he was taken from school before he had gone through his Accidence, and bound apprentice to a waterman. After he had quitted the oar, he kept a victualling-house, in Phœnix Alley, Long Acre, where he hung up his own head for a sign, with this inscription:—

'There's many a head stands for a sign;
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?'

"He, according to Mr. Wood, did great service to the royal cause in the reign of Charles I. by his lampoons and pasquils. The works of Taylor, which are not destitute of natural humour, abound with low jingling wit, which pleased and prevailed in the reign of James I., and which too often bordered, at least, upon bombast and nonsense. He was countenanced by a few persons of rank and ingenuity, but was the darling and admiration of numbers of the rabble. He was himself the father of some cant words, and he has adopted others which were only in the mouths of the lowest vulgar. His rhyming spirit did not evaporate with his youth; he held the pen much longer than he did the oar, and was the poetaster of half a century, dying, aged 74, in 1654."—*Grainger.*

Perhaps Taylor was the author of a certain satirical lampoon, which irritated King James very much, as he read it; for neither he nor his Court were spared in the abuse it contained; but its conclusion saved the poet, and caused only a laugh. After a thousand impertinences, it ends:—

"God bless the king, the queen, the prince, and peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears."

"By my faith," said James, "and so he shall for me; for though he be an impudent, he is a witty and a pleasant rogue."

* Drayton says of her, that she "rained upon him her sweet showers of gold." "On a moderate calculation," says Grainger, "she paid the poets for their panegyric, as much as Octavia did Virgil for his encomium on Marcellus."

" ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

" This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous muse
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love—as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great,
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat:
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears, control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade —— *Bedford*—write, and that was she."

Sir Thomas Roe, the learned ambassador, who collected so many treasures abroad, and made a fine museum of medals for himself, sent a catalogue of them to the Countess of Bedford, accompanied by a dissertation which, as Miss Aikin observes, could only be addressed with propriety to a respectable proficient, both in numismatic science and the Latin language.

Sir Thomas Arundel, the first English collector of eminence, and the gorgeous Duke of Buckingham, who would not be outdone in expense either in taste, art, dress, or magnificence of any sort, both employed Sir Thomas Roe, when he was at Constantinople, to procure for them coins, marbles,

and other curiosities; his successes as well as disappointments, from the jealousy and ignorance of the natives, were great. One story told of his attempt to gain possession of a treasure is curious.

Over the golden gate of the city of Constantinople, stood some groups in *alto relievo*, placed there by the founder; on these Sir Thomas Roe fixed his eye, and spared no exertion to gain them; but how to do so was the difficulty: he could not ask the Grand Seignior to let him pull down the entrance of his palace, and the pieces were too large to carry off secretly, which it appears he would not have scrupled to do; he, therefore, represented to a Mufti that religion demanded their removal; but the government paid no heed to the holy man's opinion on the subject. At length, watching his opportunity when the Turkish treasury was low, the ambassador boldly ventured to offer a large sum for the marbles to the great treasurer himself.

He found not the slightest hesitation in this quarter; and his triumph seemed certain, when suddenly a panic spread amongst the people that their city was about to be destroyed, for they believed the figures to be enchanted, and an old prophecy connected their safety with that of Constantinople.

A violent tumult arose; the works were obliged to be suspended: the treasurer found his life in danger, and the *virtuoso* was compelled to bear his disappointment as he might.

The very erudite and superior education of Lucy Harrington, and many of her contemporaries, seems to have frightened the strict and simplicity-loving writers of the period; and all those who had been long accustomed to consider the female mind as unworthy of cultivation, were startled at the rapid strides made by women, who threatened to overtake "*their masters*" in learning.

One of these repressors of liberal education thus writes respecting a lady's acquirements :*—

"I would have them read well, but in the scriptures and good books, not in play books, romances, and love-books. To learn the use of the needle, but chiefly in useful kinds of works; others, more curious, are to be learned, if at all, only to keep them employed, and *out of harm's way*. Excessively chargeable ones are not to be used. To learn and practice, as there is occasion, all points of good housewifery, as *spinning of linen, the ordering of dairies*, and to see to the *dressing of meal*, salting and dressing of meat, brewing and baking, and to *understand the common prices of corn*, meat, malt, wool, butter, cheese, and all other household provisions; and to see and know what stores of all things necessary for the house are in readiness, what, and when more are to be provided. To have the prices of linen-cloths, stuffs and woollen cloth; *to cast about to provide all things at the best hand;*

* See Miss Aikin's James I.

to take and keep accounts of all things; to know *the condition of the poultry about the house,* for it misbecometh no woman to be a *hen-wife.*"

This seems to infer that this *perfect lady* is always to live in the country.

"To cast about how to order your clothes with frugality, to mend them when they want; and to buy but when it is necessary, *and with ready money;* to love to keep at home."

The sole recreations the writer permits to the pattern housekeeper he thus creates are, walking abroad in the fields, some *work with their needle,* reading of histories *or herbals,* setting of flowers or herbs, and last, and probably least in his estimation, he unwillingly sets down—"and practising their music."

In a tract, published in 1636, called "The Art of Thriving," which has in it a vein of satire that somewhat contradicts the author's professed recommendations, it is said of the daughters of the gentry:

"I would have their breeding, like the Dutchwoman's clothing, tending to profit only and comeliness. And though she never have a dancing schoolmaster, a French tutor, *nor a Scotch tailor,* it makes no matter.

"For working in curious *Italian purles,* or *French borders,* it is not worth the while. Let them

learn plain works of all kinds. *Instead of song and music*, let them learn cookery and *laundry*, and *instead of reading Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,'* let them read the grounds of good huswifery. I like not a female *Poëtresse at any hand.*"

Alas! for poor Sir Philip's charming sister, and all who followed her dangerous steps; there was no promotion for them if their safety depended on this uncompromising gentleman! The remainder of his advice savours more of worldly prudence than delicacy or morality; but, in his mind who evidently

> "Wonders any man alive would ever rear a daughter,"

the only object is, to get rid of her by "the cleanliest shift" he can.

"If the mother of them be a good huswife and religiously disposed, *let her have the bringing up of one of them.* Place *the other two* forth betimes. The one in the house of some good merchant or citizen of civil and religious government; the other in the house of some lawyer or some judge, or *well-reported justice*, or gentleman of the country."

Thus premising that any family would be glad to receive such an inmate, who, as she required *a justice* always at her side, it is natural to suppose was rather a termagant character.

"In any of these she may learn what belongs to her improvement, for sempstry, confectionary, and

all requisites of huswifery. She shall be sure to be restrained from *all rank and unfitting liberty.*

"A merchant's factor, or *a citizen's servant* of the better sort, cannot disparage your daughters with their society: and the judges', lawyers', and justices' followers, are not ordinary serving-men, but of good breed, and their educations for the most part clerkly.

"Your daughter at home will make a good wife for some yeoman's eldest son, whose father will be glad to crown his sweating frugality with alliance to such a house of gentry.

"For your daughter at the merchant's, and her sister, *if they can carry it wittily*, the city affords them variety. The young factor, being fancy caught *in his days of innocence*, and before he travel so far into experience as into foreign countries, may lay such a foundation of first-love in her bosom, as no alternation of clime can alter.

"So likewise may *Thomas, the foreman of the shop* (!) * * * be entangled and belimed with the like springes."

"Some such squire it was," perhaps, who caught the daughter of a great house, and made her "good-wife Prannel!" before she was Duchess of Richmond!* The writer continues:—

"With a little patience your other daughter may

* See the Life of the Duchess of Richmond, in Vol. I. of this work.

light upon some counsellor at law, who may be willing to take the young wench, in hope of favour with the old judge. An attorney will be glad to give all his profit of a Michaelmas term but to woo her through a crevice. And the parson of the parish, being her lady's chaplain, will forswear eating of the pig for a whole year, for such a parcel of gleb land at all times."

Such is the pleasing prospect held out to a young lady, brought up in the refined manner described, —the one plan perfectly according with the other; and, haply, she might add to "the catlog of her perfections" that of a character mentioned as common in the same tracts, "a she-precise hypocrite," who "overflows so with the Bible that she spills it on all occasions, and will not *cudgel her maids* without Scripture."

The Countess Lucy happily escaped such an education; although if she had contrived to acquire a little of the "forecast and aftercast" of Anne Clifford, or Bess of Hardwick, it might have been as well to add those qualifications to her other accomplishments. Amongst her elegant tastes, that of ornamental gardening was conspicuous, as Sir William Temple has recorded in his description: her friend, the Queen of Bohemia, had the same; and they had, probably, studied the art together:

"The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park,

Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed amongst the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Dr. Donne, and with very great care, excellent contrivance, and much cost; and much greater sums may be thrown away, without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money."

These fine gardens seem to have been laid out in that most beautiful of all styles, which allows of hanging terraces; the slope of a hill being chosen, and every accident of undulation improved: statues and alcoves were introduced, and, above all, fountains were not forgotten; without which there is always something to desire. The taste for antique gardens is reviving at this moment;* and, judiciously modified, it is one which is extremely attractive. The superiority of our flowers and shrubs, at the present day, to those known and possessed by our ancestors, gives us a great advantage; and, by avoiding the formality which often disfigured their gardens, we now combine all of grace and grandeur of which this charming art is susceptible.

It is melancholy to recount that, like so many others who give way to expensive tastes, the creator of these enchanted gardens was unable long to enjoy the delights they offered. Her resources were incompetent to support the charges she had

* At Chatsworth, Longleat, and elsewhere, beautiful examples of this taste may be found.

called forth; and Lucy, Countess of Bedford, was forced to banish herself from her paradise of dainty devices! Moor Park was sold, and a proprietor, no less prodigal and magnificent than herself, took possession of her groves and flowers: William, Earl of Pembroke, called it his for a brief space, and it then passed into other hands.

Beyond these gorgeous propensities, there is nothing striking in the life of the early friend of the Queen of Bohemia—the generous lady who was the theme of so many grateful poets. She continued to correspond with her royal and unfortunate friend till her death, which happened in 1627.

Of her brother it is said, that he was "the hopefullest gentleman of his times, more fit for employment than a private life, and for a statesman than a soldier," and that it would require an angel's pen to commemorate his virtues. He died in 1614. The countess employed Nicholas Stone, the most famous sculptor of his time, to erect fine monuments to the memory of her father, mother, and this brother, at a cost, then thought considerable, of upwards of one thousand pounds.*

* Grainger.

FRANCES HOWARD,

DUCHESS. OF SOMERSET.

The history of the life of this unfortunate beauty is a record of sin, shame, and wretchedness. The daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chamberlain to King James, her birth placed her amongst the highest in the kingdom, and the remarkable loveliness of her person rendered her conspicuous at a very early age. According to the custom of that day, a marriage was formed for her, when she had scarcely passed the age of infancy, and the bridegroom selected was the Earl of Essex, a mere child also.

Her young husband, immediately after the ceremony which sealed their fates, proceeded to the university, and from thence abroad, while his wife returned to the care of her mother—a woman of bad principles and tarnished reputation, and imbued with all the vanities of that vainest and most thoughtless of periods. All that education and

attention to ornamental accomplishments could do to render Frances Howard attractive, was attended to most scrupulously; but all the moral qualities were allowed to lie dormant, or were suppressed, if apparent, as likely to interfere with her success in the world. It is, however, somewhat strange, that a friend of her father's describes her as "of the best nature, and sweetest disposition" of all Lord Suffolk's children.

When the young Lady Essex appeared at Court, she became a rage—a passion; to admire and sigh for her was expected of every gallant who had any pretensions to fashion or taste. Her wit and *repartie*, her grace, elegance, brilliancy, and exquisite beauty, were the theme of every tongue. Her mother was delighted at her success, and enjoyed her triumphs; and she herself, intoxicated at the homage paid her, lived in a paradise of vain-glory, and exulted to see the world at her feet. Amongst her many conquests, the most distinguished, was Prince Henry himself, who, young as he was, and prudent, and reserved, was said to be unable to guard his heart from the fascination of her smile.

In the midst of her idle exultation, encouraged and excited by her mother—the person of all others who should have foreseen its danger, and guarded her against it—the remembrance would sometimes intrude on her, that she was a married woman, and that the time must come when her husband would return to claim her; but she dismissed the

subject from her mind as quickly as she could, and allowed no consideration to prevent her career of gaiety and thoughtlessness. There were few examples at Court fitted to teach her prudence; the Queen seemed to live only for amusement, and rumours of her former imprudence when in Scotland, tended but little to raise her character; add to which, the contempt she openly evinced for her royal husband, and his unpleasing qualities, gave young Frances but small reason to respect the holy state into which her friends had betrayed her, without teaching her its duties.

At this time she shared the admiration of the Court with one whom accidental circumstances had placed in almost the highest position in the kingdom. King James, careless of his wife, and cold to his children, had always devoted himself to some weak fancy for a favourite, for whom he sacrificed all considerations, doting in the most childish manner, and rendering himself ridiculous by his indulgence and unmanly fondness. The reigning favourite, at the time when Frances Howard shone forth in all the splendour of her youthful charms, was Robert Carr, a young man who had formerly been in the king's service as a page, and whose father had suffered much in the cause of Mary Stuart. James had, however, lost sight of him, till an event brought him back to his recollection, and introduced him in a manner that made an indelible impression.

Carr, being equerry to Lord Hay, in the performance of his duty at a tilting-match, was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg, in the king's presence. James visited him, from compassion, at first, and became more and more interested as he recovered; and he found his disposition ingenuous, and his mind simple and grateful: but, above all, the King's admiration for personal appearance was gratified; for Carr was eminently gifted by nature, although education or instruction had done nothing for him.

This was just the circumstance to delight the pedantic monarch, who took pride and pleasure in forming and fashioning, on his own model, one who promised to do him so much credit. Although Carr exhibited little genius for study, still he submitted to be taught his Latin grammar by the royal pedagogue; and, elated with his good fortune, showed his gratitude by accommodating himself to the caprices and follies of James. He was rewarded by the most unbounded indulgence; riches and honours poured in upon him; titles and dignities were continually increased, till the obscure Robert Carr found himself Viscount Rochester, and Knight of the Garter, the envied of all, and the master of his master.

His handsome exterior recommended him to the fair ladies of the Court, and his graceful manners and bold address captivated more than one; in fact, in the race of vanity, Robert Carr and Frances

Howard kept side by side, and their goal was the same—self-gratification. Both, perhaps, might have been saved, if they had not been surrounded by spirits ever ready to encourage error and excite to wickedness: neither of them had a Mentor near, and neither possessed natural good sense or moral feeling sufficient to conduct them out of the fatal path they were pursuing.

The Earl of Suffolk and Lord Rochester were the heads of two parties who looked to them for favour and advancement; for both possessed great power with the sovereign, and James was afraid to declare himself positively for either. His favourite, however, might now be considered as prime minister and chief secretary; for all business of importance passed through his hands. But Carr was by no means capable of such heavy duties, and was obliged to depend upon the genius of another to carry him through. He found that assistant in Sir Thomas Overbury—a shrewd, accomplished, and artful man, possessed of great quickness and ability, and able to afford the most valuable counsel to his inexperienced friend. But he was unprincipled, arrogant, and violent, and exacted much from those he obliged. Although, by his presuming conduct, he had offended both the King and the Queen, and had been banished the Court, the necessity which Carr felt for his advice and assistance recalled him; King James, nevertheless, held him in aversion, and looked upon him with peculiar jealousy, and

the Queen never forgave his want of respect to her. He seems a person universally disliked; but yet was courted by all parties, in consequence of the power he possessed over his patron, the all-commanding favourite.

The offerings sacrificed to him were enormous, and, like an Indian god, he devoured them all; he hesitated not to boast of his good fortune, and plumed himself on the security of his position.

Entirely without morality, and alive only to his own interests, Overbury had not hesitated, on being made the confidant of Carr of a passion he had conceived for the beautiful Lady Essex, to offer him every aid which he could devise to obtain her favour. Carr, though handsome and winning, had no talent for pleading his own cause, and Frances was accomplished herself, and accustomed to homage from poets and men of taste. It was necessary to propitiate her by the graces of language, which her lover did not possess; and he, therefore, gratefully and eagerly accepted his friend's offers to exert all his literary abilities to charm her mind. Overbury, therefore, was employed to write letters, as if from the favourite, setting forth his attachment in the most glowing terms; and so well did these compositions succeed, that the vain beauty imagined she had made a conquest of one of the most refined, learned, and elegant, as well as the handsomest, of men.

However much her vanity might have been

flattered by the admiration of Prince Henry, Frances Howard was well aware that there was no hope for her in his attachment, as he was destined for a royal bride, negotiations being even then on foot for the Infanta of Spain, although against the prince's own desire. But Rochester's fortunes were rising higher and higher, and her ambition saw no end to his and her own advancement, if fate had not placed a barrier in her path. She did not conceal from her suitor the preference she felt for him; and so evident did her weakness become to the prince, that he at once ceased his attentions to her; and, on one occasion, publicly expressed his contempt of her conduct in a manner which she, probably, never forgave. At a ball at Court, when both were dancing in a quadrille, the Lady Frances having dropped her glove, either by accident or design; and a cavalier picking it up, presented it to Prince Henry, imagining it would please him to restore it to her; but he rejected it with a scornful air, remarking, in a contemptuous manner, that "he desired not to have it, for it had been stretched by another;" at the same time glancing at Lord Rochester, to whom on all occasions he manifested his dislike without reserve.

That this public affront sunk deep into the hearts of both the persons concerned it is not difficult to imagine; but it is hard to pronounce whether the fatal catastrophe which deprived the kingdom of its heir took its rise in this act of Prince Henry's.

Certain it is, that public opinion pointed at the favourite with the finger of suspicion, and the mystery has never been cleared up.

Young Henry dead—and no mourning even permitted for his loss—Lord Rochester held a place still higher in the state, and the fondness of King James seemed daily to increase for him. Lady Essex felt certain that her cause was in good hands, and recollected with pleasure how active the monarch had formerly been in assisting another favourite, Lord Arran, to obtain the wife of another man.

All thoughts of her husband now became odious to her; and while she was indulging in the intoxication of her triumph, abandoning by degrees every reserve which dignity or propriety prescribed, the unfortunate nobleman, who, ignorant of all but the admiration of which she was the object, and proud to call such a treasure his own, appeared to claim his bride.

Suddenly awakened from her dream of independence, the startled Frances recoiled from her position, and refused to fulfil the contract which her parents had made. Essex, hoping that time might be his friend, yet looked forward to a change in her feelings, but found, to his distress, that he became every day more and more distasteful to her, until at length he despaired of ever conquering her avowed aversion.

Of course, Carr and his friend used all their

endeavours to render her refusal to accept Essex as a husband more firm and decided, and, at length, the hatred which was growing between the husband and wife became mutual, and exhibited itself with the utmost bitterness and violence.

To be legally separated was now the declared object of both, and the law was had recourse to, to enable them to break their ill-assorted union. This, after some delays, was at length accomplished, and Frances Howard was free.

It never seemed to have entered into the contemplation of Overbury, that Robert Carr could really be so much the slave of a vicious woman, as he considered Lady Essex to be, as to desire to take advantage of her release in order to make her his wife; and he was thunderstruck when the truth burst upon him.

It was no consideration of morality which occasioned his opposition to this project; but it was mortification to find that he had been trusted only to a certain extent, and had been made a tool for his own destruction,—for such he considered the marriage would prove to him,—in reconciling the two great factions of Suffolk and Rochester, by whose enmity he had so long been gaining.

Enraged at the resolution he found in his patron to carry his design into execution, he uttered the most furious invectives against the lady, and became completely off his guard with rage, denouncing every one who favoured the match, without

scruple, accusing the highest personages of secret crimes, which he threatened to make known, and, finally, professed his determination to throw every obstacle in the way of this disgraceful union.

But his intemperance led him too far, and he had not, bad as he professed to think her, appreciated to the full the vindictive character of her whom he had now made his bitter enemy. Carr imprudently recounted to her all that Sir Thomas had said to urge him against the marriage, and vengeance once awakened in her soul, never afterwards slept.

From that moment, from a merely weak, vain, frail woman, she became a very fury; and having once stept into wickedness, she seemed to think

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

and resolved that nothing should in future stand in her way.

She offered, it is asserted, a thousand pounds to one of her creatures to make a quarrel with Overbury, and take his life in a duel; but the difficulty prevented its being agreed to; and Carr, terrified at her violence, suggested a better remedy, for the present, by getting him sent on an embassy to Russia, and so removed.

Probably this suggestion was improved by the malignity of Frances; and having first procured from the King the appointment desired, Carr persuaded Overbury to petition against it; and pre-

tending to be still his friend, offered to use every means with James to place his rejection in a proper light, for Overbury dreaded, that, if removed from Court, all his interest would be at an end.

Instead of acting towards his trusting friend as he expected, Rochester represented to the King that Sir Thomas's refusal arose from contempt and arrogance, and he was accordingly committed to the Tower.

Frances Howard was now triumphant; he, whom she considered as her bitterest and most dangerous enemy, was in her power, and the weak and vicious favourite had entirely given himself up to her guidance, consenting to all she proposed, and offering no resistance to the most detestable projects. By his means the keepers of the Tower were gained over, the King, meanwhile, remaining neuter in the business, and thus sanctioning, if not abetting, the crimes that were meditated; and a series of cruelties, too hideous to recount, consigned the worthless, violent, but betrayed instrument of Rochester to the most fearful torments in his prison.

It now remained for the guilty pair but to enjoy the prosperity which shone upon them. Lord Essex, too happy to be rid of a woman who had for a time disgraced his name and tarnished the restored honours, too lately lost on the scaffold of his unfortunate father, willingly paid back the dower he had received with her from Lord Suffolk,

though he was obliged to sell his estate of Benington, in Hertfordshire, to do so; and her future conduct concerned him no longer.

King James now exhibited as much fondness towards her as he showed to her lover, and his favour procured her all the adulation she delighted in. She became, more than ever, the idol of his dissipated Court; and the announcement of her intended marriage with the newly-created Earl of Somerset, raised to that rank in order that he might be considered her equal, was received with acclamation. Magnificent preparations were made for the wedding, and the King undertook to give away the beautiful bride.

Nothing could exceed the splendour of their marriage, which vied with that of the fair and innocent Princess Elizabeth in extravagance and profusion. Masques and balls succeeded each other, and the King gave himself up, with his unworthy favourites, to revelling and rejoicing.

As if Robert Carr had been a royal personage and the object of the nation's love, like the ill-fated young prince whom it had just lost, the Court of Whitehall and the City of London thought it necessary alike to do homage to the man "whom the King delighted to honour;" and, to the disgrace of both, they vied with each other in offering him compliments. A gorgeous feast was prepared for the bridal party at Merchant-Taylors' Hall, to which the whole Court was invited; and all

London sent out its gazers to behold the procession, as it took its glittering way through the thronged streets.

It was evening, and the light of innumerable torches flashed on the jewelled vests and waving plumes of two lines of equestrians—one of ladies, following the gay and haughty bride, the other of lords, attending on the exulting bridegroom—as they threaded the mazes of the streets from the royal to the city palaces, where they were received with such a welcome as should belong only to royalty.

The fame of this triumphant progress, the echo of its trumpets and merry music, reached the gloomy cell where lay the half-expiring victim of Frances Howard's vengeance. Sir Thomas Overbury, in the bitterness of his heart, made a last appeal to his former bosom friend, and entreated him to obtain his enlargement. The husband and wife consulted together, and their decision was fatal; Overbury died in his dungeon, and his body was hastily buried to prevent inquiry. They were now, as they conceived, safe from every danger, for the witness of their dark crimes could threaten and reveal no more.*

The gratitude or policy of Carr, at this crisis, when the King was, as he himself expresses it, "at a dead lift, and at our wit's end for want of money," induced him to make an offering to

* Some writers say Overbury died before the marriage.

his royal master of twenty-five thousand pounds, which was graciously accepted.

The death of the Earl of Northampton—uncle to Frances Howard, and her too compliant friend, who was thought to be more acquainted with her schemes, and to have forwarded them more than was consistent with the character of an honest man, —made a change in affairs; and Lord Suffolk succeeded him as treasurer, while the place of chamberlain was filled up by the newly-created Earl of Somerset; much to the annoyance and vexation of the Queen, whose suspicions had never been set at rest respecting the death of her son, and who had always regarded the favourite with an eye of envy and dislike.

A system of injustice and dishonesty was now established, which placed the whole power of the kingdom in the hands of the reconciled parties: every department, high and low, was confided to their friends, or sold, without hesitation, to the highest bidder.

"Thus," says Birch, "Lord Knolles was made master of the Court of Wards without purchase, because he had married a daughter of Lord Suffolk; while Sir Fulk Greville, for the chancellorship of the Exchequer, gave four thousand pounds to Lady Suffolk and Lady Somerset."

For some time the wind of prosperity was in favour of this band of depredators; but, by their

own means, their downfal was preparing. Sir Ralph Winwood was made, by the King himself, who appreciated his services, Secretary of State; and he, a friend of the Queen, kept under and insulted by the aspiring favourite, saw too clearly the game that was playing, and used his utmost efforts to remedy the evils caused by the corrupt management of affairs. Add to this, in the sale of offices, that of cup-bearer had been obtained by George Villiers, one of the sons of Sir Edward Villiers, of Brookesby, in Leicestershire. This young stranger was all that Carr had been in his early youth, when his graces made such an impression on the King; and to beauty of person, he added a polish of manner and a freshness of intellect, which could not fail to please the sovereign, who, though deficient in such advantages himself, was always ready to admire them in others.

The new cup-bearer was aware of the King's approval, and, with a tact which his residence at the Court of France had tended to teach, lost no opportunity in increasing the favourable impression he had made. James was so enraptured with his new courtier, that he did not conceal the pleasure he took in his society; so much so, that the Earls of Bedford, Pembroke and Hertford, before whom he uttered his eulogiums, conceived at once a plan of making the young man a rival to Somerset.

These noblemen consulted together, and took the Queen into their counsels; who, though she

foresaw the danger of introducing a new enemy, who would, probably, become as powerful as the old, could not but acknowledge that the removal of the present tyrant was worth a trial.

Soon after this, Villiers was made a gentleman of the Privy Chamber, with a yearly salary of one thousand pounds; and received the honour of knighthood. From that moment the star of Somerset began to wane; and a new and powerful party sprung up, attached to the rising fortunes of the new favourite, which threatened soon to destroy his influence.

Care and anxiety, and the gnawings of conscience, had greatly changed the once joyous, careless, and free tone of his character; and the King had begun to weary of him, even before he beheld his rival: the influence of Frances over her husband he felt had greatly weaned him from himself, and his assumption of authority disgusted him, while certain state secrets, of which Somerset is supposed to have been the possessor, rendered him an object of fear.

Somerset saw that his power was decaying; he was aware of his master's caprice, and trembled for the consequences; and taking advantage of a moment's kindness, he threw himself at the feet of the King; told him he was beset with enemies, who would not fail to invent some crime which they would lay to his charge; and entreated him to grant him a free pardon, signed and sealed, for all

offences which he might ever have committed. James had his own reasons for consenting to this bold request, and intended to have done so to the full; but the Queen became aware of the scheme, and before the great seal was affixed to the document, prevented its taking effect.

In the meantime a fearful discovery was going on: one after another witnesses appeared, proofs were found of the part that Somerset and his countess had played in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and no doubt could now remain of their guilt.

Still the object of the investigation — secretly carried on by his enemies—was not aware of the gulf beneath his feet, and imagined himself still secure in the favour of his royal friend. The often-quoted scene of duplicity acted at Royston, is sufficient alone to show the character of James in its true colours, and cover him with obloquy, if almost every action of his life had not already done so.

Somerset was with the King as usual; and James was in the act of embracing him with the appearance of the utmost tenderness, when the messenger from the Lord Chief Justice came to arrest him. He complained loudly of the indignity offered to the King by his being arrested in the royal presence, and claimed sanctuary beneath his wing; but James exclaimed that he had no power to prevent it, "for," said he, "if Coke sends for *me*, I must go."

The unhappy favourite departed; and as he went, his unfeeling master uttered the following sentence, memorable in the annals of treachery: "The deil go with thee, for I will never see thy face more!"

At once the King abandoned the whole trial to the Lord Chief Justice, professing to be only anxious that truth should be triumphant, and concluding by imprecations on himself and his posterity, as well as on all concerned, if the trial spared any one of the guilty persons.

There was no necessity for the King's exhortation to induce the Lord Chief Justice to sift the matter to the bottom; and a hideous record of crime and vice was unrolled to the eyes of the public; dealings with pretended sorcerers and undoubted poisoners were brought to light, as having been carried on by persons to whom suspicion had never before attached; and many a fair name was blighted by the disclosures in the pocket-book of Forman, the conjurer, whom the Countess of Somerset, and other Court ladies, were in the habit of consulting. It is said, the Chief Justice Coke saw, to his infinite confusion, the name of his own wife in the first page of this catalogue of folly and wickedness.

Not only was Somerset charged with the murder of his former friend, but Coke openly accused him of that of the prince, and thus spread horror and consternation throughout the kingdom. The Queen

caught the alarm; and it was soon confidently asserted that a plot had been formed, not inferior to the Gunpowder-treason, to poison her, her son, Prince Charles, and the Prince Palatine, in order that the Princess Elizabeth might be married to a son of Lord Suffolk, the brother of Frances Howard.

The death of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart, as if she had not had sufficient torture of mind to kill her, was also attributed to the agency of poison, directed by the favourite's means.

The countess, meanwhile, was taken into custody, and she beheld, with terror, all the proofs of her guilt rising like spectres to surround her: her letters were read in open Court, the *waxen figures*, made to her order, were handed about in derision, and the whole web of her life of crime was unravelled and exhibited.

Somerset would never confess himself guilty; and it remains a mystery to this day how far he was so: he insisted, that if he had been allowed to see the King, he could have proved his innocence; but this James stoutly refused to permit, and sentence was passed on him. He is said, in his despair, to have attempted his own life; and his exclamation, on being told that if he would confess the King would grant his life, was worthy of a better man:—

"Life and fortune are not worth the acceptance when honour is gone."

Frances Howard was less firm, and forced to

appear before her judges—the proud, frail, bold, and shameless beauty, was at length subdued; a deadly paleness spread itself over her countenance, her courage forsook her, and, covering her face, in horror and agony, she confessed herself guilty, and heard the fatal doom pronounced against her as a murderess.

Though the inferior actors in this horrible tragedy suffered a merited punishment for their crimes, the two chief actors were pardoned; that is to say, the countess received a remission of her sentence; but that which was sent to the earl was refused by him. He was, he said, an innocent and injured man, and would accept of nothing less than a reversal of the judgment.

Both were, however, discharged from the Tower, and allowed to exist as long it was the King's pleasure that they should do so; but dreary and dismal was their fate for the future!

Every spark of that passion which had led him to crime and danger was extinguished in the breast of Somerset; and, for the future, he looked upon his countess as a fiend who had betrayed and ruined him. They retired to an obscure abode, where, though Frances lived eight years after her disgrace, the husband and wife, dwelling under the same roof, never met again. At length, death put an end to her shame and her despair: she expired, after a lingering and painful illness, leaving one daughter, who was brought up in happy ignorance

of the crimes of her parents; and when, after she was married, a pamphlet, which she accidentally took up, revealed to her the horrible facts, she was so unconscious as to be easily persuaded that all she had read was calumny. The shock, however, of finding those names dear to her coupled with such atrocities was so great, that she fainted on the spot, as she closed the book, and did not recover for some time after. Her own virtues made the sad blot in her family honours grow fainter and fainter, until it was effaced by those of the good, great, and unfortunate Lord Russell, who was her grandson; for she married William Russell, Earl, and afterwards Duke, of Bedford.

Their union was somewhat romantic; they had met and formed a mutual attachment, although the Earl of Bedford had cautioned his son to avoid her, saying frequently, "Marry who you will but a daughter of Somerset." When he found the young man had really fallen into the very danger he dreaded, the father was furious and resolute to oppose the match, although the passionate lover assured him he would never make another his wife.

Charles I. himself was obliged to interfere in their favour, and, by his management, the earl's consent was at length obtained; and they were married in 1637, much against his wish. Anne Carr was at this time young and beautiful, and full of kindness and all the good feeling which was denied to her parents. Her father-in-law was sud-

denly attacked with small-pox, that frightful scourge, whose approach made children fly from the sick beds of those who gave them being. This was the case with the Earl of Bedford's family; and he would have been left to die of the terrible malady untended, but for the heroic benevolence of his son's wife: with patient kindness she watched over him until he was out of all danger, and then she felt that the poison had reached herself.

Her illness was long and fearful; and on her recovery, every trace of her former beauty had disappeared: yet how much had she gained! for how could the father she had saved look on her but with tender gratitude, or the husband, for whom she had devoted herself, but with renewed love! There is no reason to imagine she was not rewarded, even in this world.

She was adored by her unhappy father, who, probably, considered her as the saving angel who hovered near him to keep him from despair. When the Earl of Bedford, in order to throw as much impediment as possible in the way of his son's marriage, insisted on her fortune being twelve thousand pounds, the once rich and profuse favourite was comparatively a beggar; but to furnish the sum, he resolved to sell his house at Chiswick, his plate, and jewels, trembling lest an opportunity so propititious to his child should be lost, and her affections, which were deeply engaged, should be wounded.

Such a trait goes far to render the supposition probable that, but for his misfortune in meeting with Frances Howard, Carr might not have been so guilty as temptation made him.

He appeared both penitent and humble in his fall; and his charming daughter shines out amidst the darkness of his destiny, like a bright guiding-star, promising him forgiveness.

Anne Carr died in 1684, aged 63.

MARGARET ELIZABETH,

COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

This lady succeeded the unhappy Frances Howard as the wife of the Earl of Essex, and has much to complain of from her historian, Arthur Wilson, who does not scruple to take away her character, calling her "a malicious piece of vanity," and giving credit to all the reports which, believed by her husband, were the cause of their separation, after a marriage of four years.

The person and character of Lord Essex are so variously described by contemporary authors, that it is difficult to form a correct judgment of what he really was. That he was unfortunate in both his marriages is all that is positively known, and even his conduct as a soldier has been called in question—not as regarded his bravery, but his genius for war. For warlike pursuits he, however, had a decided bias; and, though he is sometimes represented as peculiarly soft and agreeable to the female sex, he does not seem to have managed

to make himself beloved; it is true, an opposite account describes him as "peculiarly harsh and disagreeable to women." So that he stands in the paradoxical predicament of Catherine de Medicis—

"Souhaitez lui Enfer et Paradis."

Some time after he was separated from the degraded Frances, he went to spend his Christmas at a country house of the Earl of Hertford's, where the gloom and melancholy caused by his wrongs were dissipated, and a dawn of happiness broke on him, in the sight of a beautiful girl, "full of harmless sweetness, affable, and gentle," and unknowing in the ways of the world, or the vice and falsehood of a Court.

This interesting creature—

"A phantom of delight
When first she beamed upon *his* sight,
A vision of enchantment sent
To be a moment's ornament,"

—promised to repay him for all the caprices, and pride, and insolence of the unprincipled beauty whose affections he had once hoped to gain.

She was not insensible to the admiration he evinced; and her father, Sir William Paulet, of Eddington, in Wilts, was not wanting in his consent; so that, a few months after he had been first introduced to her, he claimed her hand. She had a sister who visited her at Essex House, to whom a gentleman named Udall, or Uvedale, paid his

addresses; but—from what cause is unknown—the Earl became impressed with the idea that it was his lady, and not her sister, who was the object of this cavalier's attentions.

Whether Lord Essex was naturally suspicious, and judged of the sex in general from the sad specimen he had intimately known, it is difficult to say; and whether Arthur Wilson himself, who is so bitter against the countess, acted as a spy upon her actions and thereby incurred her dislike, he could, perhaps, himself have told in his "Desiderata Curiosa;" but Elizabeth on one occasion shut herself in her chamber, and refused to quit it unless Wilson, who resided in the house, was dismissed from her husband's establishment. His testimony must, under these circumstances, be a little suspected; but he is very vehement in accusing her, as he is in loading the character of Frances Howard with, probably in that case, just abuse.

The earl appears to have been "perplexed in the extreme," even if "not easily jealous," and harshly refused to acknowledge the infant of which the countess was about to be confined, unless it was born on a certain day, which he named—rather a memorable one for plots and discoveries—the 5th of November. His own and his lady's honour, therefore, rested on a chance; but, as if some guardian angel interposed to prove the injured matron's innocence, a circumstance, sufficient to have canonized the wife of a grim baron in

Catholic days, occurred, which rebuked his suspicions. His son was born on the very day he had fixed for the event. The judgment which seemed to attend the child's birth, however, continued to visit him, for it died in infancy, leaving the house of Essex without an heir.

Elizabeth, whether by her own desire or his, was after this separated from her lord, who pursued his career without ever after allowing himself to be allured by the attractions of grace or beauty. Elizabeth Paulet became subsequently the wife of Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas, Higgons, a worthy, excellent man, who treated her with the most confiding tenderness and consideration; giving the most perfect credence to her assertions of innocence, and defending her in her life and after her death from the malice of her enemies.

His belief was, that she had excited the jealousy and envy of Essex's dependents by her resolution to reform the abuses which she found in his establishment; and also, that she owed the earl's ill opinion of her to Sir Walter Devereux, his near connexion, who had taken an inveterate antipathy to the young and unoffending wife, whose only crime was, she wished to do her duty, in the midst of designing and interested persons, who feared their evil practices would be discovered.

Sir Thomas Higgons, in the most manly and affectionate manner, asserts her purity, and proclaims her virtues; he represents her as possessed

of the most delicate sensibility, which, outraged as it was, embittered many years which might otherwise have been happy.

When she was on her death-bed, she solemnly asserted her innocence to her kind and amiable husband. Grainger speaks of having seen a rare pamphlet of a "Funeral Oration, spoken over the grave of Elizabeth, Countess of Essex, by her husband, Mr. Thomas Higgons, at her interment in the Cathedral Church of Winchester, September 16, 1656. Imprinted at London, 1656."

This is part of the epitaph inscribed on the plain flat stone under which she lies interred:—

"Oratione funebri, a marito ipso, amore prisco laudata fuit."

CHRISTIAN,

COUNTESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

The daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce, of Kinloss, has been introduced before, in the life of Arabella Stuart, who was present at her marriage with her cousin, "poor Wylkyn;" and is named as *a little red-haired girl*, by the letter-writer who relates the event.*

The marriage was one purely of convenience, and the inclinations of the parties most concerned were not consulted; indeed, as the bride was only twelve years old, her consent was of little consequence; and the young bridegroom, quite against his will, was made to go through the ceremony.

When the virtues and worth of the wife thus chosen for him came to be known, it would seem natural that the Earl of Devonshire, as her husband afterwards became, would have valued them as they deserved, but there is little evidence to prove this to be the case.† His extraordinary generosity and

* See Life of Arabella Stuart, in Vol. I.

† William, Earl of Pembroke, is said to have been attached to her, and to have addressed to her the following verses, which

profusion impoverished his estate to such a degree, that at his death, which happened when his son was but ten years old, his property was deeply

show him to have been a poet little inferior to his celebrated uncle, Sir Philip Sidney:—

" Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown those banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow from furrowed looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the seat of discontent.

" Then clear those wat'ry eyes again,
That else portend a lasting rain,
Lest the clouds that settle there
Prolong my winter all the year:
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake."

A volume of his poems was also dedicated to her by Dr. Donne, by whom they were published; many were in her honour.

His verses were often set to music by the composers of his time.

There is a singular account of this Earl of Pembroke's death, which would scarcely claim notice, but that Clarendon has condescended to tell the story, to which Grainger, in his gossiping history, also alludes. It was said to have been predicted by his tutor, Sandford, and afterwards by Lady Elinor Davies, called the mad prophetess, that he would not complete, or would die on, the anniversary of his fifteenth birthday. Several of his friends were met together on that day, and after dinner one of them proposed the health of the Lord Steward Pembroke, alluding to the escape he had had from the evil aspects which menaced him. He, himself, supped with Katherine, Countess of Bedford, that evening, and was in particularly good health and spirits, remarking, that he would never trust a woman's prophecy again. A few hours after, he was attacked with apoplexy, and died in the night. Grainger says, that when an incision was made in his body, in order to prepare for the process of embalming, the corpse lifted up its hand.

There does not seem much foundation for either of these stories, as the dates of his birth and death appear to disprove one, at least.

involved, and his widow had a hard task to disentangle the difficulties thrown in her way.

It appears that William, Earl of Devonshire, the husband of Christian, who was so named from being born on Christmas day, was a very accomplished man, and so well versed in foreign languages, that he was always applied to on occasions of state, when illustrious foreigners were to be treated with. Thus he was, says Sir John Finnet, appointed to conduct Count Swartzenberg, the Emperor's ambassador, to his public audience of James I.; as also Signor Valersio, ambassador-extraordinary from the republic of Venice, and the ambassadors of the States of the United Provinces; and he and his lady were commissioned by Charles I., to be present at his marriage with Henrietta Maria.

Hobbes, in his dedication of his history of Thucydides to his son, speaks of the earl in very high terms; but it is difficult to take the opinion of a person so necessarily biassed as he would naturally be. If deserved, the praise is most honourable.

"By the experience of many years I had the honour to serve him, I know this, there was not any who more really, and less for glory's sake, favoured those that studied the liberal arts liberally, than my Lord your father did; nor in whose house a man should less need the university than in his. For his own study, it was bestowed, for the most

part, in that kind of learning which best deserved the pains and hours of great persons—*history*, and *civil knowledge;* and directed, not to the ostentation of his reading, but to the government of his life and the public good; for he so read, that the learning he took in by study, by judgment he digested, and converted into wisdom and ability to benefit his country; to which he also applied himself with zeal, but such as took no fire either from faction or ambition: and as he was a most able man for soundness of advice and clear expression of himself, in matters of difficulty and consequence, both in public and private, so also was he one whom no man was able either to draw or justle out of the straight path of justice. Of which virtue I know not whether he deserved more by his severity in imposing it (as he did to his last breath,) on himself, or by his magnanimity in not exacting it himself from others. No man better discerned of men, and therefore was he constant in his friendship, because he regarded not the Fortune or Adherence, but the men; with whom also he conversed with an openness of heart that had no other guard than his own integrity, and that *nil conscire.* To his equals he carried himself equally, and to his inferiors familiarly; but maintaining his respect fully and only with the native splendour of his worth. In sum, he was one in whom might plainly be perceived that honour and honesty are but the same thing, in the different degrees of persons."

This nobleman, whatever might have been his virtues, was thoughtless enough in all matters concerning money; and his heir's estate was burthened with no less than thirty law-suits, which the lawyers employed to extricate contrived to throw into the worst possible state of perplexity.

Christian, in these difficult circumstances, exerted herself in an almost incredible manner, in order that her son might, on arriving at his majority, find himself clear. So cleverly and acutely did she manage, that King Charles was accustomed to remark to her, "Madam, you have all my judges at your disposal."

An immense debt encumbered the property, to get rid of which required infinite trouble and patience; but in these she was not wanting, and all means were tried by her, to accomplish the laudable end she had in view, until at length she had the happiness to see the success of her endeavours. She was celebrated for the charm of her manners and address, which "won all hearts her way;" and her judgment was equal to the sparkling wit which always served her at will.

Her piety was exemplary, and her first cares were directed to a due observance of all religious exercises: she divided her time in the most judicious manner, so as not to allow one occupation to interfere with another; and she is said to have been so much mistress of herself in all things, that it appeared whatever she did, was that to which she

had given all her powers in order to excel. She was a lover of poetry, and an encourager of genius to a late period of her life. Lord Lisle, in a letter to Sir W. Temple, tells him that the *old Countess of Devonshire's* house was Mr. Waller's chief theatre. This was in 1667.

She was a great mistress of elegant language, and all she said was enhanced by the manner which accompanied her words; for she was so gracious and pleasing in her looks and expression, that every one conceived they were particularly distinguished by her attention; thus, says her eulogist, Pomfret,

"In the entertainment of her friends, her conversation was so tempered with *courtship* and heartiness, her discourses so sweetened with the delicacies of expression, that such as did not well know the expense of her time, would have thought she had employed it all in address and dialogue. In both which she exceeded most ladies, and yet never affected the title of a wit; *carried no snares in her tongue*, nor counterfeited friendships; and as she was never known to speak evil of any, so neither would she endure to hear of it from any of others, reckoning it not only a vice against good manners, but the greatest indecency also in the entertainment of friends, and therefore always kept herself within the measures of civility and religion."

It must be acknowledged that both husband and wife were fortunate in their eulogists, and seldom

has any person found a better than the Countess Christian, who must have been, according to this picture, which nothing known of her contradicts, a most estimable creature; realizing Iago's description of a perfect woman, without the "lame and impotent conclusion."

It is worth while to follow the enthusiastic Pomfret, in his continuation of a theme of which he never seems to tire; the character, such as he draws it, is a model to be imitated.

"Her gestures corresponded to her speech, being of a free, native, genuine, and graceful behaviour; as far from affected and extraordinary motions, as *they* from discretion. These admirable qualities drew to her house all the best company, towards whom she had so easy and such an obliging address, without the least alloy of levity or disdain, that every one departed with the highest satisfaction, she ever distributing her respects according to the quality and merit of each; steering the same steady course in the country also, between which and the town she commonly divided the year.

"Her country seats were many and noble; some of which, when her son came of age, she delivered to him; viz. her great houses in Derbyshire, all ready furnished; she herself living in that of Leicester Abbey, near to which she had purchased a considerable estate, until the rebellion broke out."

Hobbes, the tutor of his father, was retained by

the countess as her son's instructor; and when his age was sufficiently advanced, she committed him to his care to make the tour of Europe, as was the usual custom of the period. They remained some time in Paris, as the head-quarters of refinement, and the young earl did not return till he was of age.

She then chose for him a wife, in Elizabeth, second daughter of William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.

It appears that this cherished son of his careful mother, was remarkably handsome, and strikingly like his father. Hobbes, writing to his pupil, prays "that it would please God to give him virtues suitable to the fair dwelling he had prepared for them." Amongst the many excellences of this nobleman, his devoted loyalty is not the least; money and personal aid he cheerfully gave the King; and his brother, Charles, was equally fervent in the cause. The earl retired from England until peaceful times should return; but he was included in the list of delinquents by the Parliament, and his great estates sequestered.

His mother's continued and zealous care, however, procured an order, in 1645, for his return; and by her earnest solicitations, he was induced to make such concessions as saved his property.

Charles Cavendish, the second son of the countess, appears to have been quite a hero of romance; brave, bold, and devoted, though somewhat rash and impetuous; ever ready to head any daring adventure in favour of the King's party, and the

first to offer to lead a forlorn-hope. Several of the early successes on the royal side are attributable to his courage and promptitude. He is recorded to have "beat the enemy from Grantham, and gained a complete victory near Stamford, and reduced several of their garrison towns, by the assistance of Colonel Welby and other brave officers. After many glorious actions, being Lieutenant-General of the horse to his kinsman, the Marquis of Newcastle,* he had the honour to receive the Queen in her march to Newark, who immediately took notice that she saw him last in Holland, and was very glad now to meet him again in England. The Countess of Derby, sitting at the end of the Queen's coach, entertained her Majesty with great commendations of the general, and when the Queen was to give the word to Major Tuke, she gave that of *Cavendish*."

"This gallant young officer," says Pomfret, "was murdered in cold blood, after quarter given, by Colonel Bury, who made himself dear to Cromwell by this and some other acts of cruelty." Cromwell himself was in this action, and prided himself greatly on his success in it. He thus gives an account to the Association sitting at Cambridge, in a letter, dated July 21, 1643:—

"Gentlemen,—It hath pleased the Lord to give your servant and soldiers a notable victory now

* Afterwards Duke. This is the literary nobleman, as famous for his knowledge in horsemanship as for his poetical Duchess. See her Life in this work.

at Gainsborough. In the last reserve, unbroken, stood General Cavendish, who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours that stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase; at last General Cavendish charged the Lincolners and routed them.

"Immediately I fell upon his rear with my three troops, which did so astonish him, that he gave over the chase, and would fain have delivered himself from me, but I, pressing on, forced him down a hill, having a good execution of them, and below the hill drove the general and some of his soldiers into a quagmire, *where my captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs;** the rest of the body were wholly routed, not one man staying on the place."

The lamentations at Newark over his body, when brought there to be interred, were heart-rending; the whole town flocking round it with tears, and refusing to allow it to be buried for several days, that they might still have the mournful pleasure of beholding one they so much admired and loved.

The sorrow of his mother was very deep, and her attachment to her gallant son was evinced when, thirty years afterwards, she gave orders, in her last will, that his corpse should be taken up and placed in a hearse, to attend hers to Derby,

* The friends of Cromwell insist that he died in fair fight, which it is reasonable to suppose was really the case.

where she desired that they should be reunited in the tomb. A renewal of the regrets of the townspeople of Newark took place, when this melancholy ceremony was performed; and as the body of Charles Cavendish passed through Leicester, all the magistrates and gentry of the country joined a procession in honour of his memory.

Of all the afflictions with which Christian was visited, the loss of this beloved son seems most to have taken hold on her mind: she had had already to deplore the death of her only daughter, the beautiful and amiable Lady Rich, whose fine qualities are celebrated by the poets, wits, and orators of her time; and this grief, joined to that she experienced for the sufferings of the royal fugitives, greatly impressed her future life with sadness.

When the opposing army had obtained possession of the King's person, and were carrying that ill-fated monarch from place to place, they allowed him to rest a night at Latimers—a seat of the family in Buckinghamshire, where the Countess Christian happened then to be, with her son, the Earl of Devonshire, and an interesting interview took place between them, relative to the King's affairs.

After Worcester fight in 1651, she received and took care of many of the King's faithful and unprotected servants, supporting and relieving them till the restoration of their master. The expenses she thus incurred were great, and it required much management to meet them, and repair the conse-

quences of her liberality. This she was enabled to do, by accepting the hospitality of her brother, the Earl of Elgin, in whose house she lived in retirement for three years, at Ampthill; after which, finding that her retrenchment had entirely answered the end she had proposed, she purchased a seat at Roehampton, in Surrey, and there recommenced her former mode of living; extending her benevolence and usefulness as before.

In this retreat she gathered round her all who were friendly to the royal cause, and lost no opportunity of exciting and urging them to exertion, in order to bring about the King's return. She corresponded with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Holland and Norwich, and others, in cypher; and her persuasions went far to determine them to be diligent in their endeavours. This could not, however, continue long without her becoming suspected; and on one occasion her loyalty had nearly cost her dear; for a troop of horse was about to be sent down to fetch her from Ampthill; but she had a friend amongst the enemy, her goldsmith, who contrived by bribery to turn away the storm, and she escaped free.

With General Monck she carried on a secret correspondence, and obtained from him a private signal, by which she was to understand his real intentions respecting the King's restoration.

At length she had the satisfaction of seeing the accomplishment of her wishes, and Charles the

Second seated on the throne of England. As she required nothing from the royal gratitude but words, it was not found so difficult to repay her as many other partisans of the family; and as far as respect and kindness and liberal acknowledgment went, she had no cause to complain.

The King, Queen, Queen-mother, and the rest of the royal family, would frequently honour her with unceremonious visits; calling unexpectedly on her, and remaining to dine; an attention which gratified her extremely, and was easily paid. Her attendance at Court was dispensed with on great occasions, in consideration of her age, and she was privately admitted to the Queen, who received her always with the strongest marks of consideration and affection. If courtesy had been all that those required of Charles, who had ruined themselves in his cause, none would have had reason to complain; but his extravagance and exhausted coffers rendered more substantial marks of his gratitude impossible.

The countess received all the reward she sought, in beholding the old order of things restored;* and, during the remainder of her life, she saw only the bright side of the prospect, and descended to the grave full of years and honours—a pattern of old English hospitality, charity, and benevolence, combined with care, prudence, and management, rarely

* Evelyn speaks of her in his Diary: "4 Aug. 1662. Came to see me the old Countess of Devonshire, with that excellent and worthy person, my lord, her son, from Rowhampton."

to be met with in one accustomed to the magnificence which she had known all her life; and who had begun her career at so very early an age.

She died in 1674, on the 16th of January; and her son, the Earl of Devonshire, buried her with great pomp, omitting no ceremony which, in the eyes of the world, could add honour to her memory, though the greatest was the character she left behind; a worthy example to her numerous descendants, and a proud recollection to her immediate relatives.

ANNE CLIFFORD,

COUNTESS OF DORSET, PEMBROKE, AND MONTGOMERY.

ANOTHER Bess of Hardwick, in her passion and talent for building, and in her exact economy, in her spirit, and in some circumstances of her life, but infinitely her superior in mind and disposition, as well as learning and accomplishments, Anne Clifford was one of the most remarkable women of her time.

She was the daughter and heir of George, Earl of Cumberland, and was born January 30th, 1589.

The father was distinguished for his naval expeditions, of which he made no less than eleven: "the history of his singular life must be sought," says an historian, "sometimes in the journal of the sailor, and sometimes in the tablets of the courtier. His voyages were chiefly to the West Indies, and were generally undertaken at his own charge;

consequently his fortune suffered considerably by these great expenses."

He was the commander of the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, in the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada of 1588.

In Elizabeth's Court he held a high rank, and was one of her chief heroes: with a due sense of his chivalrous merits, she appointed him her "champion" at all tilts and tournaments, where his gallant demeanour, skill, and courage made him the object of universal admiration. Once, at an audience of the Queen, after his return from one of his voyages, his royal and coquettish mistress dropped her glove, which he presenting on his knees, she graciously desired him to keep for her sake; he immediately caused it to be encrusted with jewels, and ever after wore it, at all public ceremonies, in his hat. This was quite an action to secure her favour, which he seemed to have gained by his gallantry on all occasions.

He appeared always in splendid armour to do honour to his royal mistress, who delighted in gorgeous shows, and loved to see her servants bravely accoutred: the fine suit in which he so often blazed at those entertainments, where the "Queen of all hearts" presided, is said to be still preserved in Appleby Castle, in Cumberland, of which, with many others, he was lord.

This castle, one of the finest in the North, is a magnificent remain of antique grandeur. It stands

on a bold projection of rock crowning the steep, whose rugged sides form a precipice which, at its base, is washed by the River Eden, its natural moat.

The Earl of Cumberland, apparently mortified that he had no son to whom he could leave his name and estates, was anxious that his brother should succeed him; and, by an act of manifest injustice, occasioned his daughter to be long involved in law-suits with her uncle and his heirs. Anne was but ten years of age when he died, and her education was superintended at first by her mother, an excellent woman, and afterwards by her aunt, the Countess of Warwick.

The character of the Earl of Cumberland has been thus drawn:—

"He was a great, but an unamiable man; his story admirably illustrates the difference between greatness and contentment, between fame and virtue. If we trace him in the public history of the times, we see nothing but the accomplished courtier, the skilful navigator, the intrepid commander, the disinterested patriot. If we follow him into his family, we are instantly struck with the indifferent and unfaithful husband, the negligent and thoughtless parent. If we enter his muniment room, we are surrounded by memorials of prodigality and debts, mortgages and sales, inquietude and approaching want. By the grant of the Norton's estates, he set out with a larger property than any

of his ancestors: in little more than twenty years he made it one of the least. Fortunately for his family, a constitution originally vigorous gave way, at forty-seven, to hardships, anxiety, wounds, and, probably, dissipation. His separation from his virtuous lady was occasioned by a court intrigue, and his conduct in general was such as to disgust and alienate her affections. She was herself a woman of extraordinary merit; but, perhaps, too high-spirited for such a husband."

Spenser, captivated with his popular qualities, thus cites him in one of his sonnets:—

> "Redoubted lord! in whose courageous mind
> The flower of chivalry, now blooming fair,
> Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,
> Which of their praises have left you the heir."

His ill-treated wife was Margaret, the youngest daughter of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, by his first lady, Margaret, the daughter of Sir John St. John of Bletsoe, who died while she was an infant.

She was contracted to George Clifford at five years of age, and married to him a few years afterwards, in 1577. Her daughter's affection for her knew no bounds; and her admiration and veneration for the memory of "that blessed saint," as she calls her, was never diminished. These sentiments it does not appear were felt by the father of Anne; who, though gallant, and charming, and amiable, and chivalrous to all besides, strangely neglected

his family, and, at length, allowed himself to be betrayed into an open violation of his duties as a husband, to her grief and regret: thus placing a bar between them which was never removed. She suffered, however, with exemplary patience, all the indignities and slights heaped upon her; and when her repenting husband, in his last moments, desired to see her and her child, with true christian meekness she forgave and comforted him.

It has been said of her, by a contemporary, that "she was a woman fit to pleasure the communion of saints."

The poet, Daniel, inscribed the following sonnet to the mother of Anne Clifford, whose patient equanimity and unbending spirit of resolution, "strong as beechwood to the blast," he so much admires. Certainly, however worthy the theme, it must be confessed that the poets of that time contrive to render any subject prosaic:—

"Altho' the meaner sort—whose thoughts are placed
As in another region, far below
The sphere of greatness—cannot rightly taste
What touch it hath, nor right her passions know:
Yet have I here adventured to bestow
Words upon grief, as my griefs comprehend,
And made this great afflicted lady show
Out of my feelings, what she might have penn'd:
And here the same I bring forth, to attend
Upon thy reverend name, to live with thee,
Most virtuous lady! that vouchsaf'st to lend
Ear to my notes, and comfort unto me,
That one day may thine own fair virtues spread
Being secretary now but to the dead."

This sonnet preceded Daniel's "Epistle from Octavia to Marc Antony"—his best composition, which he dedicated to Margaret, Countess of Cumberland.

Amongst the aspirants to the hand of the young heiress, the great favourite, Robert Carr, was said to be one: but it is unlikely that her prudent mother listened for a moment to his proposals: although she was little more fortunate in the husband she did select for her daughter.

Lady Anne, in her memoirs, which give some insight into her character, thus describes herself at the period when she was at Court, and the object of admiration to all the gallants of the day.

"I was very happy in my first constitution, both in mind and body, both for internal and external endowments: for never was there child more equally resembling both father and mother than myself. The colour of mine eyes was black, like my father's, and the form and aspect of them was quick and lively, like my mother's; the hair of my head was brown and very thick, and so long that it reached to the calf of my legs, when I stood upright; *with a peak of hair on my forehead,* and a dimple in my chin, like my father; full cheeks and round face, like my mother; and an exquisite shape of body, resembling my father; but now time and age have long since ended all those beauties, which are to be compared to the grass of the field: for now, when I have caused these *memorables* of myself to be written,

I have passed the sixty-third year of my age. And, though I say it, the perfections of my mind were much above those of my body.

"I had a strong and copious memory, a sound judgment, and a discerning spirit, and so much of a strong imagination in me, as that many times, even my dreams and apprehensions beforehand proved to be true: so that old Mr. John Denham, a great astronomer, that some time lived in my father's house, would often say that I had much in me in nature to show that the sweet influences of the Pleiads and the bands of Orion, mentioned in Job, were powerful at my nativity. And my mother did, with singular care and tenderness of affection, educate me, as her most dear and only daughter, seasoning my youth with the grounds of true religion and moral virtue, and all other qualities befitting my birth; in which she employed, as her chief agent, Mr. Samuel Daniel—that religious and honest poet, who composed 'The Civil Wars of England between the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' and also writ many other treatises, both in prose and verse.

"I was not admitted to learn any language, because my father would not permit it; but, for all other knowledge fit for my sex, none was bred up to greater perfection than myself. Thus, from my childhood, by the bringing up of my dear mother, I did, as it were, even suck the milk of goodness, which made my mind grow strong against the

storms of fortune; which few avoid that are greatly born and matched, if they attain to any number of years, unless they betake themselves to a private retiredness, which I could never do, till after the death of both my husbands."

She thus describes her mother and their parting, which occurred soon after her marriage with the Earl of Dorset: —

"Upon the 2nd of April, 1616, I took my last leave of my dear and blessed mother, with many tears and much sorrow to us both, some quarter of a mile from Brougham Castle, in the open air;* after which time she and I never saw one another: for then I went away out of Westmoreland to London, and so to Knowle House, in Kent.

"In the month following, that blessed mother of mine died, to my unspeakable grief, myself at the time being in Kent; but, a little after, I went down into Westmoreland, and was present at her burial, in Appleby church, the 11th of July following; the remembrance of whose sweet and excellent virtues hath been the chief companion of my thoughts ever since she departed out of this world. (Rev. xiv. 13.) She died in the same chamber in Brougham Castle wherein her husband was born, being about fifty-six years old.

"She was a woman who had more truth, justice,

* The verses of the poet, Rogers, on this subject are well known.

and constancy in her heart, than can be expressed by words. She was full of noble, kind, and sweet affections towards her kindred and friends, and of a grateful mind to those that in anywise deserved it from her; and of a most compassionate nature to any whom she knew to be in misery and distress, which caused a great divine that knew her very well, to say of her, that she was like the seraphim, in her ardent love and affection towards the most Divine Trinity, towards all goodness and good folks, and that she had the virtue of compassion in her in more perfection than any one he ever knew; and, therefore, he thought it much more happiness to be descended from so blessed a woman, than to be born heir to a great kingdom. * * * And, indeed, the numerousness of my posterity, and all other benefits whatever, I do believe, were bestowed upon me for the heavenly goodness of my dear mother."

Anne Clifford was, when in her fourteenth year, as has been mentioned, much with her aunt, Lady Warwick: she thus relates the Queen's death:

"In 1602-3, at Christmas, I used to go much to Court, and sometimes did lie in my aunt Warwick's chamber, on a pallet, to whom I was much bound, for her continual love and care of me; insomuch, that, if Queen Elizabeth had lived, she intended to have preferred me to be of the privy chamber; for at that time, there were as much

hope and expectation of me, both for my person and fortunes, as of any other young lady whatsoever.

" A little after the Queen removed to Richmond, she began to grow sickly: my lady used to go often thither, and carry me with her in the coach; and, using to wait in the coffer-chamber many times, came home very late. About the twenty-first or second of March, my aunt of Warwick sent my mother word, about nine at night, she lying then at Clerkenwell, that she should remove to Austin Friars, her house, for fear of some commotion, though God in his mercy did deliver us from it. Upon the 24th, Mr. Hoknell, my aunt of Warwick's man, brought us word from his lady, that the Queen died about two or three in the morning: the message was delivered to my mother and me, in the same chamber where afterwards I was married. About ten o'clock King James was proclaimed in Cheapside, with great joy and triumph; which triumph I went to see and hear.

" The peaceable coming in of the King was unexpected of all sorts of people. A little after this, Queen Elizabeth's corse came by night, in a barge from Richmond to Whitehall, my mother and a great company of ladies attending it, where it continued a good while in the drawing-chamber, and was watched all night by several lords and ladies; my mother sitting up with it two or three nights, but my lady would not give me leave to watch, by reason I was held too young.

"At this time we used to go very much to Whitehall, and walked much in the garden, which was much frequented with lords and ladies, being all full of several hopes, every man expecting mountains and finding mole-hills, excepting Sir Robert Cecil and the house of the Howards, who hated my mother, and did not much love my aunt of Warwick.

"When the corse of Queen Elizabeth had continued at Whitehall as long as the Council had thought fit, it was carried from thence with great solemnity to Westminster, the lords and ladies going on foot to attend it: my mother and my aunt of Warwick being mourners; but I was not allowed to be one, *because I was not high enough*, which did much trouble me then. But yet I stood in the church at Westminster to see the solemnity performed."

Lady Warwick survived the Queen, her mistress, but a twelvemonth. She was married in 1565, to the Earl of Warwick, brother of Robert, Earl of Leicester; and, as a singular honour, Queen Elizabeth and her guests, the Margrave and Margravine of Baden, were present at the nuptials of this, her favourite maid of honour. Her beauty, talents, and accomplishments, were the theme of Court praise; in particular, an Italian poet, then in England, Pietro Bizzarri,* has celebrated her, in a Latin poem

* Birch's Memoirs.

of considerable merit. She retained to the last the regard of her royal mistress, and never exercised her power but to do good.

At Chenies,* where she is buried, she founded alms-houses for widows of decayed gentlemen; and has thus perpetuated her memory in the noblest manner by her charitable deeds.

The Countess of Warwick was that kind friend of Robert, Earl of Essex, who endeavoured to stand between him and the anger of his royal mistress. She advised him, privately, to take an *out-lodging* at Greenwich, and some time, when the Queen went abroad, *in good humour*, of which happy event the countess would give him notice, he should come forth and humble himself before her majesty, in the field. The counsel sunk deep into his heart, but was turned away by Cuffe, his secretary, who exasperated matters.†

The Countess of Pembroke speaks of her many "crosses and contradictions" in both her marriages. With her first lord, Dorset, from resisting his prodigal extravagance, and from the contentious efforts which he made to induce her to sell her rights in the contested lands of her inheritance, a measure to which she would never consent. And, with her second husband, because she would neither compel her youngest daughter, Lady Isabella Sackville, to sacrifice herself in marriage to one of his younger sons, nor relinquish her

* See Portraits at Woburn. † See Birch's Memoirs.

interest in five thousand pounds which she held as part of her marriage portion.

So unhappy was she with both her tyrants, that she observes:—

"In both their life-times the marble pillars of Knowle, in Kent, and Wilton, in Wiltshire, were to me often but the gay arbours of anguish. Insomuch, that, as a wise man, the Earl of Bedford, that knew the insides of my fortune, would often say, that I lived in both these my lords' great families, as the River Rhone runs through the Lake of Geneva, without mingling any part of its streams with that lake; for I gave myself wholly to retiredness, as much as I could in both, and made good books and virtuous thoughts my companions, which can never discern affliction, nor be daunted when it unjustly happens; and, by a happy genius, I overcame all those troubles, the (former) prayers of my blessed mother helping me therein."

The Earl of Bedford always showed himself her friend in all the ill-usage she experienced; and, through his means, the Earl of Pembroke's rapacity was more than once frustrated: on one occasion, in 1638, when recovering from a dangerous fit of illness, she writes to Lord Bedford, entreating him to interpose with her lord, for permission to come up to London, though but for ten days, or a fortnight at most, to attend to her affairs. "For I dare not," she exclaims, "venture it with-

out his leave, lest he should take that occasion to turn me out of this house as he did out of Whitehall, and then I shall not know where to put my head."*

In 1608, or 1609, Anne Clifford became the wife of Richard Sackville,† Lord Buckhurst, son and heir of Thomas, Earl of Dorset, who succeeded to his father's title two days after his marriage, in consequence of his sudden death, which is thus mentioned by that quaint chronicler, Wilson :—

"The Earl of Dorset, Lord High Treasurer, died suddenly as he sat at the council-table; which gave occasion to some persons disaffected to him, (as what eminent officer that hath the managing of moneys can please all?) to speak many things to his dishonour. But they considered not, that besides the black worm and the white (day and night, as the riddle is,) that are gnawing constantly at the root of this tree of life, there are many insensible diseases, as apoplexies, whose vapours suddenly extinguish the animal spirits. * * * He that judges ill of such an act of Providence may have the same hand, at the same time, writing within the palace walls of his own body, the same period to his life's earthly empire."

While speaking with animation, he rose from his seat, and, taking some papers from his bosom, exclaimed with vehemence :—"I have that here

* From Wiffin's House of Russell. † See Birch's Memoirs.

which will strike you dead." At the same instant he tottered, fell, and expired.

It is related of this Earl of Dorset,* that in his early life he was a great spendthrift, having succeeded to an immense fortune, which he thought inexhaustible; but, in a few years, the consequences of his prodigality showed themselves, and he discovered that he was deeply in debt. His reformation was effected in the following manner:—Having occasion to borrow money of a rich citizen, he was kept waiting by him in an anti-chamber for a considerable time, and the indignity to which his extravagance had exposed him made so strong an impression on his mind, that he inwardly resolved his own imprudence should never again expose him to such mortification. He commenced from that time a system of economy, in which he so well succeeded, that he was thought a fitting person to replace Lord Burleigh in the office of Lord High Treasurer. As a literary and political character, he may be ranked amongst the first men of his age. His son, the husband of Anne Clifford, was, like himself, a man of letters and accomplishments, and an enlightened judge and munificent patron of literary merit. His hospitality and bounty were extreme, bordering, as was the case with most of the noblemen of the day, on extravagance.

* His portrait, full length, is at Charlton, in Wilts; the seat of Lord Suffolk, forming one of the historical series in that splendid gallery.—See *Grainger*.

At masques and revels he was always conspicuous, but particularly so in tilts and tournaments, which gained him the notice and friendship of Prince Henry; but whether in his domestic character he was amiable, appears doubtful, various opinions on the subject having been given. His widow is said to have recorded the principal events of his life. His death occurred when he was only thirty-five, in 1624, and he left his widow large possessions.

His brother, who succeeded him, was that Edward Sackville who was one of the chief commanders of the forces sent to the assistance of the King of Bohemia, in 1620, and who replaced Lord Herbert the next year at the Court of France. Edward is, unfortunately, remarkable as having killed his friend, Lord Bruce, in a duel, although, on one occasion, he placed his own life in jeopardy to defend that very man; namely, on occasion of a quarrel which Osborn relates as taking place at Croydon races, when Philip Herbert, afterwards the husband of Anne Clifford, was "*switched*" by Ramsey, the King's favourite, and the English and Scotch having, in consequence, nearly come to a battle. Edward Sackville sided with the latter party purely out of regard to Lord Bruce, which so enraged his countrymen, that they vowed to sacrifice him on the spot; and would have done so, but that the affair was quelled in time.*

* See the Life of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, in the first Vol.

Their cause of quarrel appears a mystery, unless it is to that "The Guardian" alludes, in one of the papers on false honour; the whole particulars of the duel are recounted elsewhere in the same work. The first allusion is as follows:—

"Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour; he would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was entrusted to him, though the fate of his country depended on the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he had himself seduced in her youth, and betrayed to want and ignominy."

Although Edward Sackville thought it necessary, after the fatal termination of their quarrel, to publish a letter to the world exculpatory of his offence; he does not name the reason of their meeting.*

* The letters collected and published in "The Guardian," on this subject, are as follow:—

"OF HONOUR.—DUELLING.

"'A M. M. Sackville,

"'I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to *wring* your praises. . . .

"'If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that c^d recite the trials you owe y^r birth and country, were I not confident y^r honour gives you the same courage to do me right that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time, the place wheresoever I will wait on you. By

In 1628, the Countess of Dorset laid claim to the Barony of Clifford, disputed, in consequence of

doing this you shall shorten revenge and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

" ' E^d. BRUCE.'

(Answer.)

" ' À M^r. le Baron de Kinloss,

" ' As it shall be always far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be who, within a month, shall receive a strict account of time, place and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the meantime be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

" ' E^d. SACKVILLE.'

" ' À M. M. le Baron de Kinloss,

" ' I am ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my 2^d, in degree a knight. And for y^r coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for y^r own honour and fear of prevention, until w^h time you shall find me there.

' E^d. SACKVILLE.'

" ' *Tergoso*, 10 *Aug.* 1613.'

" ' À M. M. Sackville,

" ' I have rec^d your letter by y^r man and acknowledge you to have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

' E. BRUCE.' "

—*The Guardian, No.* 129, *Saturday, Aug.* 8.

In No. 133, "The Guardian" remarks :—

" Though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier."

The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour which robs our country of men so fitted to adorn and support it.

" SIR

her father's will, by her uncle, and a tedious law-suit ensued, which took some time to end.

"SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE'S RELATION OF THE FIGHT BETWIXT HIM AND THE LORD BRUCE.

"Worthy Sir,

"As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the Lord Bruce and myself, which, as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath or by sword. The first is due to magistrates and communicable to friends, the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. Your love, not my merits, assure me you hold me your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others who either are or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons; and on the faith of a gentleman the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth. The enclosed contains the first citation, sent to me from Paris, by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me, in Derbyshire, at my father-in-law's house." &c. &c.—See Letters, pp. 244, 245.

He then goes on to relate their meeting at Tergoso, where he was accompanied by his second, Sir John Heidon; the other being Mr. Crawford, an English gentleman. They agreed to go to Bergen-op-Zoom, where, in the midway, a village only divides the States' territories from the Archduke's.

When they met, Lord Bruce, it appears, having chosen his sword, insisted that they should fight *alone*, as he was resolved the combat should be mortal, and he did not wish to involve his friends, who must witness "what he must do to satisfy himself and his honour." The second, Sir J. Heidon, objected to so bloodthirsty a purpose, and tried to alter it, but he persisted. Sackville remarks, that he did not object, although he had eaten a remarkably good dinner, and surgeons generally thought that a bad time to receive a wound. They mounted their horses, and rode on; Sackville, furious at Lord Bruce having shown so bloody a desire for his life, and he having come so far so civilly to indulge him with a duel; and then, "in a meadow, ankle deep in

Two years after, she married Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the great favourite of James I., remarkable chiefly for his profusion and for being one of those on whom the King squandered the money of the state. He is said to have received from James not less than eighteen thousand a-year, at one period; his services to the country which merited so large a sum being confined to the amusement he afforded its sovereign, and his skill in hunting and hawking. His style of living was incredibly extravagant, and his sporting establishment was sumptuous in the extreme. His dog-kennels and stables were rather like palaces than receptacles for animals of the chase. But that

water at least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts, we began to charge each other, (the 2 surgeons at a distance,) we being fully resolved (God forgive us) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm received a great wound thereon." The second charge, Sackville got a wound—

"Which past level through my body, and almost to my back; and then we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life."

Then Sackville recounts how his hand was nearly cut off, and then how he gets the better. Feeling himself faint with loss of blood, he strikes at Bruce, aiming at his heart, and runs him through the body; "and drawing out my sword, repast it again through another place. He cried out, 'O, I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had, to cast me; but he, being weak, was cast on his back; he refused to ask his life, bravely saying, 'he scorned it.'"

The surgeons then interfered, carrying both off in a fainting condition; "Lord Bruce's surgeon making at him with his master's sword, so that, but for the other, he had been slain 'by those *base* hands;' although Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, called out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand,'" &c.

"*Louvain*, 8 *Sept.* 1613."

in which he most prided himself was his falconry, which, at an enormous expense, he had furnished with birds of game, and attendants for their service, to train and exercise them.

This man, called by Walpole a "memorable simpleton," in his private life was the most contemptible of persons; ignorant, vicious, and illiterate, to a degree perfectly astonishing in one of his rank, and connected with characters eminent for their refinement in literature—Sir Philip Sidney, whose name he bore, and his accomplished mother, from whom he strangely degenerated. Not a single virtue is recorded of him amidst his many degrading qualities; and his high-spirited wife, after enduring his brutality for nearly twenty years, was at length obliged to separate from him.

This Earl of Pembroke has been made the theme of Butler's satirical muse; he thus celebrates him:—

"Pembroke's a covenanting lord,
That ne'er with God or man kept word;
One day he'd swear he'd serve the king,
The next, 'twas quite another thing:
Still changing with the wind and tide
That he might keep the stronger side.
His hawks and hounds were all his care;
For them he made his daily prayer,
And scarce would lose a hunting season
Even for the sake of darling treason.
Had you but heard what thunder-claps
Broke out of his and Oldsworth's chaps,
Of oaths and horrid execration,
Oft with, but oftener without, passion,
You'd think these senators were sent
From hell to sit in parliament."

Nevertheless, there were sycophants to be found, who did not blush to eulogise this man,* and, classing him with his brother, Earl William, to designate them as "a most noble, an incomparable, pair of brothers." The first folio edition of Shakspeare has this dedication.

At length the excellent wife of this hateful man was released from her thraldom by his death, and found herself a widow with an enormous fortune; for, by the demise of her uncle and his heirs, she inherited, without opposition, all the great estates of the Cliffords, besides her two large jointures from the Earls of Dorset† and Pembroke.

In the meantime, while the Earl of Pembroke had been spending his time in riot and dissipation, his countess was the patroness and encourager of men of letters. Daniel, the poet and historian, had been her tutor;‡ Dr. Donne was protected and relieved by her; and no man of genius was unwelcome beneath her roof.

* His speech at Oxford, where he went, selected by the Parliament to *reform* the University, is given by Mr. Jesse, in the "House of Stuart." See also *Harleian Miscellany.*

† Amongst her other good deeds, Anne Clifford provided amply for an illegitimate family of her first lord.

‡ A small portrait of Daniel is inserted in a full-length picture of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, preserved at Appleby Castle.—*Percy's Relics.*

He succeeded Spenser as Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth. His prose pleases now better than his poetry, and his "History of England" is written with simplicity and grace. Anne of Denmark delighted much in his conversation and verses. He was one of her grooms of the chamber. He died in 1619. His monument of Spenser, in Westminster Abbey, was erected by the countess.

The following is one of the poet, George Herbert's, letters to her, from his living at Bemerton, near Salisbury, which he had procured through her means :—

"TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LADY ANNE, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY, AT COURT.*

"Madam,

"What a trouble hath your goodness brought on you by admitting our poor services! Now they creep in a vessel of metheglin, and still they will be presenting or wishing to see if at length they may find out something not unworthy of those hands at which they aim. In the meantime, a priest's blessing, though it be none of the court style, yet, doubtless, madam, can do you no hurt.

"Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers, and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul, to his glory, your own good, and the great joy of,

Madam,

Your most faithful servant

in Christ Jesu,

GEORGE HERBERT.

* Mr. Howitt, in his amusing work, "Visits to Remarkable Places," is singularly inaccurate in saying that the countess was "an *independent courtier* in the time of Elizabeth, possessing as lofty a spirit as the Queen herself." Anne Clifford was only fourteen at the time of the Queen's death.

"Madam, your poor colony of servants present their humble duties.

"*Dec.* 10, 1631. *Bemerton.*"

Free, and with nothing to oppose her inclinations, the widowed countess resolved to retire to the North, and occupy herself, in future, with the care of her estates—which were extremely numerous and extensive — in the counties of York, Westmorland, and Cumberland. The great house of Clifford possessed five strong castles, besides a fortified tower, where the family occasionally resided.

These strongholds were Skipton, Pendragon, Appleby, Brougham, and Brugh, with the majestic tower of Barden, of almost as much importance as the rest. All had suffered in the civil wars, and she found them in a state of great neglect and decay.

Her ambition was to repair and render them all habitable; and, persevering in her intention, she accomplished her desired object, placing the following record of her magnificence over the gate of each:—

"This castle was repaired by the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., after the main part of it had lain ruinous ever since 1648, when it was demolished, almost to the ground, by the Parliament then sitting at West-

minster, because it had been a garrison in the civil wars.

"LAUS DEO!"

Barden tower she likewise repaired, and placed an inscription upon it, setting forth her style and titles, and naming that it had remained in ruins since her mother lay in it, about the year 1589. This fortress is remarkable as being the abode of that Clifford, called the "Shepherd Lord," whose history is as romantic as any that inventive imagination could suggest.

He was son of that cruel Clifford who is said to have murdered the young Earl of Rutland, and whom Shakspeare's affecting scene has condemned to eternal obloquy:—

"*Clifford.*—The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul!
And, till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell!
Therefore——
Rutland.—Oh, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray—*sweet Clifford*—pity me.
Clifford.—Such pity as my rapier's point affords!"

He met his own death the year after this deed—being killed at the battle of Towton—and seems justly, if all accounts are true, to have deserved his surname of "The Butcher." His body was not found, and was supposed to have been thrown into a pit, amongst a promiscuous heap of slain.

Borne away into concealment by a faithful follower of the family, the infant son and heir, Henry,

the tenth Baron de Clifford, then only six or seven years old, was brought up as a shepherd boy; and, the contentions of the fatal Roses continuing, it was not till he was thirty-two that he was able to appear and claim his birthright.

Henry VII. restored him at once; but the heir of this illustrious name was a different being from the glittering knights and courtly gallants of the Court of Henry of Lancaster. He had never worn any dress but a suit of hodden grey; he had never heard other language than the simple and rude talk of the mountaineers; knew nothing but

> "Of shepherds piping to their silly sheep,"

and never dreamt of the riches and titles to which he was born. Such close secrecy was necessary, that his own rank was kept from him; and when the truth was revealed to him, he heard with consternation rather than delight that he was lord of a thousand hills—the great Clifford of Cumberland. He had natural abilities, and great sensitiveness of mind; and was, unfortunately for his happiness, too sensible of his own deficiencies. Nevertheless, he was twice married; and his second wife, Anne, daughter of St. John of Bletsoe, was the mother of the son who succeeded him.

It was scarcely to be expected that he would prove a congenial husband to a high-born lady; his manners and habits must, of course, have been so opposite to hers; but, whether she died early, or

they lived separate, is not recorded. All that is known is, that he retired to the solitary tower of Barden, which was at first no more than a keeper's lodge. He enlarged it, and there established himself with a very few attendants, for his wants were few; and here he hoped to forget the turmoil of a world for which he was unfitted, and which could not appreciate his qualities, but saw and contemned the uncourtliness of his appearance, without seeking for the worth that lay beneath the rough surface.

The monks of Bolton, however, did not lose so favourable an opportunity of benefiting themselves by such a neighbour: they soon discovered that his early habits had led him to the study, as far as his simple means went, of astronomy; and they encouraged and directed him in his pursuit of this branch of knowledge.

He was, as followed of course, a liberal benefactor to their abbey, and a devout and pious follower of their counsels; and thus his whole life was taken up with his telescope and his beads, for a long series of years: harmless and peaceful, benevolent and good.

But the sound of war, which had so often awakened his ancestors, roused the slumbering spirit which, though quelled for a time, yet dwelt within him; and he went forth in arms at the battle of Flodden, fighting with all the valour of his race.

He survived this outburst ten years, and died at the age of seventy, April 23, 1523, leaving a wild, freebooting, and extravagant son to succeed him;

whose name was a terror to the trembling monks, whenever he and a lawless band, whom he commanded, made their appearance; and who was better known to Jews and money-lenders, than in the court or the camp: he, however, reformed at length, and married *royally*,* as did his heir; and it was his grandson who was the father of the magnificent Anne Clifford.

Not far from the countess's castle of Appleby, formerly resided a remarkable neighbour, who was the terror of the country, and divided the power with the Earl of Cumberland. This was Lord William Howard, warden of the borders under Queen Elizabeth, a perfect giant of romance, whose castle of Naworth was thought little less than an enchanted hold, where spirits made resort, and aided the grim owner in his works of darkness.†

His occupation was to control and chastise the bold moss-troopers, whose lawless depredations had risen to such a height, that it had become necessary to put them down with a strong hand. No man could have been chosen so fit for the office as *Bald Willy*, for so was the governor called in the country, who, to guard himself in a manner the most secure, built up his apartments in a sort of labyrinth of strength and concealment. One hundred and forty soldiers he kept constantly in attendance; and he

* His wife, Margaret Percy, was maternally descended from John of Gaunt, and his son's wife was a daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary, Queen Dowager of France.

† He is the "Noble Howard, Belted Will," of Walter Scott.

felt himself, with these precautions, capable of resisting the most daring attacks.

To approach his apartments it was necessary to ascend a winding staircase, dark and very narrow, allowing room but for one person at a time: this was defended by a succession of strong doors, plated with iron, whose massive hinges *grated harsh thunder*, and warned those in the interior of the coming of a stranger. Beyond the last of these were the rooms occupied by the grim baron; a library, a chapel, and a sleeping chamber; all low, dark, and gloomy; the ceilings rudely carved, and the light admitted only from the top. Here the great lord meditated and studied, probably bewildering his brain by a vain search after that wondrous secret which, from age to age, had been the bane of the learned—that "chemic gold," which

> "Had fooled them young,
> And beggared them when old."

To intrude into this sanctuary was a misdemeanor of great weight, and rarely had any of his people the hardihood to venture it.

It happened, however, on one occasion, that Lord William was buried in abstruse calculations, and his mind had nearly reached, it may be believed, a point of knowledge after which he had been long striving, when the huge doors, with shrieking sound, gave token of a visitor; and presently the clanking armour of one of his soldiers was heard on

the last step. The tapestry of his cell was roughly flung aside, and a harsh voice informed him, without ceremony, that a noted leader of the moss-troopers had just been brought to the castle as a prisoner: the object of the intruder was to know his lord's pleasure, as to what the captive's fate should be.

Whether Lord William uttered the sudden exclamation which burst from his lips in mere irritation at this vexatious interruption of his studies, or that the life of a robber was held by him of no moment in comparison of the mighty elixir which he was just on the eve of discovering, by the means of which he could prolong the existence of thousands to an interminable period—whatever might have caused his expression, certain it is that he called out, in a furious tone, "Hang the fellow!"

In the next instant the heavy folds of the arras were replaced, the mailed step sounded on the stair, the heavy doors creaked fearfully, and Bald Willy went on with his study in silence as before.

A few hours afterwards, having arrived at the close of his reading, and the shades of evening spreading a deeper darkness round his cell, Lord William rose, and, with a thoughtful brow and slow pace, descended from his tower. Arrived in the court he summoned his men, and ordered that the prisoner should be brought before him to be judged. An astonished stare was all the answer he received, and, raising his eyes, he beheld, hanging from a

projecting eminence, a human body deprived of life and swinging in the blast.

It was soon explained to him that his attendant had understood the exclamation he uttered as an order for the immediate execution of the offender, and had straightway obeyed the command without a moment's delay, fully satisfied of the justice of the sentence—his own inclinations exactly keeping pace with the quick decision of his master.

This untoward event, though it pressed but lightly on the conscience of any of the denizens of the castle, was elsewhere looked upon as an unwarrantable act of severity, if, indeed, it deserves to be considered worse than Lord William's usual method of treating offenders.

In other cases the guilty person was brought before the Warden and his officers, and his crimes stated: after which, until leisure served to investigate the matter, the unfortunate wretch was conveyed to one of the dungeons to await judgment. These receptacles were four in number, as hideous and terrible as imagination can picture; and such as they were they may still be seen, with the rusted iron rings visible as when to their dreadful circles the fated criminal was attached. Here the miserable culprit—who was generally deserving, it is true, of little sympathy—sometimes languished unheard till death delivered him; from such a prison, it must have been a relief to find himself dragged to the light of day, though but for a few

brief moments, before his body was suspended over the castle battlements.

The merciless resolution of Bald Willy, however, accomplished the end sought, and the race of moss-troopers, who respected neither life nor property, were, by degrees, rooted out, and security established in a district where all was a prey to rapine and violence.

This castle of Naworth, in the district called Gillsland, from its valleys or *gills*, which are beautiful dells in the vicinity of sandy, bleak, and uninviting hills, stands on a pleasant eminence, overlooking the valley and abbey of Lanercost, and commands a strong position. The interior contrivances to keep an enemy out, or puzzle him should he once penetrate, may still be traced in the remains of this once formidable hold; although it is generally thought that many of the concealed passages and chambers have never been discovered, notwithstanding the numerous hiding-places, secret stairs, and close recesses, revealed by time. "Nothing," as Gilpin, the historian of these parts, remarks, "can mark in stronger colours the fears, the jealousies, and caution of those times, than the internal structure of one of these castles."

The countess ventured to proceed with her repairs in defiance of Cromwell, who at this time was Protector, and for whom she entertained the most profound contempt, which she did not attempt to conceal. Those of her friends who cared for her

interest advised her not to expend so much money in building, as there was every chance of his ordering her castles to be destroyed as soon as they were finished; but nothing would persuade her, and she replied to their counsel in these bold words:—

"Let him destroy my castles, if he will; he shall find that as often as he levels I will rebuild them, while he leaves me a shilling in my purse."

Either from admiration of her spirit, or dread of her popularity, Cromwell took no cognizance of the matter, and the imperious countess was allowed to restore all the magnificent structures which time and war had disfigured.

When her uncle died, he had left her affairs so much involved that she found herself, in order to obtain possession of her rights, obliged to have recourse to the law, as she had done before to recover her patrimony. The Protector, hearing of the injustice that had been done her, and interested in her favour, condescended to offer his mediation.

This piece of kindness was received by her with lofty indignation; for she could never be brought to recognise his title or power, and she answered, when his message was delivered to her, that as long as there was any law in England she would not accept his interference: adding, bitterly, "What! does he imagine that I, who refused to submit to King James, will bow to him?"

She objected to and disliked Cromwell from

principle: and, after his death, when a new order of things was established, and legitimacy triumphed only to introduce a worse system of government and greater profligacy than had ever yet been known in England, the Countess Anne was as much disgusted and as little a friend to Charles II. When she was pressed by her friends to go to Court, her answer was sarcastic and characteristic:

"By no means," said she, "unless I may be allowed to wear blinkers."

Her celebrated reply to the letter of Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary to Charles II., who had written to dictate to her a member for Appleby, is well known and frequently cited. Its brief eloquence is unrivalled:

"I have been bullied by an usurper, neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand."*

Evelyn, in his Diary, gives the following account of Sir Joseph Williamson:

"July 22, 1674.—I returned in the evening

* Horace Walpole has a paper in "The World," No. 14, April 5, 1753, in which he cites this letter of Anne Clifford as one of the proofs he brings of the superiority of style in epistolary correspondence possessed by women. Certainly, this epistle is scarcely a case in point, any more than that he quotes of Lucretia Gonzaga, in which she orders one of her maids to be whipped, though it is written "in very choice Italian." What similarity he could find between this brief *manly* note of Anne Clifford's and the letters of Eloise and Madame de Sevigné, it is difficult to divine.

with Sir Joseph Williamson, now declared Secretary of State. He was son of a poor clergyman somewhere in Cumberland, brought up at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he came to be a fellow: then travelled, and, returning when the King was restored, was received as a clerk, under Mr. Secretary Nicholas. Sir Henry Bennett, now Lord Arlington, succeeding, Williamson is transferred to him; who, loving his ease more than business, though sufficiently able, had he applied himself to it, remitted all to his man, Williamson, and, in a short time, let him so into the secret of his affairs that, as his lordship himself told me, there was a kind of necessity to advance him; and so, by his subtlety, dexterity, and insinuation, he got now to be principal secretary, absolutely Lord Arlington's creature, and ungrateful enough.

"It has been the fate of this obliging favourite to advance those who soon forgot their original. Sir Joseph was a musician, could play at *Jeu de Goblets*, exceeding formal, a severe master to his servants, but so inward with my Lord Obrien, that, after a few months of that gentleman's death, he married his widow,* who brought him a noble

* Lady Frances Stuart, sister and heir to Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox, the husband of that admired beauty, Mrs. Frances Stuart; with whom Charles II. was so deeply in love, that he never forgave the Duke for marrying her, which, it is thought, he had formed some intention of doing himself. He took the first opportunity of sending him into an honourable exile, as ambassador to Denmark, where he shortly after died, leaving no issue.

fortune. 'Twas thought they lived not so kindly after marriage as they did before. She was much censured for marrying so meanly, being herself allied to the royal family."

Not only did the countess find her dwellings dilapidated, when she came into possession, but every church on her estates was in the same condition. Seven places of worship had she to rebuild; for one had been made " to stable the steeds " of the rebels, another had been used as a magazine, another had been battered to a shell, and all were more or less damaged. Not one of these did the energetic heiress neglect, for she was resolved that her tenants and servants should have the opportunity of attending divine worship wherever she resided; and at each of her mansions she lived a part of every year, regularly moving from one to the other; and, having proved the dangers and evils of *absentee-ism,* she was resolved to avert them as long as she lived.

Her arrival was hailed in the country whenever she appeared, for benefits were sure to follow in her train, and her steps were attended by the blessings of all. Misery and poverty seemed to fly before her, for

> " She had a heart for pity, and a hand
> Open as day to melting charity."

She was not content with occasional acts of benevolence, but made her charities durable by

founding asylums for the distressed: two fine hospitals were amongst the most conspicuous of her institutions.

By the side of the road, between Penrith and Appleby, stands a monument, known in the country by the name of "the Countess' Pillar," which bears her arms, and supports a sun-dial for the use of travellers: the following inscription tells the story of its erection:

"This pillar was erected, in 1656, by Anne, Countess-Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess-Dowager of Cumberland, on the second of April, 1616, in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of four pounds to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every second day of April, for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

Every member of the establishment of this benevolent woman was provided for, in case of good conduct: the servants were generally children of her tenants, who looked up to her with reverence and affection, and considered her interest their own. Her female attendants never left her to be married, if she approved their choice, without a portion being bestowed on them by their beneficent mistress. Her home was a refuge for the persecuted; and, during the troublous times when the ministers of the Church were forced to conceal themselves and

fly from their enemies, she received and assisted them in the most generous and exemplary manner.

Amongst others, King, Bishop of Chichester, and Duppa and Morley, both afterwards Bishops of Winchester, experienced her charitable and pious offices. She allowed to each of these forty pounds a year; and on being informed by them, during their distresses abroad, that a sum of money would be of more use to them than their annuity, she immediately, with princely liberality, remitted them a thousand pounds, to be used as their necessities required.

Her economy and prudence in managing her affairs were most scrupulously exact: her accounts were kept with the greatest care, and her regularity was surprising. Bishop Rainbow, who preached her funeral sermon, quaintly alluded to this quality, which she possessed in so high a degree, by calling her "a perfect mistress of *forecast* and *aftercast*."

In each of her domiciles an office was kept, in which all her receipts and disbursements were entered with commercial exactness.

All her private charities were registered by herself with minute accuracy; so that she had only to refer to her books to see at once the state of her pecuniary resources.

Though hospitable and liberal, her domestic economy was of the strictest kind: no ostentation or vanity swelled her expenses, all came under the head of necessaries, and one year was made

exactly to answer in expenditure to that which had preceded it. Nothing was saved, but nothing was squandered; and her own personal charges were so insignificant, that she was always enabled to meet every new call upon her bounty and generosity.

Part of her system of economy was the resolute defence of her rights, which she never allowed to be infringed; and when her spirit was once exerted in the cause, she carried through all her measures with unwearying perseverance and vigour. She lived in times when there was more than common uncertainty in the law, and when the least weakness was sure to be taken advantage of. An anecdote, illustrative of her determined resolution in preserving her power, is thus related:

It was customary, on her estates, for each tenant to pay, besides his rent, an annual addition of what was called a "boon hen." This was always acknowledged as a just claim, and is still in force on some lands in the North of England, being usually the steward's perquisite.

It happened that a rich clothier, from Halifax, named Murgatroyd, having taken a tenement near Skipton, was called on, by the steward of the castle, for his "boon hen:" he refused to pay it, and stoutly resisted the demand; on which the countess ordered a suit to be commenced against him, which was carried on to great length, in consequence of his obstinacy and her determination. At length

decision was given in the landowner's favour, and the Countess Anne recovered her "boon hen," which, by that time, had cost her two hundred pounds.

After the suit was decided, it is related that she invited her adversary to dinner, when the object of contention, which he had been obliged to pay, appeared on the table in triumph, being served up as the first dish. She drew it towards her, and said, playfully, as she helped him—

"Come, Mr. Murgatroyd, let us now be good friends; since you allow the hen to be dressed at my table, we will divide it between us."

Not only was this singular lady a pattern of economy and management, but her mind was highly cultivated, and she excelled in many branches of learning then studied by persons of her rank. Dr. Donne used to say of her, that "she knew how to converse of everything; from predestination to *slea-silk*." *

Her chief study was history, an occupation to which she was particularly attached: that of her own family alone furnished her with abundant matter of reflection; for the stations they had filled in the records of England, from the Conquest upwards, were always the most prominent—the

* Raw silk used in embroidery at the period.

Mr. Jesse is strangely mistaken, in his entertaining work on the Stuart family, in naming Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, the poet's sister, as the lady of whom Donne made this complimentary record.

names of Veteripont and Clifford appearing on all great occasions of public interest, from the earliest periods.

Her ambition seems to have been to collect materials for a history of these two potent Northern families: for this purpose she employed men of learning at a great expense to search every known record: those in the Tower, the Rolls, and other depositories were carefully examined, extracts made, and all fairly transcribed, filling altogether three large volumes.

This valuable manuscript, still said to exist amongst the family papers at Appleby Castle, contains numerous anecdotes of a great variety of characters, and is, doubtless, of great interest and importance.

Probably, as a pendant to this curious collection, she kept a daily record of all circumstances connected with herself, and never moved from castle to castle without a large folio volume, in which entries were made of all occurrences that took place in which she had any concern: it is said, that "to the paring of her nails, and the clipping of her hair," nothing is omitted. As this diary contained remarks and anecdotes of many persons of her time, whose ancestors might have been annoyed at its being made public, the Earl of Thanet, to whom her estate of Appleby descended, caused this singular and valuable history to be destroyed. It is not, however, impossible that a copy was made;

and in that case, perhaps, the papers may yet be brought to light in these days of curiosity, when the details of family history are so eagerly sought for.

The exemplary piety of the Countess Anne was not the least estimable part of her character: she never swerved from her duties in this respect throughout her life; and she must at one time, during the dissipated and abandoned career of her second husband, have found, in the exercises of religion, the only "balm to her hurt mind." She constantly read the Scriptures with deep attention; and few divines were more capable of holding an argument in their support, or in explaining difficult passages, than she was. The New Testament was her principal study, and next to that, the Psalms of David, which were every day read to her.

She had a chapel carefully fitted up in each of her castles; and in spite of the menaces of sequestrations, which she received from the ruling powers for her determined adherence to the Church of England, she never abated her zeal, nor concealed her practice; and was, nevertheless, fortunate enough to escape persecution.

No part of her large income was spent on herself, for her habits were of the simplest kind; and neither in dress nor living did she allow herself the slightest indulgence. She was so abstemious, that she used cheerfully to boast, that she had scarcely ever tasted wine or physic during her whole life.

Even in her youth she had never fallen into the

extravagance of the Court in respect to magnificent apparel; and as she advanced in life, she laid aside all distinction as to dress, appearing only, for many years, in a close habit of plain black serge; so that in her outward seeming, she was not to be known from her attendants—a circumstance, which sometimes caused singular and amusing mistakes with strangers.

Though she had a large retinue, it was for use, not parade; and the numbers she entertained were generally persons to whom her bounty gave a livelihood: two ladies of superior accomplishments always lived with her, and afforded her the advantages of their society and conversation: though she spent a great deal of her time alone in private occupation.

She was not acquainted with any language but her own; rather a singular fact at that period, when foreign tongues were so much cultivated; but she was deeply informed in all the literature of England, and spared no cost to render her library valuable, by storing it with the best works of the first writers.

Her life was one of continued usefulness; her example was great, and her qualities worthy of her high station: she lived for others, and her own enjoyment appeared a secondary consideration: her existence was a blessing to all around her, and Providence prolonged her days beyond the usual years of mankind; for she was past eighty when

she was summoned from this world to receive her reward.

She lived twenty-six years after the death of her unworthy husband, the Earl of Pembroke, and died on the 23d of March, 1675,—"one," says her biographer, "of the most melancholy days the northern counties ever experienced."

Her daughter, Margaret, by the Earl of Dorset, her sole surviving heiress, married the Earl of Thanet, and carried the Clifford estates into the Tufton family."*

Brugh Castle, one of the seats of the Countess Anne, is thus described by Gilpin, in his tour:—

"From Appleby Castle we soon approach the barrier mountains; but we approach them, in the usual order of nature, by regular progress: the ground is first high before it becomes mountainous, and tillage appears in scanty plots before cultivation ceases.

"A little to the north of Brugh, the ground on the left makes a singular appearance. A hill on which a fair is annually held, forms an exact semicircular convex. Scarce a knoll or bush breaks the regularity of the line. Beyond this, but without any intervening ground, rises a range of distant mountains. These wore a light purple hue when we saw them, the circular hill a deep green.

* Gilpin takes the greatest part of his account of Anne Clifford, from the MS. life of Sedgwick, her secretary, still extant, at Appleby Castle.

"At the commencement of the mountains stands the town and castle of Brugh, not unpleasantly situated. The castle, which consists, like that of Appleby, of two parts, seems to have been a very strong place. Since the time of its last noble inhabitant, the Countess of Pembroke, it has been falling fast into ruin; but we found it no easy matter, even yet, to scale the outworks of its earthen mounds; so strong a fortress has it once been. Some parts of it, especially a shattered round tower, are very picturesque.

"We saw the castle in the evening, and the effect was very grand. The castle and landscape round were in deep shadow, under the influence of a retiring storm, which had hung a settled gloom on all the upper regions of the sky. The sun was invisible, but had fired the whole of the western horizon with a deep red. We viewed the castle from the east, and had, therefore, the ruddy part of the hemisphere as a back-ground to the grey tints and strong shadows of the towers and battlements which intervened between us and the west. * * *

"The square tower which made the grand part of the castle, conveyed, as we looked into it, a very horrid idea. Most of these old structures have suffered great external dilapidation; but here the shell was entire, and all the internal parts were gone—the roof, the stories, and even the vault over the dungeon. The whole was a mere excavation.

"The eye, confined within the walls of a vast tower, open to the sky above, which loured with unusual blackness, looked down, with hideous contrast, deep into a dungeon below.

"Brugh Castle seems to have been erected as a defence at the northern, as Bowes Castle was at the southern, extremity of the mountains.

"It would seem that formerly the road over the mountains of Stainmore was the only one into Cumberland that was passable, and, of course, it was necessary to be thus defended."

The situation of the countess's castle of Brugh does not suggest any very cheerful ideas, lying, as it does, at one extremity of that extraordinary tract of land called Brugh-marsh, which runs up the country as far as Solway Frith, and beyond into the Scotch borders.

There is something extremely wild and sublime in the following description of it by the author quoted above :—

"It is a vast, extended plain, flat as the surface of a quiet ocean. I do not remember that land ever before gave me so grand an idea of space; that suggested by Salisbury Plain is much less pure. The inequality of the ground there sets bounds to the imagination: that represents the ocean in a storm, in which the idea of extension is greatly broken and intercepted by the turbulence of the waves.

Brugh-marsh gives the notion of solid water rather than of land, if we except only the colour.

> " —— Interminable meads,
> And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
> Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost."

" Brugh-marsh is one of those extended plains, only more extensive than such plains usually are, from which the sea, in a course of ages, has retired. It is difficult to compute its limits. It ranges many leagues in every direction, from a centre —for space so diffuse assumes, of course, a circular appearance—without a hedge or even a bush to intercept its bounds; till it soften into the azure mountains of the horizon. Nothing, indeed, but mountains can circumscribe such a scene; all inferior boundaries of wood and rising ground are lost. On the English side it is bounded by that circular chain, in the heart of Cumberland, in which Skiddaw is predominant. Nothing intermediate appears. On the Scotch side, its course is interrupted through the space of a very few leagues by the Solway Frith, which spreads, when the tide is at ebb, into a vast stretch of sand. The plain, however, is still preserved. Having passed this sandy obstruction, it changes its hue again into vivid green, and stretches far and wide into the Scotch border, till its progress at length is stopped by the mountains of Galloway and Niddesdale. * * *

" The whole area of Brugh-marsh, which, from its

denomination, one might imagine to be swampy, is everywhere perfectly firm and the turf soft, bright, and pure. Scarce a weed rears its head. Nothing appears of statelier growth than a mushroom, which spreads here in luxuriant knots.

"This vast plain is far from being a desert waste. Innumerable herds of cattle pasture at large, in its rich verdure, and range as in a state of nature.

"Brugh-marsh is further remarkable for having been the scene of one of the greatest catastrophes in English history—the death of Edward I. Here, after Scotland had made a third attempt to recover its liberty, that prince drew together the most puissant army which England had ever seen. The Scotch, from their borders, saw the plain whitened with tents; but they knew not how nearly their deliverance approached. The greatest events generally happen unlooked for.

"They observed a delay, and afterwards a confusion in the mighty host before them; but they heard not, till three days after, that the soul and spirit of the enterprise was gone, and that their great adversary lay breathless in his camp.

"Edward had been taken ill at Carlisle, where he had met his parliament. But neither disease nor age, for he was now near seventy, could repress his ardour. Though he could not mount a horse, he ordered himself to be carried in a litter to the camp, where his troops received him with acclama-

tions of joy; but it was short-lived. The motion had irritated his disorder into a violent dysentery, which immediately carried him off.

"The English borderers long revered the memory of a prince who had so often chastised an enemy whom they hated; and in gratitude raised a pillar to his name, which still points out the spot on which he died. It stands rather on the edge of the marsh, and bears this simple inscription:

"Memoriæ æternæ
Eduardi
Regis Angliæ longe clarissimi
Qui, in belli apparatu
Contra Scotos occupatus
Hic in castris obiit,
7 Julii A. D. 1307."

The funeral sermon, preached by Bishop Rainbow* at the interment of the celebrated heiress of all these castles and domains, the illustrious Anne Clifford, is so remarkable, and he enters in it so fully into her character, that I venture to add the following extracts, which appear to me extremely interesting.

There is a striking solemnity in his apostrophising "the tomb before your eyes," which was doubtless visible to the auditory, as it was customary for per-

* Edward Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, was celebrated for his eloquence in the pulpit. He was a man of polite manners, uncommon learning, and of exemplary piety and charity. He died in 1684.—*Grainger.*

sons, at that period, to make ready and adorn their last resting-place in their life-time. The incident reminds us of the great "*Oraisons Funèbres*," where the *catafalque* is pointed to; and the bishop introduces, in a way which is very like that of Bossuet, the rehearsal, in one of the closing periods of the oration, of the pompous earthly titles of its hero or heroine. No doubt the effect must have been very striking of an oration delivered by the bishop of the diocese in that remote provincial church, where such a display of greatness and dignity must have been unwonted; a full attendance of gentry and tenantry, amongst whom silence, attention, and devotion reigned, adding to the religious pomp of the occasion, and, if we may imagine a manner and delivery corresponding to the circumstances, slow and measured, calm, grave, and impressive, the scene must have been grand in the extreme.

"A Sermon preached at the Interment of the Right Honourable Anne, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, who died at her Castle of Brougham, March 22, 1675-6, and was buried at Appleby, April 14, following. Prov. xiv. 1."

HER BIRTH.

"Her blood flowed from the veins of three anciently enobled Families, *Cliffords*, *Viponts*, and

Vesseys; Lords and Barons in the north; and she added (to her *Escotcheons*) *Pembroke*, *Dorset*, and *Montgomery*, the titles of three great Earldoms in the South."

HER BUILDINGS.

"Let us see what kind of buildings this wise woman executed, and for what end they were repaired or built: and here we shall find that her *Piety* and *Charity*, *Gratitude* and *Kindness*, were her inciters to this work; that all her buildings were for God, or for the poor, or for the honour of her progenitors, or for the benefit of her *posterity:* these were the ends which she propounded to herself in building.

"Indeed, one of the first things (as I was informed) which she built was (what Jacob had first done) a *Pillar*. She built a *Pillar*, a monument which stands in the highway, at the place where her endeared mother and she last parted, and took their final farewel. And as *Jacob* did, *she poured oyl upon this pillar*, the oyl of Charity, pouring down then, and yearly since, (and that the cruce of oyl may never fail, ordered to be always continued,) at a set day every year a sum of money, *that oyl to make glad the heart of the poor;* and withall to be as a precious ointment to perfume her pious Mother's Memory, that her good name, and their mutual dearness of Affection might be engraven,

and remembered by their Posterity and the Poor to all generations."

"But her Buildings for Charity were larger than a Pillar; such as gave *shelter* and *maintenance* to the Poor. Besides the repairs and restoring of an Alms-house,* built and endowed by her pious mother, *Margaret*, Countess of *Cumberland*, she built an Alms-house in this place, (Appleby,) and made decent provision for thirteen poor women, a Mother and twelve Sisters, as she called them, to the perpetual relief of the poor and destitute; and that *alms* and *devotion* might not be separated, she gave allowance for the Prayers of the Church to be daily administered to them."

"Gratitude to her ancestors was another end of her building, that she might with some cost hold up what they with such vast expence had founded and built.

"Six antient Castles, ample and magnificent, which her noble ancestors had built, and sometimes held up with great honour to themselves, security to their *Soveraigns*, and hospitality to their Friends and strangers; now by the rage of war, or time, or accidents pull'd down, or made un-inhabitable, scarce one of those six that shewed more than the *Sceleton* of an House; her reviving Spirit puts life into the work, made *(all these dry bones live)* these scattered Stones come together, those Ruines for-

* At Bearmby.

sake their Rubbish, and lift up their Heads to their former height. A marvellous task it was which she undertook, to design the re-building so many, and such great Fabricks; to rear up them, when the earthly house of *her Tabernacle* began to stoop and decline; being about the sixtieth year of her Age when she began: who then could hope to finish? but when she did consider in her great mind, did think (as *Psal.* cii. 14) *upon the stones, and it pitied her to see them in the dust.** Her prudence (as with her hands) set on the work; raised, cemented, finished; and where others might have thought it glory enough to have been the *Restorer* of any one, she laid the *Top-stone* on them all."

"But lastly she could not forget the main end of her building, *Piety to God*, in re-building or repairing his *Houses*, *Churches* or *Chappels*. She rebuilt, or by repairing, restored six Houses of her own, but of God's Houses seven.† She had no dwelling for herself where God had not a House to be worshipped publickly, besides private Oratories in her Houses.

"If now I could set before your eyes, or before your imaginations, *six Castles*, *seven Churches* or *Chappels*, besides the two *Alms-houses*, and other

* One had lain 140 years desolate, after the fire had consumed it. (*Brough*-Castle, the timber burned, anno 1521.) Another 320 years, after the invading *Scots* had wasted it. (Pendragon-Castle, wasted by *David*, King of *Scots*, anno 1341.)

† Brougham, Nine-Kirks, Appleby, Bongate, Mallerstang, Barden, Skipton.

inferiour subservient Buildings, which she made, or made useful; if I could represent all these before you in one landskep or view, you would imagine you saw something greater than an *Escurial;* an eighth Wonder, or something more wonderful than the seven, which the Heathen World hath boasted of; at least more Beneficial to the world than they."

THE WELL ORDERING OF HER FAMILY.

"Her children, which were but two* that grew up to perfect age; she built them up in the *nurture and fear of the Lord;* season'd them with sound principles of Religion, as was sufficiently evident to those who have known them, and their constancy to the true Religion, in which they were trained up; teaching their children the same principles which they had sucked with their mother's milk."

HER BOUNTY AND FAMILIARITY TOWARDS HER SERVANTS.

"Therefore as many great and wise Governours of Families have been observed to do, in certain seasons to condescend, let down themselves and their state, by taking up their discreeter servants, into some degree of *Familiarity* with them; so, I say, this Heroick Lady would (besides the necessary

* Lady *Margaret*, Countess of *Thanet*, and *Isabella*, Countess of *Northampton*.

discoursing with them about her affairs) divert her self by familiar conversation with her servants; in which they were sure (besides other gains from her bountiful hands) to gain from the words of her mouth something of Remarque; whether pleasant or profitable, yet very memorable for some or other occasion of life. So well did she observe the wise man's caution, Ecclesiasticus iv. 30, *Be not a Lion in thy house;* intimating that some are always in rage, and brawl, and fright their family from their presence; her Pleasantness and Affability made their very addresses a great part of their preferment. It was indeed observable, that although she clothed herself in humble and mean attire, yet, like the wise and virtuous woman, Prov. xxxi. 21, *She clothed her household with scarlet;* her allowance and gifts were so bountiful, and so frequent to them, that they might afford to clothe themselves in such garb, as best became the servants of so great and so good a Mistris."

"But although in this she did follow the pattern given to all the wise, Prov. xxxi. 15, *Give meat to thy household,* and in such plenty that Hospitality and Charity might have their portion with them; while she herself was contented with any pittance, little in quantity (but enough to keep life and soul together, as we say,) *Viands* not costly or rare, not far fetch'd and dear bought, but such as were at hand, parable and cheap. Yet here I may be bold to tell you something to wonder at; that she much

neglected, and treated very harshly one servant, and a very Antient one, who served her from her Cradle, from her Birth, very faithfully, according to her mind; which ill usage therefore her menial Servants, as well as her Friends and Children, much repined at. And who this Servant was, I have named before. *It was her body*, who, as I said, was a Servant most obsequious to her mind, and served her fourscore and six years! It will be held scarce credible to say, but it is a truth to averr, that the Mistris of this Family was dieted more sparingly, and I believe, many times more homely, and clad more coursly and cheaply than most of the Servants in her House; her Austerity and Humility were seen in nothing more than (if I may so allude to Coloss. ii. 23) in *neglecting of the body, not in any honour to the satisfying of the Flesh.*

"Not only giving her servants their meat in due season, but the meat that would nourish them to everlasting life, *i.e.* the Sacrament.

"This Spiritual meat, this Lady wisely took care that it might be provided for all her household in due season; that is, at the three seasons in the year when the Church requires it; and once more in the year, at the least; besides those three great Festivals she made one Festival more, for all that were fit to be invited, or compelled (as in the Gospel) to come to that Supper. And that all might be fitted and well-prepared, she took care that several Books of *Devotion* and *Piety* might be provided four times in

the year; that every one might take their choice of such Book as they had not before, by which means those that had lived in her house long (and she seldom turn'd any one away) might be furnished with Books of Religion and Devotion in every kind."

HER HABITS.

"She could discourse with *Virtuosos, Travellers, Scholars, Merchants, Divines, Statesmen,* and with *Good Housewives,* in any kind. . . . Insomuch that a prime and elegant Wit (Dr. Donne), well seen in all humane Learning, and afterwards devoted to the study of Divinity (by the encouragement and command of a learned king, and a rare Proficient in it) is reported to have said of this Lady, in her younger years, to this effect: *That she knew well how to discourse of all things, from Predestination to Sleasilk.*"

"Authors of several kinds of Learning, some of *Controversies* very abstruse, were not unknown to her. She much commended one book, *William Barklay's Dispute* with *Bellarmine,* both, as she knew, of the *Popish persuasion,* but the former less *Papal;* and who, she said, had well stated a main point, and opposed that learned Cardinal, for giving too much power, even in *temporals,* to the Pope, over kings and secular princes; which she seem'd to think the main thing aim'd at by the followers of that Court," &c. &c.

HER SINGULAR CUSTOM OF PINNING SCRAPS ABOUT HER ROOM.

"She was not ignorant of knowledg in any kind, which might make her Conversation not only *useful* and *grave*, but also *pleasant* and *delightful;* which that she might better do, she would frequently bring out of the rich storehouse of her Memory, *things new and old*, Sentences or Sayings of remark, which she had read or learned out of Authors, and with these her Walls, her Bed, her Hangings, and Furniture, must be adorned; causing her Servants to write them in Papers, and her Maids to pin them up, that she, or they, in the time of their dressing, or as occasion served, might remember, and make their descants on them. So that, though she had not many Books in her Chamber, yet it was dressed up with the flowers of a Library. Go now and tell the Superfinical who disdain the meanness of her Chamber and Apartments; who cannot dress themselves, but in well-dressed and gorgeous Rooms; let them come hither and see the riches of her Furniture, better than *Silver* and *Gold*, if King *Solomon* (who had Silver beyond weight, and Gold in abundance) may be judge. The *Sayings of Wisdom*, which he determines to be *more precious than Rubies*, these were strewed about her Chambers, these were instead of those *rare Trinkets* so much in use, Esa. iii. 20."

HER HUMILITY AND PLAINNESS.

"She was, as the Apostle advises, *Cloathed with Humility, all over.* Her greatest *Ornaments* were those of a *meek and quiet spirit.* She was (by the merit of her due Titles) in Honour *three Countesses,* but had a stranger seen her in her Chamber, he would not have thought he had seen *one Lady,* as Ladies now adays appear. Indeed you might have sometimes seen her sitting in the Alms-house (which she built) among her twelve Sisters (as she called them); and, as if they had been her Sisters indeed, or her Children, she would sometimes eat her dinner with them, at their Alms-house; but you might find them often dining with her (at her Table) some of them every week, all of them once a month: and after meat, as freely and familiarly conversing with them in her Chamber, as if they had been her greatest Guests. And truly, the greatest of her Guests, her noblest *Children,* could not please her, if they did not visit them, and pass their Salutes at her Alms-house, with those *Sisters,* and the *Mother,* sometimes before they made their first Address to herself, *their Mother;* whose natural Affection was known to be great, but her *Charity* and *Humility* greater; and she commonly admonished her Children, coming from far to pay their Duty to her, that before they made their Address to her for her Blessing, they should take the *Blessing of the poor, the Alms-women's blessing, by the way.*"

HER EXPERIENCE OF COURTS.

" Nevertheless, she had known greatness, as well as any other, being bred in the Courts, or in the Verges of the Courts, of three great Princes, who (reigning in Peace) had as much magnificence and glory as any that had swayed the Scepter of this Land.

" She was so unwilling to be censorious or to seem uneasie to any of those who, as she thought, did necessarily pay an obedience to *Fashion* and *Custom;* which she knew was a kind of Tyrant, and will Reign over the most, while we live under the moon; That when a neighbour, a Lady, whom she used (as she commonly did all) with great familiarity, expressing together with her their Joy in discourse of his Majestie's most glorious and happy return to his *Kingdom* and *Court* at *White-hall,* and the gallantry which at his entrance attended that place; the Lady wished that she would once more go to *London* and the *Court,* and glut her eyes with the sight of such happy objects, and after that give up herself to her Country retirement: she as suddenly and pleasantly replyed, 'If I should go to those places, now so full of Gallantry and Glory, I ought to be used as they do ill-sighted or unruly Horses, have Spectacles (or Blinkers) put before mine eyes, lest I should see and censure what I cannot competently judge of; be offended myself or give offence to others; . . .'"

HER CONVERSATION.

"Her conversation was indeed meek, affable, and gentle, her words, according to the circumstances of Persons in her presence, pleasant or grave, always *season'd with salt*, savoury, but never bitter. I had the honour to be often admitted to her Discourse, but never heard (nor have been told by others) that she was invective, or censorious, or did use to speak ill, or censoriously of Persons, or Actions; but she was especially cautious in censuring Public Persons or Actions, in matters of State. I was present when she was told of the certainty of the War with the *Dutch*, and of the great preparations on all hands; on which subject she only said, '*If their sins be greater than ours, they would have the worst.*'"

HER CONSTANCY.

"*Constancy* was so known a virtue in *her*, that it might vindicate the whole Sex from the contrary imputation."

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF HER DECISION.

"When she had once weighed the Circumstances and resolved, she did not like to have any after considerations, or to be moved by them. This made her constant to her resolutions, even in lesser

matters, as, the times of her removals from one of her houses to another.

" She had six Houses (as I have intimated) in each of which she used, at her prefixed times, to keep her residence.

" None can call this an unsettledness, or humour of mutability; it was not onely, that she might the better hold up, and keep in repair those Houses, which commonly in the Owner's absence (who is the *Soul* of the House) turn to *Carcasses*, ready to be dissolved, fall to ruine and dust; but she resolved, by her presence, to animate the Houses which she had built, and the Places where she lived; to *dispense* and *disperse* the influences of her *Hospitality* and *Charity* in all the Places where her *Patrimony* lay, that *many* might be made Partakers of her comforts and kindness.

" In her frequent removals, both going and coming, she strewed her Bounty all the way. And for this end it was (as may be charitably conjectured) that she so often removed; and that not only in the Winter season, less fit for travelling; but also that she chose to pass those uncouth, and untrodden, those mountainous and almost impassable ways, that she might make the poor people and labourers her *Pioneers*, who were always well rewarded for their pains; let the season be never so bad, the places never so barren, yet we may say it, by way of allusion, Psal. lxv. 11, *She crowned the Season with her goodness, and her paths dropped*

fatness, even upon the pasture of the wilderness; the barren mountains. If she found not mines in these mountains, I am sure the Poor found Money in good plenty, whensoever she passed over them.

"But that which I speak of for an instance of her constancy, is a known story in these parts.

"When about three years ago she had appointed to remove from *Appleby* to *Brougham-Castle* (in *January*) the day being very cold; a frost, and misty; yet much company coming (as they usually did) to attend her removals; she would needs hold her resolution, and in her passage out of her house she diverted into the Chappel (as at such times she commonly did) and there, at or near a window, sent up her private Prayers and Ejaculations; when immediately she fell into a swoon, and could not be recovered, until she had been laid for some time upon a Bed, near a great fire. The Gentlemen and Neighbours who came to attend her, used much perswasion, that she would return to her Chamber, and not travel on so sharp and cold a day; but she having before fixed on that day, and so much company being come purposely to wait on her, *she would go;* and although as soon as she came to her Horse-litter she swooned again, and was carried into a Chamber, as before, yet as soon as that Fit was over, she went; and was no sooner come to her journey's end, (nine miles) but a swooning seized on her again; from which, being soon recovered, when some of her servants, and others

represented to her, with repining, her undertaking such a Journey, fore-told by divers to be so extremely hazardous to her life; she replied, *she knew she must die, and it was the same thing to Her to die in the way, as in her House; in her Litter as in her Bed;* declaring a courage no less than the great *Roman* General, *Necesse est ut eam, non ut vivam;* she would not acknowledge any necessity why she should live, but believed it necessary to keep firm to her Resolution. She did indeed discover by this, not only a *Moral constancy*, but a *Christian courage*, against the fear of death; from whence might also be well supposed, a Soul ready and prepared to meet Death any where, knowing what the Apostle hath taught her, 2 Cor. v. 1, That if her *earthly House* of this *Tabernacle* were *dissolved* she should have a *Building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.* That Death was but a *removal from one house to another*, from a worse house, to a better, *an earthly house to an heavenly;* flitting from an House built by nature, a Tabernacle earthly and dissoluble, to an House, a firm *Mansion*, prepared by Christ, built by God, *eternal in the Heavens*, from a *Tabernacle* to a *Temple.*"

HER COURAGE DURING THE REBELLION AND USURPATION.

"It was even then, that this couragious Lady dared to own herself *Loyal;* then, when they had

filled her Castle with Souldiers, and those of fierce and phanatical spirits, and none more fierce than they.

"The Head of those who at that time oppressed this Noble Lady was one,* whom even his great Master himself looked upon as under a Dispensation more terribly *phanatical* than any in his Host, terrible even to himself and his usurped Power. This dreadful man quartered himself under the roof of this Noble Lady; had made suspitious inquiries, or rather declared his presumptions, of Her sending assistance privately, where he was conscious that *Loyal Duty* required, and her affection might wish it, if there had been means with safety to convey it; but being not able to make proof of that, he would needs know her opinion, and dispute her out of her Loyalty at a time when she slept, and lived but at his mercy, giving her Alarms night and day when he listed. If she had now shrunk, and seem'd to yield to his opinion, she might pretend the learned Philosopher's excuse, who disputing with a great General, and yielding up the truth of the Cause, pleaded (to those who upbraided him) that he had done wisely to be confuted by him who had so many Legions, such an Army, to prove what he list, near, and at his command. But this undaunted Lady would not so easily yield, but would be superiour in the Dispute; having Truth and Loyalty on her side, she would not betray

* Harrison.

them, at the peril of her Life and Fortune; but boldly asserted, *that she did love the King*, that she would live and dye in her Loyal thoughts *to the King;* so with her *Courage* dulled the edge of so sharp an Adversary, that by God's merciful restraint he did her no harm at that time."

HER DILIGENCE—KEEPING ACCOUNT OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF HER TIME AND OF HER ACTIONS.

"She did cast up the account of them and see *what every day had brought forth;* she did set down what was of more remark, or dictated and caused much of it to be set down, in writing, in some certain seasons, which she contrived to be vacant from Addresses;" &c. &c.

"I confess, I have been informed, that after some reviews, these were laid aside; and some parts of these *Diaries* were summed into *Annals*.

"As she had been a most Critical Searcher into her own Life, so she had been a diligent Enquirer into the Lives, Fortunes, and Characters of many of her Ancestors for many years.

"Some of them she hath left particularly described; as the exact annals of divers passages, which were most remarkable in her own Life, ever since it was wholly at her own disposal; that is, since the Death of her last Lord and Husband, Philip, Earl of Pembroke, which was for the space of six or seven-and-twenty years.

"But this I will say, that as from this her great *Diligence*, her Posterity may find contentment in reading these abstracts of *Occurrences* in her own Life; being added to her *Heroick Father's* and *Pious Mother's* Lives, dictated by herself; so, they may reap greater fruits of her *Diligence*, in finding the *Honours*, *Descents*, *Pedigrees*, *Estates*, and the *Titles*, and *Claims* of their *Progenitors*, to them; comprised Historically and Methodically in three volumes of the largest size, and each of them three (or four) times fairly written over; which although they were said to have been collected and digested in some part, by one,* or more, learned Heads, yet they were wholly directed by herself; and attested in the most parts by her own Hand."

HER GENERAL CHARACTER.

"Her whole conversation was regular; a *Rule* (scarce subject to exception) *strict*, and *strait-lac'd*, as to herself; but *benign*, *candid*, and *favourable*, leaving others to their liberty.

"There might indeed seem in the opinion of some, many *Paradoxes* and *Contradictions* in her Life; she lived, and conversed *outwardly* with the *world*, as easily as might be; yet her Guise *inward* and *reflex'd*, was quite as one of another world.

* Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice.

"Of an humour pleasing to all; yet like to none; her Dress, not disliked by any, yet imitated by none. Those who fed by *Her* might be *full*, if with *Her*, starv'd; to eat by the measures she took to herself. She was absolute Mistris of *herself*, her *Resolutions*, *Actions*, and *Time;* and yet allowed a *time* for every purpose, for all *Addresses*, for any *Persons;* None had access but by leave, when she called; but none were rejected; none must stay longer than she would; yet none departed unsatisfied. Like him at the *Stern*, she seem'd to do little or nothing, but indeed turn'd and steer'd the whole course of her Affairs.

"She seem'd (2 Cor. vi. 10,) as *poor*, yet making *many rich;* as *having nothing, yet possessing all things*. She had many occasions of *sorrow*, but appear'd as if *she sorrowed not*, and again, *rejoyced as if she rejoyced not*. She had no visible transports, she did *use* the *World* as not *using*, at least, as *not abusing of it*.

"None disliked what she did, or was, because she was like herself in all things: *sibi constans, semper eadem*, the Great, wise Queen's *Motto*, whose favour in *her first*, and *that Queen's last years*, she was thought worthy of, and received, as she herself hath expressly remembered. I say, she was to herself, her own Reason and Resolutions, *constant, permanent*, knowing that *the fashion of this world passeth away*."

HER RELIGION.

"For her Religion, and professing of the true Faith, she did boldly, upon all occasions, acknowledge what it was; but especially upon one remarkable occasion, and it was this:

"About the same time when the Sword-men usurped dominion over the Persons and Estates of all the Loyal in the Land, they permitted their Spiritual Emissaries to exercise dominion over their Faith; and they were busy in Catechising, but whom? not Children in the Church (no more than they cared to Baptize them there;) But they must Catechise men and women of all Ages and Ranks whatsoever, in their Houses, or where they appointed them to appear.

"Well, this great Lady was not more dreaded for her *Loyalty* than suspected for her *Religion*, and therefore, as they had brought her to the *Touch-stone* for the one, they must bring her to the Test, and Tryal for the other.

"Whether it were a Committee, with a Club of their Divines, Lay-elders, and Superintendants over all that were appointed, I have not been informed; but to gain countenance, they drew in with them some ministers of better temper, and came to her Castle, which had a Garrison (no good Guests to her, but sure Friends to them). They bring her to be examined; what their Questions were, I have not particularly learned; onely

by her Answer I may suppose one in general to have been, *What Faith and Religion she professed?*

"One might well have thought, in a Person of her Quality, Age, and Spirit, Disdain at such Insolency should have kept her from answering, or saying anything, except in reproaching their Arrogancy, and proud Hypocrisy.

"But, having learned another Lesson, 1 Pet. iii. 15, *To be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear,* her readiness and meekness made her willing to give a reason of her Hope; Hope, which is built upon Faith; and she told them to this, or like, effect:

"That her *Faith* was built upon the foundation of the Prophets and Apostles; that is, upon the *Holy Scriptures,* the *Word of God,* as delivered and expounded by the *Church of England,* whose *Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship,* as by Law established, she was bred in, and had embraced; and by God's Grace would *persist in it to her Life's end.* This general (with other more explicit) Answer, was so apposite; delivered with such firmness of mind, that some ministers whom they had drawn in with them, to give a colour to their presumption, observing that this well-taught Lady had *purchased a good degree of boldness in the Faith;* observing, I say, the *stedfastness* and *tryal* of her *Faith, more precious than Gold that perisheth,* (they knew that Gold she would easily let go, upon

all occasions, very liberally, but saw she would hold fast the Faith once delivered to her) they left her; one of them going out weeping, amazed, and confounded, to find such Knowledg, Constancy, and Courage, in a woman, her Faith so sound, and laudable, and mixed with so much Christian meekness, and condescention.

"The rest also (being no doubt, astonished at her Understanding and Answers) left her a glorious *Confessor*, willing enough, no doubt, to have been a *Martyr*, and to have sealed to the truth by undergoing any more fiery tryal.

"And she was after this so resolute to stick to the *Order* of the *Church* in the main point of *Practice*, partaking of the *holy Eucharist*, that when there was a kind of *Interdict* on the Land, a forbidding to administer the Sacraments according to the *Common-Prayer*, she would not, what danger soever might happen, communicate any other way; sticking close to the Rules and *Forms* of *sound words*, prescribed by the *Rubrick*, to which she had always been accustomed, and had approved it by her own judgment: having suck'd also, as it were, with her mother's milk, wholsom Institutions, who train'd her up as an obedient daughter of the Church of *England*."

HER DEVOTION.

"For her *Devotion;* some thought less of it, because she had no Domestick Chaplain; and it was

an Objection, which I knew not how to answer, until I was assured, that although she had no Chaplain menial in her House, yet she had six Household Chaplains: at every one of her Houses the Parochial Ministers did officiate to her Family, as well as at their Cures, and they wanted not all due encouragements from so good a Patroness.

"Indeed, when age had deprived her of the benefit of her Limbs; her hearing also being much decayed, her Chamber as I intimated was her Oratory, a house of Prayer, not that the Morning and Evening Service were performed daily there, especially of late, when her Hearing failed. But she seldom omitted, Morning and Evening, and at Noon, to offer up her private Devotions to God, and in whatsoever posture she was, to send up some holy *Ejaculations*. The Psalms for the day of the Moneth were never omitted to be read by her self; or when under some indisposition, read to her by her Attendants. She much delighted in that holy Book, it was her companion, and when persons, or their affections, cannot so well be known by themselves, they may be guessed at by their companions."

"Besides this, which she did commonly read herself, she usually heard a large portion of Scripture read every day, as much as one of the Gospels read every week. So that let her body be fed never so sparingly, her soul was nourished with *sound words*, the words of Faith, which must needs

give her a growth in Grace, and make a sincere heart.

"She took a particular delight in one Chapter, which she used to repeat every *Lord's day* in the year, and never failed to do it; it was the eighth of the *Romans*, which she had by heart (in the best sense) had laid it up in her heart; and truly she could hardly find a better Cordial in any one Chapter in all the Holy Scriptures.

"Which, how comfortable, how pertinent, how useful it may be to any Christian, in any condition, who desires, with Meditation and Reflection, to peruse it, it may be sufficient to refer them to the serious *reading* of it, and I doubt not but they will approve this Ladie's Wisdom and Piety, in her choice, and frequent application of it to herself; and she did so when Death look'd her in the face; repeating it the first day when her Sickness (which proved mortal) seized on her.

"——in that selected chapter (Rom. viii.) the greatest Emphasis in it is to teach Patience, either in inward afflictions of the Soul, or outward pressures on the Body; securing the Soul against the fear of damnation, though under sinful infirmities; and sustaining the Body and outward man, though under the *Cross* and *greatest afflictions;* assuring, that where Patience hath *endured to the utmost*, when Patience shall have *pefected its work*, it shall have its *reward*, a *Crown* at the last."

HER PATIENCE.

"She had many tryals of her Patience, &c. and amongst the tryals of this kind, I was able to observe one great work of *Patience* wrought out by this pious Lady. When the astonishing news was brought her, about three years since, from the *Isle of Gainsey*, of the strange and disasterous death of one of her dear *Grand-Children*, with a Lady of great Piety and Honour, and divers others, by a terrible blast by Gunpowder, the relation of which amazed the Court, and all that heard of it; although she first received the news with a sorrow, suppressed by a silence and wonder; yet after, when she heard that the Noble Lord, her Grandson,* who had also been blown up out of his Chamber (and by a wonderful Providence, being thrown upon an high Wall) that he and two of her Grand-children escaped without any harm, she discovered a patient submission to the will of God, in many Christian expressions, which soon after I did receive from herself, and several times after, when she was pleased to renew the rememberance of it, with much admiration, and acknowledgment of the secret wayes of God's Judgements and Mercies; on which she could enlarge with many heavenly expressions."

THE END.

"But now Patience through all these experiences began to draw its work to perfection;

* Lord Hatton.

which it never doth except it dye with them whom it hath supported in life.

" A little before Her death, Patience, and Meekness, and low thoughts of Her Self, which had been Her practice, were now Her Argument. Discoursing frequently with one of her nearest Attendants, and seeing her, and others, passionatly concern'd, and busie about her, she willed them not to take so much pains for her, who deserved less; expostulating why any, herself especially, should at any time be angry; why any of these outward things should trouble her, who deserve so little, and had been blessed with so much? By which it might appear that she had brought into subjection all great thoughts, she had cast down imaginations, and every high thing, bringing into captivity every high thought, and submitting the World and her Soul to the *Obedience* of Christ; her passions were mortified and dead before her: so that for three or four dayes of last sickness, (for she indured no more) she lay as if she indured nothing; she called for her *Psalms*, which she could not now, as she usually had done, read herself (the greatest Symptome of her extremity) she caused them to be read unto her. But that Cordial of which I have spoken (kept, in Rom. viii. and in her heart) this her memory held to the last, this she soon repeated: No doubt to secure her soul against all fear of Condemnation, being now wholly Christ's, having served Him in the spirit of her mind, and not loved to walk after the

Flesh, having (as often as she affectionatly pronounced the words of this chapter) called in the Testimony of the Spirit to bear her witness that she desired to be delivered from this Bondage of Corruption into the glorious liberty of the Children of God; and so to strengthen her Faith and Hope by other comfortable Arguments, contein'd in the rest of that chapter, being the last words of continuance, which this dying Lady spoke.

"The rest of the time, as if it had been spent in Ruminating, Digesting, and speaking inwardly to her Soul, what she utter'd with broken words, she lay quiet, and without much sign of any Perturbation; after a while, in a gentle breath, scarce perceptible, she breathed out that Soul which God had breathed into her; rendring it even to that God which gave it. So breathed her last, and quietly slept, not to be awakened again, but by the Archangel's Trumpet, when it shall call her to the *Resurrection of the Just.*

"Thus fell at last this goodly *Building;* Thus died this *great wise Woman;* who while she lived was the Honour of her Sex and Age, fitter for an *History* than a *Sermon.*

"Who having well considered that her last Remove, (how soon she knew not) must be to the *House of Death;* she built her own Apartment there; *the Tomb before your eyes;* against this day, on which we are all now here met to give her Reliques Livery and Seizin, quiet possession.

"And while her Dust lies silent in that Chamber of Death, the Monuments which she had built in the Hearts of all that knew her, shall speak loud in the ears of a profligate generation; and tell, that in this general Corruption, lapsed times decay, and downfal of Vertue, the thrice Illustrious *Anne*, Countess of *Pembroke*, *Dorset*, and *Montgomery*, stood immovable in her Integrity of Manners, Vertue, and Religion; was a well-built Temple for Wisdom and all her train of Vertues to reside in; is now removed and gone to inhabit a Building of God, *an House not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens.* To which blessed Mansion let us all endeavour to follow her, by treading in the steps of her *Faith*, *Vertue* and *Patience; That having fought the good Fight, finished our Course, and kept the Faith, we may receive the Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give at that day to all that love his appearing.*"

MARY EVELYN.

EVELYN, in his interesting diary, records the birth of a daughter, Oct. 1, 1665, in these words:—

"This afternoon, whilst at evening prayers, tidings were brought me of the birth of a daughter at Wotton, after six sons, in the same chamber I had first tooke breath in, and at the first day of that month, as I was on the last, forty-five years before."

This was during the period of the great plague in London, when he had sent down his wife and children to his country place for security, and remained himself in town to attend to the duties of his office.

From time to time the tender and pious father names his Mary in his journal, evidently proud of her accomplishments and the admiration she excites. When she is seventeen, he enters in his memoranda the fact that, on the 7th February, she began to learn music of Signor Bartholomeo,

in praise of whose genius he has been very eloquent before; and also "dauncing, of Mon^r Isaac, reputed the best masters."

He relates her triumphs in singing with infinite pleasure.

"I was invited to my Lord Arundel, of Wardour, where, after dinner, Mr. Pordage entertained us with his voice, that excellent and stupendous artist, Signor J° Baptist, playing to it on the harpsichord. My daughter, Mary, being with us, she also sung, to the great satisfaction of both the masters, and a world of people of quality present. She did so also at my Lord Rochester's the evening following, where we had the French boy, so famous for his singing, and, indeed, he had a delicate voice, and had been well taught."

Amidst the dissipation, immorality, and neglect of all duties so unfortunately conspicuous at this period, it is a real pleasure to find that there existed a few superior spirits, whose example might still assure the sorrowing world that goodness and virtue had not

"Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again."

At a time when the indulgent friend of the dissolute Charles is obliged to note down his disgust of scenes such as preceded the death of the most ungrateful and thoughtless of monarchs, to read his account of his daughter's usual occupations and habits redeems the age.

"I can never forget," he says, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, it being Sunday evening, which this night se'nnight I was witness of. The King sitting and toying with his favourites, Portsmouth, Cleveland and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least two thousand in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

His daughter was now in her nineteenth year, witty, lively, gentle, and amiable, the delight of her family, and the admiration of all. Highly accomplished, and extremely intelligent and ready, French was to her the same as her own language; indeed, her mother, the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, having been brought up abroad during the troubles, was, probably, more French than English, and she was an elegant Italian scholar: her father thus describes her:—

"The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared to those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending

a part of every day in private devotion, reading and other virtuous exercises.

"She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places. * * She was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflexions upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had been at any time, which, being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved."

Her attainments in music were distinguished; for, in that fastidious age, when foreign artists of the greatest talent were constantly heard, she was looked upon as a first-rate musician.

"She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the scholars of those two famous masters, Signor Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteemed the best: for the sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung it was as charming to the eye as the ear: this I rather note because it was a universal remark, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to hear her, *the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour.*"

Her cheerfulness and kindness in her family appear to have been delightful; to the meanest servant her condescension and consideration extending: in case of sickness she was always ready to attend on and read to any of the household, and her pleasure was to instruct and assist them on all occasions.

Her wit was innocent and sprightly, without the slightest alloy of bitterness or sarcasm: her taste was delicate and refined; and though, with the gaiety natural to her age, she was fond of theatrical amusements to a certain extent, yet she usually reproached herself for spending her time so unprofitably.

Her talent for letter-writing, at all times a rare gift, was remarkable; and she was celebrated in her own private circle for the grace and spirit with which she read poetry, particularly comic verse, giving it the true meaning with infinite tact and wit; and, in dancing, she was not excelled by any lady of the Court; although she shunned all display, and her attainments, in that particular, were chiefly developed in the gracefulness of her movements; but who can do justice to the charms of this interesting creature so well as her father, who had to deplore her loss, while he recounts her virtues?

"Nothing affected, but natural and easy, as well in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always material, not trifling; and to which the extraordinary sweetness of her voice, even in familiar speaking, was very charming.

"Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caress and humour with great delight.

"But she most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learn something and improve herself.

"I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me: comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing everything, to some excess, had I not sometimes repressed it.

"Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days; for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid."

These studies are, indeed, somewhat beyond the usual routine of a young girl's reading; and, perhaps, her father himself selected the portions he wished her to become acquainted with in these authors. He goes on to say that she had read all the best *romances* and modern poems, and could "compose happily and put in pretty symbols, as in the 'Mundus Muliebris,'* wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex."

The unfortunate father, whose heart seemed set on this precious object, then indulges in this pathetic burst of grief:—

* A Poem of his own.

"Oh dear, sweet, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow, and reluctancy of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love was to me that of a friend as well as a child. Not less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh! how she mourns thy loss! how desolate thou hast left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory!"

Mary Evelyn was sought in marriage by no less than four suitors; but she did not appear to have herself selected any; and when her father gave her full choice, she expressed an inclination rather to remain with her parents.

"Were I assured," said she to her mother, "of your life and my dear father's, never would I part with you: I love you and this home, where we serve God, above all things, nor ever shall I be so happy: I know and consider the vicissitudes of the world; I have some experience of its vanities, and, but that you judge it expedient for me, I would not change my condition, but rather add the fortune you design me to my sister's, and to keep up the reputation of our family."

A fatal visit to Lady Falkland, who had taken an extraordinary fondness for her, was the cause of that catastrophe which deprived the world of one so young and yet so wise and good.

Perhaps there was a little selfishness in the apparent attachment thus shown, for, as the family of Lord Falkland was musical, Mary Evelyn formed a most useful and agreeable addition to their circle. The visit which her father was induced to allow her to make was greatly prolonged; it being represented to him that it was a pity to neglect so good an opportunity of learning of Pièтro, the fashionable master, whose pupil she accordingly became.

"It was," continues Evelyn, "the end of February before I could prevail with my lady to part with her: she expressed her wish to come home, being tired of the vain and empty conversation of the town, the theatres, the Court, and trifling visits, which consumed so much precious time, and made her sometimes miss of that regular course of piety that gave her the greatest satisfaction. She was weary of this life, and I think went not thrice to Court all this time, except when her mother or I carried her. She did not affect showing herself; she knew the Court well, and passed one summer in it at Windsor, with Lady Tuke, one of the Queen's women of the bed-chamber, a most virtuous relation of hers; she was not fond of that glittering scene, now become abominably licentious, though there was a design of Lady Rochester and Lady Clarendon to have made her a maid of honour to the Queen as soon as there was a vacancy. But this she did not set her heart upon, nor indeed on

anything so much as the service of God, a quiet and regular life, and how she might improve herself in the most necessary accomplishments, and to which she was arrived at so great a measure."

Happy would it have been for the unfortunate parents, had their daughter returned to them before her mind and body had become harassed and fatigued with this gaiety, of which she both disapproved and had striven to get rid of.

Her friend, Lady Falkland, just before parting with her, took her to pay one of those frivolous visits of no importance, which at all periods are the resource of idle, fashionable society.

After they had been a good while in the house, their hostess, with unfeeling thoughtlessness, merely probably wanting a theme of discourse, told them she had a servant lying sick of the small pox.

Mary Evelyn was instantly seized with that sort of horror which so often occasions a fatal result, and the impression was increased when she heard that the servant died the next day.

She returned to her father's house only to die:— the terrible disease showed itself too clearly; and at once it was evident that there was no hope. "Thus," exclaims her bereaved father, "lived, died, and was buried, the joy of my life, and ornament of her sex, and of my poor family."

Since the death of his charming and interesting friend, Mrs. Godolphin, poor Evelyn seems never

to have had so sad a loss, and he laments it with the deepest grief. Her papers showed the learning and refinement of her mind, and he was surprised to find how, even beyond his expectations, she had profited by her studies; but, he adds, "she was a little miracle while she lived, and so she died!"

This is the brief history of an amiable creature, who lived in an age when there were few like her, and which produced more examples of high talent, beauty, and grace perverted, than of modest merit and unpretending piety.

LADY FANSHAWE.

A DEVOTED wife and mother, a woman full of feminine qualities and energetic resolution happily combined, the daughter of Sir John Harrison, and the cousin of Evelyn, must always excite a pleasing interest when we follow her in her flights and her wanderings, and accompany her in her simple and clear descriptions of places and things which circumstances, both of misfortune and prosperity, made known to her. She has written her own memoirs, which present a lively picture of the time in which she lived, namely, during the civil wars, when Charles and Cromwell were struggling for mastery, and when that most careless and ungrateful of princes, Charles the Second, reclaimed his birthright, and shuffled off the friends who had gained it for him.

She relates minutely all that occurred to her husband and herself; for it was then a time when to write memoirs was considered a necessary

employment; but, unlike the insufferable Duchess of Newcastle, and the amiable but prosaic Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, her accounts are full of life and grace, and the mixture of superstition which accompanies her genuine piety is merely entertaining, for her wonderful stories are really good. At the outset of her biography, she relates this anecdote of her mother, who died when she had attained the age of fifteen, in 1640.

After naming that her "ever honoured and most dear mother's" funeral cost above a thousand pounds, she speaks of Dr. Howlsworth, who, with several other divines, was intimate in the family, having preached her funeral sermon, "in which, upon his own knowledge, he told, before many hundreds of people, this "accident" following:—

"That my mother, being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, her friends and servants thought, to all outward appearance, that she was dead, and so lay about two days and a night; but Dr. Winston, coming to comfort my father, went into her room, and, looking earnestly on her face, said, 'She was so handsome and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead;' and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket, and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again, and to be rubbed, and such means, as she came to life, and opening her eyes saw two of her kinswomen stand

by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell,* both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said:

"'Did you not promise me fifteen years? and are you come again?'

"Which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but, some hours after, she desired my father and Dr. Howlsworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said:

* In the Catalogue of the Portraits at Woburn, a lady is named as Elizabeth, Baroness Russell, of Thornhaugh: and her picture, by Lucas de Heere, is thus described by Mr. Wiffin:—

"Holding a fan of peacock's feathers, and apparelled in a black dress, figured with white and gold; a large plain ruff, and *full sleeves*, upon one of which is a curious ornament of jewelry, representing a naked man supporting a coronet, and bayed at by his hounds; whilst, on the other, is her monogram, E. R., hung round with fulgent jewels.

"She was the daughter and sole heir of Sir Henry Long, of Shengay, in Cambridgeshire, and, in 1583, married Sir William Russell, fourth son of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, before he was created Baron Russell, of Thornhaugh. When he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, she accompanied him thither, and, as we learn from his diary, often attended him in his hunting excursions to the moors and mountains, where the *wild wolf* was the object of pursuit. Lady Fairfax, (this, of course, should be *Lady Fanshawe*,) in her Memoirs, relates a singular *dream*, which was very remarkably fulfilled, in which this Lady Russell figures, with the same *large sleeves*, doubtless, in which she is represented here. She was a lady of great piety, and left behind her many 'holy meditations and religious comments on the Scriptures, dying with great resignation and sereneness, 12 *June*, 1611.'"

As Lady Harrison died in 1640, she could scarcely be the kinswoman who *stood by her bedside*, unless the two she saw were visions, as well as the rest.

It is singular how lamentably inaccurate authors are in dates; by that means confounding persons in a most perplexing manner.

"'I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance, I was in great quiet, but in a place that I could neither distinguish nor describe: but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits.

"'Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down with my face in the dust: and they asked me, why I was troubled in so great happiness: I replied, "Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman;" to which they answered, "It is done." And then, at that instant, I woke out of my trance.'

"And Dr. Howlsworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time."

Lady Harrison, on her recovery from this illness, which had threatened to terminate so fatally, devoted herself to the education of this beloved child, who had "all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine work with my needle,"—which she places in the first rank of accomplishments,—"and learning French, singing, and the lute, the virginals and dancing; and, notwithstanding I learnt as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time; for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pas-

times: in short, I was that which we graver people call a *hoyting girl;* but, to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or other people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight; but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childishnesses that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me the charge of his house and family, which I so ordered, by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight."

Her brother, William Harrison, who, together with all the family, was a staunch royalist, she describes as, in 1641, "sitting in the Commons' House of Parliament; but not long, for when the King set up his standard he went with him to Nottingham; yet he, during his sitting, undertook that my father should lend one hundred and forty thousand pounds to pay the Scots, that had then entered England; and, as it seems, were to be both *payed and prayed* to go home; but afterwards their plague infected the whole kingdom, as to all our sorrows we know, and *that debt of my father's remained to him until the restoration of the king.*"

Her father was plundered by the Long Parliament, and all his estates sequestered soon after this. The account she gives of her uncomfortable position at this time is striking, shared, doubtless, as it was,

by many ladies of the same rank, whose domestic happiness was thus rudely disturbed.

" My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the Court then was; but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water; and the scene so changed, that we know not at all how to act any part but obedience; for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house, in an obscure street, and from rooms well-furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret; to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered; no money, for we were as poor as Job; nor clothes, more than a man or two brought in their cloak-bags: we had the perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men: at the windows, the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sicknesses of other kinds, by reason of so many people being packed together, as I believe there never was before of that quality; always in want, yet I must needs say, that most bore it *with a martyr-like cheerfulness.* For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives."

It was at this very period of privation that Anne Harrison met with her husband, and, in the midst of depression and uncertainty, their union took place; their only prospect being that which hope presented for the future, the present offering a

gloomy face indeed. However, she was married with her "mother's wedding ring" to Sir Richard Fanshawe, then named secretary-of-war to the Prince, with a promise of promotion from the King, as soon as his fortunes permitted him to reward his servants; but, she adds, gaily, "both his fortune, and my promised portion of ten thousand pounds, were both, at that time, in expectation; and we might truly be called merchant-adventurers, for the stock we set up our trading with did not amount to *twenty pounds* betwixt us; but, however, it was to us as a little piece of armour is against a bullet, which, if it be right placed, though no bigger than a shilling, serves as well as a whole suit of armour; so our stock bought pen, ink, and paper, which was my husband's trade, and by it we lived better than those that were born to two thousand pounds a year, as long as he had his liberty."

Of Sir Richard's early life, his lively biographer tells several anecdotes, which occurred previous to their marriage, amongst others, of his visit to Paris, when the money with which he was furnished was eighty pieces of gold, and French silver in his pocket to the value of *five pounds:* his gold was quilted in his doublet.

A modern traveller, even setting out by rail-road to Paris, in these degenerate days, would not think it necessary to take such precautions with so *heavy* a sum, although the *dénouement* of the

story might not be very unlikely to happen, even now.

"He went by post to lodgings in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, with an intent to rest that night, and the next day to find out his kindred; but the devil, that never sleeps, so ordered it, that *two friars* entered the chamber wherein he was, and welcoming him, being his countrymen, invited him to play; he, innocently, only intending diversion, till his supper was ready: but that was not their design, for having engaged him, they left him not as long as he was worth a groat, which, when they discovered, they gave him five pieces of his money, until he could recruit himself by his friends, which he did the next day; and from that time forward never played for a piece."

The most singular part of the tale is to come:—

"It came to pass, that, seven years after, my husband being in Huntingdonshire, at a bowling-green, with Sir Capel Bedells, and many other persons of quality, one in the company was called Captain Taller. My husband, who had a very quick and piercing eye, marked him much, as knowing his face; and found, through the peruke-wig, and scarlet cloak, and buff suit, that he was neither Captain, nor Taller, but the *honest* Jesuit, called Friar Sherwood, that had cheated him of the greatest part of his money, and after lent him the five pieces: so my husband went to him and gave

him his five pieces, and said, 'Father Sherwood, I know you, and you know this;' at which he was extremely surprised, and begged he would not discover him, for his life was in danger."

Lady Fanshawe, whose memoirs are addressed to her son, gives throughout curious details that discover the habits of the times; as when she mentions her husband's allowance, as a younger brother, being considerable for the time, although but fifty pounds a year; and the sum which constituted his fortune being one thousand five hundred pounds in money.

During Sir Richard's residence abroad he acquired the continental languages, and was so conversant in Spanish, that he obtained the appointment of secretary of the Spanish embassy. She recounts an adventure which befel him when on his return travelling post: it appears that he was much fatigued, and entered a house about five leagues from Madrid, where he went to bed, intending to refresh himself by sleeping for a few hours; he did this so effectually, that his slumbers lasted uninterruptedly while the house he was in was on fire, and the whole village busy clamouring to put it out. When, at length, he waked, he found himself lying upon a piece of timber on the highway, with his portmanteau and clothes by him, with not a single article abstracted; so great was the honesty and humanity of his host and his family, whose house was burnt to the ground.

The promotion that Sir Richard Fanshawe looked for, even at the period of his marriage, was checked by Queen Henrietta Maria, who was his enemy; and who knew well how to "scowl" on those she did not like; and who were displeasing to her Catholic favourites: otherwise he would have been placed as private Secretary about the Prince, which the Queen opposed; always preferring her own prejudices to her husband's interests.

Lady Fanshawe's lot, immediately after her marriage, was sufficiently severe: she was left behind while Sir Richard accompanied the Prince to Bristol, and had neither money nor conveniences suitable to her situation; for she was then in her first confinement. She bears all as she may,—sickness, privation and sorrow,—and only dwells on her delight when, at length, her husband is able to send her funds to enable her to come to join him at Bristol. She was greatly revived by the prospect of their meeting; and, while preparations were being made for her journey, as she and her relations were walking in the garden of St. John's College, Oxford, they heard the drums beat in the highway, under the garden-wall.

"My father," she says, "asked me if I would go up upon the mount to see the soldiers march; for it was Sir Charles Lee's company of Foot—an acquaintance of ours: I said 'Yes,' and went up, leaning my back to a tree that grew on the mount.

The commander, seeing us there, in compliment, gave us a volley of shot; and, one of their muskets being loaded, shot a brace of bullets not two inches above my head, as I leaned to the tree; for which mercy and deliverance I praise God."

While she was with her husband at Bristol, she was in the society of several ladies who were much more experienced and greater politicians than herself; and who laid a plan to make her useful in procuring from the secretary any information they wished to have: these plotters were Lady Rivers, Lady Aubigny, and Lady Isabella Thynne, who began by speaking in admiring terms of females who understood state affairs; until the young wife began to feel ambitious to become as knowing and as useful as these ladies represented each other to be. She gives the scene of her first attempt at diplomacy, with amusing simplicity:—

"I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth 'What news?' began to think there was more in enquiring into public affairs than I thought of; and that it being a *fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband,* if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from Council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his hand full of papers into his study for an hour or more: I followed him—he turned hastily and said, 'What wouldst thou have,

my life?'—I told him I heard the prince had received a packet from the Queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it: he smilingly replied—'My love, I will immediately come to thee; prithee go, for I am very busy.'

"When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper *I would eat nothing;* he, as usual, sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom; and was full of discourse to company that was at table.

"Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing; but stopped my mouth with kisses."

The lady seemed determined, as Desdemona professed she would do, to

> "Watch him tame, to talk him out of patience,
> To intermingle everything he did
> With this, her suit."

But the stoical Sir Richard, who no doubt saw there were other actors behind the scenes, who were prompting the *débutante*, was proof against her pouting, and even her tears and reproaches. At length, determined to put an end to her importunity, and his own danger at once, he ended by embracing and saying to her:—

"My dearest soul, nothing on earth can afflict

me like your saying 'I do not care to see you troubled;' and, when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the Prince's affairs: and prithee, with this answer rest satisfied."*

"So great was his reason and goodness that, upon consideration, it made my folly appear to me

* The Lady Isabella Thynne, mentioned in this scene, figures in rather a singular manner in an anecdote told in the "Life of Cromwell," in which the author, the descendant of the Protector, labours hard to prove the kindness of his heart, and his lenity.

"Some one had acquainted Cromwell, for he had active spies everywhere, that Lady Ormonde had been practising against his government, with her husband; upon which Lady Ormonde's papers were presently seized, she living at that time in London. This lady had no friend to speak for her, but Lord Broghill, and, therefore, applied herself to him. His lordship immediately went to Cromwell, but, before he could speak to him, Cromwell began with his lordship, saying, in an angry, taunting way, 'You have undertaken, indeed, for a fine person—the Lady Ormonde is conspiring, with her husband, against me, though, by your procurement, I have allowed her two thousand pounds per annum, of her husband's estate, because they are sufferers in Ireland; but I find she is a wicked woman, and she shall not have a farthing of it, and I will have her carted besides.'

"My lord, seeing Cromwell in this fury, gave a soft answer, and said he was sorry my Lady Ormonde had given occasion for such a disturbance; he could not tell what to think of it, but he humbly desired to know what grounds he had for so severe a censure on the lady. Cromwell answered, 'Enough, for he had letters under her hand for it;' and then threw him a letter to peruse, which had been found in rifling the cabinet. My lord read the letter, and smiled; Cromwell asked him what he thought of it. His lordship replied, 'It was a mistake; for that

so vile, that from that day to the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me, in order to his estate and family."

Sir Richard, whose prudence and conscientious dealings were, no doubt, appreciated, was at this time advanced to the position he desired, for the Prince's private secretary, Mr. Long, was suspected of holding communication with the Earl of Essex, and, consequently, dismissed.

Lady Fanshawe's *home* travels then begin; and her remarks on the different places and people she sees are full of *naïveté*.

"About July, this year, 1645, the plague increased so fast in Bristol that the Prince and all his retinue went to Barnstable, which is one of the finest towns in England; and your father [she is addressing her son] and I went two days after the Prince, for during all the time I was in the Court, I never journeyed but either before him, or when he was gone, nor ever saw him but at church, *for it was not, in those days, the fashion*

was not lady Ormonde's handwriting, but Lady Isabella Thynne's, between whom and the Lord of Ormonde there had been some intrigues.'

"Cromwell immediately asked how this could be proved: Lord Broghill answered, he could easily do that, by showing him some letters of Lady Isabella's, by which he soon convinced Cromwell so fully, that his anger was turned into a merry drollery, and the Lady Ormonde had her estate and liberty continued her, which kindness the marchioness heartily acknowledged."—*Morris's Life of Lord Broghill.*

for honest women, except they had business, to visit a man's Court."

This modesty and propriety the Prince contrived very soon to get the better of, in most instances. Lady Fanshawe must have seen with infinite disgust the difference of manners afterwards introduced; she continues:—

"I saw here, at Mr. Palmer's, who was a merchant, a parrot above a hundred years old. They have near this town a fruit called *a massard*, like a cherry, but different in taste, and makes the best pies with their sort of cream I ever ate. My Lady Capell here left us, and, with a pass from the Earl of Essex, went to London with her eldest daughter, now Marquesse of Worcester.

"Sir Allan Apsley was governor of the town, and we had all sorts of good provision and accommodation; but the Prince's affairs calling him from that place we went to Launceston, in Cornwall, and thither came very many gentlemen of that county to do their duties to his Highness; they were generally loyal to the Crown, and hospitable to their neighbours, but they are of a crafty and censorious nature, *as most are so far from London.* That country hath great plenty, especially of fish and fowl, but nothing near so fat and sweet as within forty miles of London. We were quartered at Truro, in which place I had like to have been robbed.

"One night, having with me but seven or eight persons, my husband being then at Launceston with his master, somebody had discovered that he had a little trunk of the Prince's in keeping, in which were some jewels that tempted them to us assay; but, praised be God, I defended, with the few servants I had, the house so long, that help came from the town to my rescue, which was not above a flight shot from the place where I dwelt; and, the next day, upon my notice, my husband sent me a guard by his Highness's command."

The Prince, and all his suite, and most of his friends, were soon obliged to leave Cornwall, and some of them directed their course to the rugged shores of haunted Brittany, where the evil fairies, looking from their frightful rocks, welcomed the ill fortune of the Stuarts; and, in their assumed shape of sea-birds,* shrieked round the vessels in which the fugitives sought that savage coast, driven by the fury of the winds and waves into a creek, two leagues from Morlaix, upon the 28th of March, 1646.

The Prince himself embarked from the Land's End for the Isles of Scilly, and Lady Fanshawe and her family did the same. She was forced to leave her house and furniture in the care of a certain Captain Bluett, who afterwards pretended that he had been plundered of every thing, "although it was well known that he had lost nothing of his own."

* Breton superstitions.

Added to this, they were robbed of all the money and valuables they had by the mutinous sailors on board their ship, by which they lost about three hundred pounds, which, in their state, was a sad distress. At length, they were set on shore in the Island of Scilly.

" And when we got to our quarters, near the Castle, where the Prince lay, I went immediately to bed, [she was then near her second confinement,] which was so vile that my footman ever lay in a better, and we had but three in the whole house, which consisted of four rooms, or rather partitions, two low rooms, and two little lofts, with a ladder to go up. In one of these they kept dried fish, which was *his* (the host's) trade; and in this my husband's two clerks lay; one there was for my sister, and one for myself, and one, amongst the rest, for the servants: but when I waked in the morning, I was so cold, I knew not what to do; but the day-light discovered that my bed was near swimming in the sea, which the owner told us afterwards it never did so but at spring-tide. With this, we were destitute of clothes, meat, and fuel; there was not in the whole island the means of serving half the Court for a month; and truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The council sent for provisions from France, which served us, but they were bad, and little of them;

then, after three weeks and odd days we set sail for the Isle of Jersey, where we safely arrived, praised be God, beyond the belief of all the beholders from that island; for the pilot, not knowing the way into the harbour, *sailed over the rocks*, but being spring-tide, and, by chance, high water, (God be praised,) his Highness, and all of us, came safe ashore through so great a danger."

What a picture of desolation do these scenes present! and how little sympathy can one feel for a man who could, in his prosperity, forget all that his friends and their families had undergone for his sake. But it is rare, indeed, that adversity teaches gratitude to princes.

Lady Fanshawe bore all with the greatest sweetness and patience, and her cheerfulness rises above all the vexations and privations they meet with.

Heniretta Maria insisted on her son's joining her in Paris, which he did; and Fanshawe and his wife, after remaining long enough in Jersey for her recovery from her confinement, separated, he to Caen, to his brother, and she, on a venture, to England, to endeavour to procure a sum of money. Her husband afterwards followed her, and, in great discomfort, they remained in concealment for some time, afraid of being discovered and imprisoned, and unable to rejoin the Prince.

Whenever Lady Fanshawe was in the greatest strait, it was sure to be increased by another

confinement, which was her case at this time, July, 1647—the period when Charles I. was persuaded to leave Hampton Court secretly, as he did.

"During his stay at Hampton Court," says the wife of his devoted servant, "my husband was with him, to whom he was pleased to talk much of his concerns, and gave him three credentials for Spain, with private instructions and letters for his service; but God for our sins disposed his Majesty's affairs otherwise. I went three times to pay my duty to him, both as I was the daughter of his servant, and the wife of his servant. The last time I ever saw him, when I took my leave, I could not refrain from weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed God to preserve his Majesty with long life and happy years: he stroked me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am;' then, turning to your father, he said, 'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all that I have said, and deliver these letters to my wife; pray God bless her! I hope I shall do well.'

"And, taking him in his arms, said, 'Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love and trust in you;' adding, 'I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity, I will bountifully reward you both for your

service and sufferings.' Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken of God."

Cromwell has been accused of much treachery towards King Charles at this time. It is said that he had hitherto espoused the King's interests, and had gone so far as secretly to make a compact with Charles,* "that if the King closed with the army's proposals, he should be made Earl of Essex, knight of the Garter, and first Captain of the Horse Guards, and Ireton was to be made Lieutenant of Ireland."

Other honours and employments were likewise stipulated for Cromwell's family and friends. But the King was so uxorious that he could do nothing without the advice of his Queen, who, not liking the proposal, he sent a letter to acquaint her, "that though he assented to the army's proposals, yet, if by so doing he could procure peace, it would be *easier then to take off Cromwell* than now he was the head that governed the army."

Cromwell, who had spies upon every motion of the King, intercepted this letter, and thereupon resolved never to trust Charles more.

On this it is said Cromwell, in pretended kindness, informed the King that he was not in safety at Hampton Court, and advised his escape, as he

* Life of Cromwell.

feared he could not manage his designs if he remained so near to Parliament: he persuaded him that he would be more out of the reach of his enemies at the Isle of Wight, and Charles, unfortunately, listened to his counsel: this is asserted by Father Orleans, but his testimony is rather doubtful. Lord Clarendon himself says, that Cromwell complained that the King could not be trusted; and the author of Lord Broghill's Memoirs relates a discourse which passed between him and Cromwell whilst he was in Ireland, in 1650.

He informs us that the subject of the King's death having arisen between Cromwell and Ireton, Cromwell said, "that if the King had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all;" adding, "We had once an inclination to have come to terms with him, but something that happened drew us off from it." The Lord Broghill, seeing they were both in good humour, asked, "Why, if they were inclined to close with him, they had not done it;" upon which Cromwell frankly told him—

"The reason of our inclination to come to terms was, we found the Scots and Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we, and were strenuously endeavouring to strike up an agreement with the King, and leave us in the lurch; whereupon we thought to prevent them by offering more reasonable conditions. But, whilst we were busy with

these thoughts, there came a letter to us from *one of our spies, who was of the King's bedchamber,* acquainting us that our final doom was decreed that day; what it was he could not tell, but a letter was gone to the Queen, with the contents of it, which letter was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come, the following night about ten o'clock, with a saddle upon his head, to the Blue Boar inn, in Holborn, where he was to take horse for Dover. The messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some one in Dover did.

"We were then at Windsor, and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take a trusty fellow with us, and, in trooper's habits, to go to the inn; which we did accordingly, and set our men at the gate of the inn to watch. The gate was shut, but the wicket was open, and our men staid to give us notice when any one came with a saddle upon his head. Ireton and I sat in a box near the wicket and called for a can of beer, and then another, drinking in that disguise till ten o'clock, when our sentinel gave us notice that the man with a saddle was come: upon which we immediately rose, and when the man was leading out his horse, saddled, we came up to him, with our swords drawn, and told him we were to search all who went in and out there; but, as he looked like an honest fellow, we would only search his saddle, which we did, and found the letter we looked for,

and, opening it, read the contents, in which the King acquainted the Queen that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scots presbyterians, and the army: that which of them bid fairest for him should have him: that he thought he could close sooner with the Scots than the other. Upon which we speeded to Windsor, and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the King, we immediately resolved to ruin him."

Wellwood, in his memoirs, tells much the same circumstances, observing—

"As everything did contribute to the fall of King Charles I., so did every thing contribute to the rise of Cromwell; and as there was no design at first against the King's life, so it is probable that Cromwell had no thoughts, for a long time, of ever arriving at what he afterwards was.

"It is known he was once in treaty with the King, after the army had carried his Majesty away from Holmby-House, to have restored him to the throne: which, probably, he would have done if the secret had not been like to take vent by the indiscretion of some about the King, which pushed Cromwell on to prevent his own by the ruin of the King."

Certain it is, that a few days after the King's leaving Hampton Court, when there was a meeting of the general officers of the army at Windsor, it

was resolved that Charles should be prosecuted for his life as a criminal; and at that time Cromwell spoke very bitterly against him, declaring, "That he was a man of great understanding, but withal so great a dissembler and so false a man that he was not to be trusted."

Milton endeavours to vindicate Cromwell from the charge of having advised the King to the flight from Hampton Court, and adds:—

"I admire those cavaliers who never stick to affirm so often, that Charles was one of the most prudent persons living, and yet the same man was hardly ever at his own disposal: that whether with his enemy or his friend, in the Court or in the camp, he was almost always in the power of another: now of his wife, then of the bishops, now of the peers, then of the soldiery, and last, of his enemies: that for the most part he followed the worser counsels, and, almost always, of the worser men. Charles is persuaded: Charles is imposed on: Charles is deceived; fear is impressed on him; vain hope is set before him: Charles is carried and fetched about as if he was the common prey of all, both friends and enemies! But let them either blot these things out of their writings, or else give over trumpeting up the sagacity of Charles."

Whatever were the errors and faults of King Charles, certain it is, that no man ever inspired more affection, reverence, and pity, in the minds of

his friends than he did; and amongst the number were Sir Richard Fanshawe and his wife, who, after their affecting interview, once more embarked for France, having narrowly escaped being shot as they were waiting at Portsmouth to take their passage; some Dutch ships firing so close to them, that they had nearly reached them on the beach.

"We heard them," she writes, "whiz by us, at which I called to my husband to make haste back, and began to run; but he altered not his pace, saying, 'If we must be killed, it were as good to be killed walking as running.'"

When they returned again to England, she speaks of meeting the Marchioness of Ormond in London, newly come out of France, who received her with great kindness, "as she had ever done before; and told me she must love me for many reasons; and one was, that we were both born in one chamber: when I left her, she presented me with a ruby ring set with two diamonds, which she prayed me to wear for her sake, and I have it to this day."

The following passage is an illustration of the treachery which was always at work in the royalist army.

"In the month of September my husband was commanded by the Prince to wait on him in the Downs, where he was with a very considerable fleet; but the fleet was divided, part being for the

King and part for the Parliament: they were resolved to fight that day, which if they had, it would have been the most cruel fight that ever England knew; but God by his will parted them by a storm; and afterwards it was said Lord Colepepper, and one Low, a surgeon, that was a reputed knave, so ordered the business that, for money, the fleet was betrayed to the enemy. During this time my husband wrote me a letter, from on board the Prince's ship, full of concern for me, believing they should engage on great odds; but if he should lose his life, advised me to patience; and this with so much love and reason, that my heart melts to this day when I think of it; but, God be praised, he was reserved for better things."

On her next visit to France—for she seemed at this time to pass her life in journeys backwards and forwards—Lady Fanshawe was received with great kindness by the Queen, Henrietta Maria, and her little Court in Paris; amongst whom was Waller, the poet, and his wife. She speaks also of that eccentric person, Sir Kenelm Digby, who at the governor's table at Calais entertained the company with some of those extravagant stories, which earned for him from Evelyn the title of "an arrant mountebank."

"All his stories," says Lady Fanshawe, "passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table; but the concluding one was that *bar-*

nacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish in appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false: and, to say the truth, it *was the only thing true* he had discoursed with them: that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine bred gentleman."

Sir Kenelm seemed always wandering about the world for the amusement of travellers, for every one seems at one time or other to have met with him; and though he was never believed, he afforded great delight by his marvellous relations to his incredulous hearers. Evelyn, more than once, in his rambles, picks him up, and dwells on his stories; which, as they had reference to science, he found an excuse in listening to. He tells us on one occasion:—

"I visited Sir Kenelm Digby, with whom I had much discourse of chymical matters. I showed him a particular way of extracting oil of sulphur, and he gave me a certain powder, with which he affirmed that he had fixed ☿ (mercury) before the late King. He gave me a water, which he said was only *rain water of the autumnal equinox* exceedingly rectified, very volatile; it had a strong taste of vitrioliq, and smelt like aquafortis. He intended it for a dissolvent of calx of gold:—but the truth is, Sir Kenelm was an arrant mountebank!"

That Evelyn, in common with most persons who pretended to science in his time, was at least a half believer in the fascinating mystery of the philosopher's stone, is evident by his attending the lectures of all the professors, wherever he found them; he tells one story, which has a certain charm about it, and which, very likely, was one of those repeated by Sir Kenelm in the hearing of Lady Fanshawe.

"I went to one Marc Antonio, an incomparable artist in enamelling. He wrought by the lamp figures in bosse of a large size, even to the life, so that nothing could be better moulded. He told us great stories of a Genoese jeweller, *who had the Great Arcanum*, and had made projection before him several times. He met him at Cyprus, travelling into Egypt; in his return from whence he died at sea, and the secret with him; that *else he had promised to leave it to him:* that all his effects were seized on and dissipated by the Greeks in the vessel, to an immense value.

"He also affirmed that, being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person *of a very low stature* came in, and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead, which done, he unscrewed the pummel of his sword, and, taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, casting it into the crucible, poured an ingot out, which, when cold, he took up, saying: 'Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible;' and so went out immediately.

"When he was gone, the goldsmith found four ounces of gold in it; but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him. This Antonio asserts with great obtestation, *nor know I what to think of it*, there are so many impostors and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spake ten different languages."

Lady Fanshawe's perilous voyages, in search of money to assist the King's cause, were continually repeated; and with each peril her spirit seemed to increase; so that, except the Queen of Bohemia, few females went through so many dangers, and had to support so much hardship. She endured all cheerfully, for the sake of her husband and the King; and, with a sad heart, had to leave one child after another in different friends' care, while she exposed herself to every sort of annoyance. Her landing in Ireland, where she met her husband after an absence, she relates with great feeling; and describes the brief interval of comfort and repose, which was their lot, at Red Abbey, a house of Dean Boyle's, in Cork, from whom they met with much kindness; and Lord Ormond, having at that time a good army, they began to imagine themselves in security. It was, however, far otherwise; and, to their amazement and terror, they heard of the landing of Cromwell, who, she says:

"So hotly marched over Ireland, that the fleet

with Prince Rupert was forced to set sail; and, within a short time after, he lost all his riches,—which was thought to be worth *hundreds of thousands of pounds*—in one of his best ships, commanded by his brother Maurice; who, with many a brave man sunk—were all lost in a storm at sea."

Sir Richard had left his wife, at their retreat at the Red Abbey, secure, as he thought, from all molestation, while he went on business to Kinsale: she was then again near her confinement; and, having been thrown from her horse, had broken her left wrist; which, being set by an unskilful surgeon, gave her great pain; and she was in her bed when the news reached her that Cork had revolted. This was the beginning of November, 1650.

She thus relates her difficulties on this trying occasion; and proves what presence of mind, heroism, and resolution she possessed:

"At midnight I heard the great guns go off; and, therefore, I called up my family to rise; which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town; and that Col. Jefferies, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Upon this I immediately wrote a letter to my husband, blessing God's providence that he was not there with me; persuading him to

patience and hope, that I should get safely out of the town, by God's assistance; and desired him to shift for himself, for fear of a surprise, with promise that I would secure his papers.

"So soon as I had finished my letter, I sent it by a faithful servant, who was let down the garden wall of Red Abbey; and, sheltered by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. I immediately packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings, and near one thousand pounds in gold and silver, and all other things, both of clothes, linen, and household stuff, that were portable, of value: and then, about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper, and in that pain I was in, I went into the market-place, with only a man and maid, and, passing through an unruly tumult—with their swords in their hands—searched for their chief commander, Jefferies, who, whilst he was loyal, had received many civilities from your father. I told him it was necessary that, upon that change, I should remove; and I desired his pass, that would be obeyed, or else I must remain there: I hoped he would not deny me that kindness. He instantly wrote me a pass, both for myself, family, and goods; and said he would never forget the respect he owed your father.

"With this I came, through thousands of naked swords, to Red Abbey, and hired the next neighbour's cart, which carried all that I could remove; and myself, sister, and little girl, Nan, with three

maids and two men, set forth at five o'clock, in November; having but two horses amongst us all, *which we rid on by turns.*

"In this sad condition I left Red Abbey; leaving behind as many goods as were worth a hundred pounds, which could not be removed, and so were plundered. We went ten miles, to Kinsale, in perpetual fear of being fetched back again; but, by little and little, I thank God we got safe to the garrison; where I found your father the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, which he had no possibility to assist: but his joys exceeded to see me and his darling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we, through the assistance of God, had made.

"But, when the rebels went to give an account to Cromwell of their meritorious act, he immediately asked them where Mr. Fanshawe was? They replied he was that day gone to Kinsale. Then he demanded where his papers and his family were? At which they all stared one at another, but made no reply. Their General said: 'It was as much worth to have seized his papers as the town, for he did make account to have known by them what these parts of the country are worth."

Sir Richard was, immediately after this, ordered to Spain by the King; and, passing through Limerick, was a witness to the sad fate of Lord Roscommon, which happened thus: Lord Roscommon

was Chancellor of Ireland at that time; and he and the Bishop of Londonderry, together with Sir Richard, were met together; and had been writing letters to the King, on the affairs of the kingdom. As they did not wish a servant to be near, Lord Roscommon lighted his guests himself at the stairs' head; and, whether his foot slipped, or he became giddy, his lordship fell down the stairs; and, striking his head against a stone projection, was so much injured that he died five days afterwards.

This tragical event occasioned Sir Richard to remain in Ireland some time longer, as the great seals were left with him, and he wanted the King's directions how to dispose of them. Lady Fanshawe and her family were invited to stay at Lord Inchiquin's till they had intelligence from Charles, who was in Holland; and probably the quiet and comfort of their sojourn in this hospitable house restored her to health, and served to give her strength for new exertions.

"By this time my Lord Lieutenant, the now Duke of Ormond's army was quite dispersed, and himself gone for Holland, and every person concerned in that interest shifting for their lives; and Cromwell went through as bloodily as victoriously, many worthy persons being murdered in cold blood, and their families quite ruined."

Their next visit was to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a daughter of the Earl of Thomond's, where one of

those mysterious adventures befel the authoress of the curious and interesting memoirs which furnish the minute particulars of her life: her own words will best relate the startling scene which made so lively an impression upon her.

"The first night we slept here I was laid in a chamber, where I was surprised about one o'clock by a voice that wakened me. I drew the curtain, and, in the casement of the window, I saw by the light of the moon a woman, leaning into the window through the casement, in white, with red hair, and pale and ghastly complexion. She spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice—'*A horse!*'* and then with a sigh, *more like the wind than breath,* she vanished; and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened that my hair stood on end, and my night-clothes fell off.

"I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but, at last, was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night; but he entertained me by telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England. And we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish,

* Perhaps, "O hone!"

and the want of that knowing faith, which should defend them from the power of the devil, which he exercises amongst them very much.

"About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying, she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of her's, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock; and she said, 'I wish you to have had no disturbance, for it's the custom of the place, that when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago seduced by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden, and flung her into the river, under this window; but, truly, I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.'

"We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly."

It having been arranged that the seals were for the present to be given to Lord Inchiquin, their next movement was towards Galway, rather a dangerous spot at the time, having recently been severely visited by the plague; however they ventured entering the fatal land, hearing that a ship bound for Malaga was about to sail; and, "Cromwell pursuing his conquests at our backs," says the lady, "my husband resolved to fall into the hands of

God, rather than into the hands of man; and with his family of about ten persons, came to the town at the latter end of February, where we found guards placed, that none should enter without certificates from whence they came; but understanding that your father came to embark himself for Spain, and that there was a merchant's house taken for us, that was near the sea-side, and one of their best; they told us, if we pleased to alight, they would wait on us to the place; but it was long from thence, and no horses were admitted into the town.

"An Irish footman that served us, said, 'I lived here some years, and know every street, and likewise know a much nearer way than these men can show you, sir; therefore come with me, if you please.'

"We resolved to follow him, and sent our horses to stables in the suburbs; he led us all on the back side of the town, under the walls, over which the people, during the plague, which was not yet quite stopped, flung out all their dirt and rags; and we walked up to the middle of our legs in them, for being engaged we could not get back. At last we found the house, by the master standing at the door expecting us, who said, 'You are welcome to this disconsolate city, where you now see the streets grown over with grass, once the finest little city in the world.' And, indeed, it was easy to think so; the buildings being uniformly built, and a very fine market-place, and walks arched and paved by the

sea-side for their merchants to walk on, and a most noble harbour.

"Our house was very clean; only one maid in it besides the master: we had a very good supper provided, and, being very weary, went early to bed. The owner of the house entertained us with the story of the last Marquis of Worcester, who had been there some time the year before: he had of his own and other friends' jewels to the value of eight thousand pounds, which some merchants had lent upon them.

"My lord appointed a day for receiving the money upon them, and delivering the jewels: being met, he shows them all to these persons, then seals them up in a box, and delivered them to one of these merchants, by consent of the rest, to be kept for one year, and, upon the payment of the £8,000 by my Lord Marquis, to be delivered to him.

"After my lord had received the money, he was entertained at all these people's houses, and nobly feasted with them near a month: he went from thence into France. When the year was expired, they, by letters into France, pressed the payment of this borrowed money several times, alleging they had great necessity of their money to drive their trade with; to which my lord marquis made no answer, which did at last so exasperate these men that they broke open the seals, and opening the box found nothing but rags and stones for their

eight thousand pounds, at which they were highly enraged, and in this case I left them."

Lady Fanshawe expresses neither indignation nor disgust at this nefarious proceeding, probably considering that the money thus procured was for the service of the royal cause, and, such being the case, any stratagem was fair. The Marquis of Worcester was a very singular character, and his ingenuity and art are celebrated: he was employed by Charles I., who trusted him greatly, and sent him to Ireland, to treat with the people, and engage them in his service in opposition to the Parliament.

Grainger says, "The other powers which were granted him were of so extraordinary a nature as to strike many of the royalists with astonishment." Perhaps he was permitted by the King to practise his skill in sleight of hand for his benefit, as he evidently had done in this instance of the jewels. Sir Edward Hyde, in a letter to secretary Nicholas, dated 1647, says,

"I care not how little I say in that business of Ireland, since those strange powers and instructions given to your favourite, Glamorgan [he bore that title at the time] appear to me inexcusable to justice, piety, and prudence. Oh! Mr. Secretary, those *stratagems* have given me more sad hours than all the misfortunes in war which have befallen the King."*

* Clarendon's State Papers.

Lord Worcester published his "Century of Inventions, or *Scantlings*," in 1663, which work, though full of strange mysteries, contains, without doubt, some wonderful discoveries, of which the most remarkable is his hint respecting the steam-engine, contemned at the time, and laughed at by Horace Walpole. Perhaps he was indebted for the idea to Solomon Caux, who had already imagined it, and, like the marquis, was esteemed a visionary.

When Lady Fanshawe and her family embarked for Spain, their host took leave of them with rather a startling adieu:

"I thank God," said he, "that you are all gone safe aboard from my house, notwithstanding I have buried *nine* persons out of it within these six months."

Her character of the Irish deserves to be remarked, for it appears to have been then, as at all times: true, and pity is it that so fine and generous a people should be constantly the mark for the arrows of fate!

"We left that brave kingdom, fallen, in six or eight months, into a most miserable sad condition, as it hath been *many times in most kings' reigns, God knows why; but the natives seem to me a very loving people to each other,* and constantly false to all strangers, the Spaniards alone excepted."

This last remark a little destroys, it must be confessed, the former compliment.

"We continued our way across the seas," says the traveller, "with prosperous winds, but with a most tempestuous master, a Dutchman, which is enough to say; but truly I think the greatest beast I ever saw of his kind."

Besides this "tempestuous" animal, new dangers threatened them, and the heroism of the lady was again put to the proof.

"When we had just passed the Straits we saw, coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley, well manned, and we believed we should all be carried away slaves, for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty: he called for brandy, and, after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds: this was sad for us passengers, but my husband bid us women be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the Turks think we were a man-of-war, but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun, and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish vessel.

"*This beast, the Captain,* had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose,

until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door: I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat; which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on, and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion: but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master.

"By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces that the Turk's man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God! that love can make this change!' and, though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."

They arrived safely, at last, at Malaga, and were hospitably received by the merchants: fortunately, all their own goods were landed; for, three days after, from the carelessness of a *cabin boy*—Lady Fanshawe does not say whether it was her indulgent friend—the ship they came in, belonging to "that beast of a captain," was blown up in the harbour, and a hundred lives lost, together with its lading.

After this providential escape, they dispose themselves to journeying towards Madrid, passing by

Velez-Malaga and Granada, her description of which is very animated and correct.

"The next day we went to Grenada, having passed the highest mountains I ever saw in my life; but under this lieth the finest valley that can possibly be described, adorned with high trees and rich grass, and beautified with a large, deep, clear river. Here standeth, above the town, the goodly vast palace of the kings, called the Alhambra, whose buildings are, after the fashion of the Moors, adorned with great quantities of jasper stone: many courts, many fountains, and, by reason it is situated on the side of a hill, and not built uniform, many gardens with ponds in them, and many baths made of jasper, and many principal rooms roofed with the mosaic work, which exceeds the finest enamel I ever saw.

"Here I was shown in the midst of a very large piece of embroidery, made by the Moors of Grenada, in the middle, as long as half a yard of *the true Tyrian dye*, which is so glorious a colour that it cannot be expressed; it hath the glory of scarlet, the beauty of purple, and is so bright, that when the eye is removed upon any other object, it seems as white as snow.

"The entrance to this great palace is of stone, *for a porter's lodge*, but very magnificent, through the court below, which is adorned with figures of forest-work, in which the Moors did transcend."

She then relates the story of the carved hand and

keys, and the prophecy attached to them, which every traveller repeats; but she seems to have *heard* more in the famous cave than falls to the lot of most explorers.

"They have, in this place, an iron-gate, fixed into the side of the hill, that is a rock: I laid my head to the key-hole, and heard a noise like the clashing of arms, but could not distinguish other shrill noises I heard with that; but tradition says, that it could never be opened since the Moors left it, notwithstanding several persons had endeavoured to wrench it open, but that they perished in the attempt. The truth of this I can say no more to; but that there is such a gate, and I have seen it."

Sir Richard's embassy did not succeed, for Philip IV. was by no means inclined to assist the King with money, which was the object of the journey. Lady Fanshawe had a daughter born at Madrid, who died soon after, doubtless, to her mother's sorrow; but she does not indulge in any expressions of grief on her own account: all her thoughts being apparently occupied with her husband's concerns, and those of England and its exiled prince.

She alludes to the perpetration of a great outrage, which, as the object of it was a person belonging to Cromwell's party, does not appear to excite her horror; so melancholy a fact it is, that humanity is stifled in the tenderest hearts, when the spirit of party is allowed to prevail.

A person named Askew was sent out from Cromwell as resident at Madrid: he lodged at a common inn where travellers were accustomed to resort. It happened that some hot-headed Englishmen of the royal party meeting together, began to discuss the conduct of this envoy, reprobating it as insolent and unbearable that rebels should dare to send a public minister to a Court, where there were already two ambassadors from the King. Growing very violent in their debate, they finally concluded that it was a disgrace to the name of an Englishman to permit such an indignity, and agreed to go in a body to the inn where the unfortunate man was, and sacrifice him to their offended honour.

Askew was sitting at dinner when these ruffians rushed in, and all falling upon him, unprepared as he was, dispatched him immediately, and then each separated their several ways.

Lady Fanshawe reserves all her commiseration in this affair for one of the murderers, a Mr. Sparks, an English merchant, who flying to a church for sanctuary, was dragged forth by the Spaniards, and publicly executed, "notwithstanding," she remarks, "that it was contrary to their religion and laws." She does not inform the world by what religion and by what laws the assassin was directed.

She introduces, at this period of her narrative, a curious character—the Lord Goring—remarkable for his wickedness and profligacy, combined with a

singular modesty of demeanour, which duped and fascinated every one:—

"He was then commanding under Philip the Fourth against the Portuguese, and was generally esteemed a good and great commander, had been brought up in Holland in his youth, and possessed vast natural parts; for I have heard your father say, he hath dictated to several persons at once that were upon despatches, and all so admirably well, that none of them could be mended. He was exceedingly facetious and pleasant company; and in conversation, where good manners were due, the civilist person imaginable, so *that he would blush like a girl.* He was very tall and very handsome, had married a daughter of the Earl of Cork, but had no children: his expenses were what he could get, and his licentiousness beyond all precedents, which, at last, lost him that love the Spaniards had for him; and that country not admitting his constant drinking, he fell sick of a hectic fever, in which he turned *his religion (!)*, and with that artifice could scarce get to keep him while he lived, or bury him when he was dead."

Lord Goring was, in fact, though a man of courage and good abilities, unfit for command, and fearfully dangerous as an example. He was totally devoid of every sort of principle. Wherever he appeared with his army, nothing but ruin and ravage followed, and he served the enemy much

more than his own cause. Yet he did service at Marston Moor, and defended Colchester with great bravery. He lost his estates, and retired, during the Interregnum, to the little Court of Charles II., where his profligate habits found admirers and imitators. Notwithstanding the well-known worthlessness of his character, his manners were so delightful, that it was said that those who hated his vices could not dislike his person.

As the travellers were now destined to Paris, they went to St. Sebastian, and there hired a small French vessel to take them to Nantes. Lady Fanshawe describes their voyage as a most fearful one, tossing about in the Bay of Biscay, without rudder or compass, and the sailors half wild between terror and drunkenness. Their reaching land was almost a miracle, and arriving at Nantes also, after all their privations and perils. She describes the now flourishing and beautiful town of Nantes as "a passable good town, *but decayed;* some monasteries in it, but none good, nor rich." The gorgeous Cathedral seems entirely to have escaped her notice, but she seldom dwells on the beauties of any place; her object being, like that of most travellers, to reach some distant spot, all delay and unnecessary observation, however worthy of attention the places she passed through may be, was carefully avoided. She cannot, however, withhold her tribute of admiration from the beautiful Loire, which they ascended to Orleans.

"Of all my travels none were," she exclaims, "for travel-sake, as I may call it, so pleasant as this, for we saw the finest cities, seats, woods, meadows, pastures, and champagne that I ever saw in my life."

In all their losses and troubles, Sir Richard Fanshawe and his amiable lady showed an example which was seldom set by any of the King's friends besides, and as little followed, which was that they submitted to any privation rather than borrow or owe money—a practice common with their countrymen, and which, as she observes, "redounded much to the King's dishonour and their own discredit."

A sad separation now ensued between the devoted wife and her affectionate husband: Sir Richard was appointed secretary to Charles II., and was obliged to join him in Scotland, while Lady Fanshawe perforce remained in London: it was true that she was surrounded by her relatives, and her father was a great deal with her; but she was ill, and again confined, and fearfully anxious for her husband's safety, exposed as he was, and suffering from the impossibility of frequently receiving letters from him.

"I went," she says, "with my brother, Fanshawe, to Ware Park, and my sister went to Balls to my father, both intending to meet in the winter, and so indeed we did, with tears; for the second of

September following was fought the battle of Worcester,* where the King being missed, and nothing heard of your father being dead or alive, for three days, it was inexpressible what affliction I was in. I neither eat nor slept, but trembled at every motion I heard, expecting the fatal news, which at last came in their news-book, which mentioned your father a prisoner."

Half distracted with anxiety, the unfortunate wife posted immediately to London, resolved to find out where her husband was carried, and to share his fate; but she met a messenger with a letter from him, telling her that he should be enabled to see her shortly, when he was brought into London; as it was promised, as a great favour, that, on the party halting at Charing Cross, he might dine with his wife if she was on the spot to meet him. Delighted at this piece of good fortune, she hastened to procure a room and prepare a dinner, at Charing Cross; where, accompanied by her father and several friends, she took her station awaiting his arrival.

"Where," she relates, "about eleven of the clock, we saw hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch, march, all naked, on foot, and many with

* Cromwell, in his letter to the Parliament, says, the battle was fought with various success for some hours, and, in the end, became an absolute victory. He says, there were about six or seven thousand prisoners taken, and many officers and men of quality; that it was a stiff business, yet he did not think his army had lost more than two hundred men.

your father, who was very cheerful in appearance; who, after he had spoken and saluted me and his friends, then said: 'Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little time I have to spare: this is the chance of war; nothing venture, nothing have: so let us sit down and be merry while we may.' Then taking my hand in his, and kissing me, he said, 'Cease weeping; no other thing on earth can move me: remember we are all at God's disposal.'

"Then he began to tell how kind his captain was to him; and the people, as he passed, offered him money and brought him good things; and particularly Lady Denham, at Boston House, who would have given him all the money she had in the house; but he returned her thanks, and told her he had so ill kept his own, that he would not tempt his governor with more; but if she would give him a shirt or two, and some handkerchiefs, he would keep them as long as he could, for her sake. She fetched him two smocks of her own, and some handkerchiefs, saying she was ashamed to give him them; but having none of her sons at home, she desired him to wear them.

"Thus we passed the time until order came to carry him to Whitehall; where, in a little room, yet standing, in the bowling-green, he was kept prisoner, without the speech of any, so far as they knew, ten weeks, and in expectation of death. They often examined him; and, at last, he grew so

ill in health, by the cold and hard marches he had undergone, and being pent up in a room, close and small, that he was brought almost to death's door.

"During the time of his imprisonment I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot from my lodging in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out of King Street into the bowling-green. There would I go, under his window, and softly call him; he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put his head out at the first call. Thus we talked together; and sometimes I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed how I should make my addresses, which I ever did to their general, Cromwell, who had a great respect for your father, and would have bought him off to his service, upon any terms.

"Being one day to solicit for my husband's liberty for a time, he bid me bring the next day a certificate from a physician, that he was really ill. Immediately I went to Dr. Batters that was, by chance, both physician to Cromwell and our family, who gave me one very favourable in my husband's behalf."

Lady Fanshawe, with her usual energy, delivered this document herself at the Council Chamber, and gives, involuntarily, a proof of the humanity of

Cromwell, who himself proposed Sir Richard's release, representing that his detention afforded them no service, and requiring four thousand pounds bail. This was violently opposed by some, particularly by Sir Henry Vane, "who said he would be instrumental, for aught he knew, to hang them all that sat there, if ever he had an opportunity; but if he had liberty for a time, that he might take *the engagement* before he went out." To this Cromwell, with one of his customary sneers, replied, "I never knew that the engagement was a medicine for the scorbutic."

It is evident by this how uncertain all these men were of their position, and how much they anticipated some sudden downfal, which would at once put them in the power of those they had injured.

After some discussion, Cromwell's wish was acceded to, and Sir Richard's bail was accepted. It seems that when he found he must be taken prisoner, he lost no time in burning all his papers, which precaution saved the lives and estates of many of Charles's friends, and entirely foiled the Parliament.

The doctor's certificate was no fiction, for Sir Richard, when he came home, became dangerously ill; and his affectionate wife had to nurse him for many days and nights, during which he suffered great pain; she in the meantime daily expecting another confinement!

After being kept under strict surveillance for

some time, they were allowed the next year, 1653, to retire to Yorkshire; where Lady Fanshawe says they lived "a harmless country life, minding only the country sports and country affairs."

It was here that Sir Richard translated the Luciad of Camoens, and they had an interval of tranquillity, which was sadly interrupted by the death of their favourite child, "little Nan," who was carried off by that scourge of the time, the small-pox.

Their grief for her loss was extreme:—

"We both wished," says the sorrowing mother, "to have gone into the same grave with her. She lies buried in Tankersley Church, (in Yorkshire,) and her death made us both desirous to quit that fatal place to us, which we did."

Severe sickness visited all the family for some time; agues and fevers, then extremely prevalent; and in one sickness from quartian ague, which Lady Fanshawe describes, from which she suffered for seven months, her remedies seem little inferior to her disease, consisting of "sage posset, pancakes, and now and then a turnip or carrot." One of their children, sick of an ague, was sent, in the hopes of her recovery, to *Frog-pool*, where, as might be expected, she died.

However, an unexpected piece of good news, added to a residence at Bath, took away all their maladies for a time; they had to hail the death of Cromwell, and new prospects opened upon them.

Sir Richard hoped that he should "get loose from his fetters," and hurried to London to see what could be done. Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who was his friend, arranged with him that he should accompany his son, as if as a travelling companion or tutor, for a year; and, by thus representing the case, he contrived to emancipate him from his engagements. He lost no time in setting out for Paris, whence he wrote to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, desiring him to acquaint the King of his escape, and of his being again at his service.

He then wrote to his wife to join him, with her children, as speedily as she could; but she found many obstacles in the way; for, on applying for a pass, the answer she received was, "that by a trick her husband had got his liberty, but for her and his children, on no conditions should they stir;" but her woman's wit helped her in this emergency.

"I made no reply," says the lady, "but took my leave. I sat me down in the next room, full sadly to consider what I should do; desiring God to help me in so just a cause as I then was in. I began and thought if I were denied a passage then, they would ever after be more severe on all occasions, and it might be very ill for us both. I was ready to go, if I had a pass, the next tide; and might be there before they could suspect I was gone: these thoughts put this invention into my head.

"At Wallingford House the office was kept where they gave passes: thither I went in as plain a way and speech as I could devise, leaving my maid at the gate, who was much a finer gentlewoman than myself. With as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the office, that I desired a pass for Paris, to go to my husband. 'Woman, what is your husband, and your name?' 'Sir,' said I, with many curtseys, 'he is a young merchant, and my name is Ann Harrison.' 'Well,' said he, 'it will cost you a crown.' Said I, 'that is a great sum for me, but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children:' all which he immediately did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass.

"I thanked him kindly, and so went immediately to my lodgings, and with my pen I made the great H of Harrison two *ff*, and the *rr* an *n*, and the *i* an *s*, and the *s* an *h*, and the *o* an *a*, and the *n* a *w*, so completely, that none could find out the change. With all speed I hired a barge, and that night, at six o'clock, I went to Gravesend, and from thence by coach to Dover, where, upon my arrival, the searchers came and demanded my pass, which they were to keep for their discharge. When they had read it they said, 'Madam, you may go when you please;' but said one, 'I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublesome a time as this.'

"About nine o'clock at night I went on board

the packet boat, and about eight o'clock in the morning landed safe, God be praised, at Calais. I went to Mr. Booth's, an English merchant, and a very honest man. There I rested two days; but upon the next day he had advice from Dover, that a post was sent to stay me from London, because they had sent for me to my lodgings, to know why and upon what business I went to France. Then I discovered to him my invention of the changing my name, at which, as at their disappointment, we all laughed; and so did your father, and as many as knew the deceit."

Lady Fanshawe never travelled without an adventure: one which attended her journey to Paris to join her husband, presents a picture of the state of military discipline in France somewhat startling.

The Governor of Abbeville, being ill in bed, could not wait upon her, but sent her word that he had lately seen her husband, and had given him a promise to take care of her, as she passed through his government: he gave her a guard, with a caution to beware of them, and to present them with a pistole a-piece, in order to secure their good offices, as there was much robbery about. She set out with ten well-armed troopers as an escort, and when they had gone a few leagues, as they ascended the hill, one of them said to her, "Madam, look out, but fear nothing."

"They rid up to a well-mounted troop of horse,

about fifty or more, who, after some parley, wheeled about into the woods again. When we came upon the hill, I asked how it was possible so many men, so well armed, should turn, having so few to oppose them. At this they laughed, and said, 'Madam, we are all of one company, and quarter in this town. The truth is, our pay is short, and we are forced to keep ourselves this way: but we have this rule, that if we in a party guard any company, the rest never molest them, but let them pass free,"

Notwithstanding all her perils, Lady Fanshawe had courage the next year to return to England, in order to raise money for her husband, returning safely with one hundred and fifty pounds. The royal family loaded them with kindness and attention, and they went afterwards to the Court at the Hague, where she first saw, as she tells us, the Queen of Bohemia, who received them with that grace and kindness for which she was so celebrated.

All now was triumph and joy, for Charles the Second was restored to his crown and country. There was no end to the promises of places and advantages to Sir Richard, most of the best of which, if ever intended to be fulfilled by the King, were prevented by his ministers and "that false man, Lord Chancellor Clarendon," who never was his friend.

Her description of the embarkation* and return

* Pepys, in his usual quaint way, describes the scene of the King's receiving his friends at the Hague, and the embarkation.

"This

is very animated. Pity it was that the triumphant fleet, which carried home men who had so much reason to be thankful and grateful to Providence, was not freighted with more piety, virtue, or

" This afternoon, Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, (*i. e.* Lord Sandwich,) their clothes not being worth forty shillings, the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess-Royal (afterwards Princess of Orange,) and Duke of York, to look upon it as it *lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out.*"

He describes the King's animation on board, during their triumphant voyage, as being very " active and stirring."

" Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories he told of the difficulties that he had passed through; as his travelling four days, and three nights, on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes, that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller, and other company, that took them for rogues.

" He sitting at table at one place where the master of the house that had not seen him in eight years did know him, but kept it private; when, at the same table, there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the family made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was.

" In another place, at his inn, the master of his house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get to France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy, which was all the ship's company, and so get to Fécamp, in France. At Rouen, he looked so poor, that he was suspected of being a thief," &c.

common sense, instead of introducing into England a band of profligates, whose shameful excesses have disgraced the annals of our nation!

"Upon the King's restoration, the Duke of York, then made admiral, appointed ships to carry over the company and servants of the King, who were very great. His Highness appointed for my husband and his family a third-rate frigate, called the 'Speedwell;' but his Majesty commanded my husband to wait on him in his own ship.

"We had, by the States' order, sent on board to the King's most eminent servants, great store of provisions; for our family we had sent a tierce of claret, a hogshead of Rhenish wine, six dozen of fowls, a dozen of gammons of bacon, a great basket of bread, and six sheep, two dozen of neat's tongues, and a great box of sweetmeats.

"Thus, taking our leave of those obliging persons we had conversed with at the Hague, we went on board upon the 23d of May, about two in the afternoon. The King embarked at four of the clock, upon which we set sail, the shore being covered with people, and shouts from all places of a good voyage, which was seconded with many volleys of shot interchanged; so favourable was the wind that the ship's wherries went from ship to ship to visit their friends all night long.

"But who can sufficiently express the joy and gallantry of that voyage, to see so many great

ships, the best in the world, to hear the trumpets and all other music, to see near a hundred brave ships sail before the wind, with their vast canvass and streamers,—their neatness and cleanness,—the strength and jollity of the mariners,—the gallantry of the commanders,—and, above all, the *glorious majesties* of the King and his two brothers, were so beyond man's expectation and expression. The sea was calm, the moon shone at full, and the sun suffered not a cloud to hinder his prospect of the best sight, by whose light and the merciful bounty of God, he was set safely on shore at Dover, in Kent, upon the 25th of May, 1660.

"So great were the acclamations and numbers of people, that it reached like one street from Dover to Whitehall. * *

"The King gave my husband his picture, set with small diamonds, when he was a child; it is a great rarity, *because there never was but one.*"

The King was crowned the next year, and, as Lady Fanshawe observes, "as it was a time of advancement, so it was one of great expense:" she adds, "this year we furnished our house, and paid all our debts which we had contracted during the war;"—in the latter particular they were, probably, almost unique. Lord Clarendon's ill-offices to Sir Richard are not passed over in silence; and much heart-burning seems continually to have been going on. In order to get him out

of the way, Clarendon proposed to Charles to send Sir Richard as ambassador to Portugal, with his letter and picture to the Princess; and he went accordingly.

"When your father was gone on this errand," says his biographer, "I stayed in our house, in Portugal Row, and at Christmas I received the new year's gifts belonging to his places, which is the custom, of two tons of wine at the Custom House, for Master of Requests, and fifteen ounces of gilt plate at the Jewel House, as Secretary of the Latin tongue."

Sir Richard returned from his successful embassy, and had afterwards the pleasing duty of receiving the Queen at Portsmouth, where the marriage took place; and, after the ceremony, "the ribbons her Majesty wore were cut in little pieces, and, as far as they would go, every one had some."

Nothing could be more gracious than the reception by the young Queen of Lady Fanshawe; and another picture, set with larger diamonds, the value of which was from three to four hundred pounds, rewarded Sir Richard's zeal; besides, out of the wardrobe,

"A crimson velvet cloth of state, fringed and laced with gold, with a chair, a footstool and cushions, and two other stools of the same, with a Persian carpet to lay under them, and a suit of fine tapestry hangings for that room, with two

velvet altar cloths for the chapel, fringed with gold, with surplices, altar cloths and napkins of fine linen, with *a Bible in Ogleby's print, and cuts,* two Common Prayer-books in folio and quarto, with eight hundred ounces of gilt plate, and four thousand ounces of white plate; *but there wanted a velvet bed, which he should have had, by custom.*"

However remiss Charles might have been in rewarding his servants, it is clear they were not behind-hand in expecting much, without reference to his power to grant all their expensive demands. All this, however, was preparatory to Sir Richard and his lady going to Portugal, as had been agreed; and accordingly they once more embarked, taking three daughters with them. They had taken Salisbury in their way, and Wilton, which greatly delighted them, as they were to set sail from Plymouth; at which place they were treated with extraordinary distinction—*fat bucks* and presents of all kinds pouring in upon them for their voyage.

Lady Fanshawe, after all her former journeys and escapes, when she was obliged to hide, and fly, and conceal her rank on most occasions, or, at the best, to travel with economy, seemed now to enjoy the state in which, as lady-ambassadress, she was received in Portugal, and mentions, with great delight, the "noble presents of perfumes, waters, and sweetmeats," sent to her by the Queen-mother, and the state with which she was surrounded at her

audiences. She tells a ludicrous story that happened at the French ambassador's:

"There was a numerous *sort* of people about the ambassador's door, as is usual amongst them. There was a poor little boy that his mother had animated daily to cry for relief so troublesomely that at last the ambassador would say: 'What noise is that at the gate, of perpetual screaming? I will have it so no more.' Upon which, they carried the child to his mother, and bade her keep him at home, for it screamed like a devil, and if it returned, the porter swore he would punish him severely.

"Not many days after, according to his former custom, the child *returned, louder* than before, if possible: the porter, keeping his word, took the boy, and pulled off his rags, and anointed him all over with honey, leaving no part undone, and very thick, and then threw him into a tub of fine feathers, which, as soon as he had done, he set him on his legs and frightened him home to his mother, who, seeing this thing, for none living could guess him a boy, ran out into the city, the child squeaking after her, and all the people in the streets after them, thinking it was a devil, or some strange creature."

Another of her stories might have had a tragical termination amongst these naturally jealous people, whom she describes as "more formal than cheerful."

"There was, during my stay in the town, a Portugal merchant jealous of his mistress favouring an Englishman, whom he entertained with much kindness, hiding his suspicion. One evening he invited him to see a country house, and eat a collation, which he did; after which the merchant, with three or four more of his friends, for a rarity, showed him a cave hard by the house, which went in at a very narrow hole, but within was very capacious, in the side of a very high mountain. It was so dark that they carried a torch: says one to the Englishman, 'Did you ever know where bats dwell?' He replied, 'No.' 'Then here, sir,' say they, 'you shall see them.' Then holding up the light to the roof, they saw millions hanging by their legs.

"So soon as they had done this, they, frightening the birds, made them all fly about him, and, putting out the light, ran away and left the Englishman there to get out as well as he could, which was not until the next morning."

The native feeling of an Englishwoman—which Lady Fanshawe could not conceal, even when endeavouring to be as ceremonious as the Portuguese,—is shown in an anecdote she relates, of some English commanders who found themselves aggrieved at a bull-fight, where they did not think their place was one of sufficient honour. After their differences had been adjusted by the ambassador, one of the King's ministers waited upon her,

hoping that she had taken no offence at what had passed, because the King had heard, "she was sad to see her husband troubled, assuring her that his Majesty and the whole Court desired nothing more than her content."

"I gave him," she says, "many thanks for the honour of his visit, and desired him to present my humble service to the King, assuring him that my husband and I had all the respect imaginable for his Majesty; true it was, *according to the English fashion*, I did make *a little whine* when I saw my husband disordered, but I should ever remain his Majesty's humble servant; and so he returned well satisfied."

Soon after this they left Lisbon, which, she says, "with the river, is the goodliest situation I ever saw; the city old and decayed: but they are making new walls of stone which will contain six times their city. Their churches and chapels are the best built, the finest adorned, and the cleanliest kept of any churches in the world. The people delight much in quintas, which are a sort of country houses, of which there are abundance within a few leagues of the city, and those that belong to the nobility are very fine, both houses and gardens.

"The nation is generally very civil and obliging: in religion divided between Papists and Jews. The people generally not handsome. They have many religious houses and bishoprics of great revenue, and

the religious of both sexes are for the most part very strict. Their fruits of all kind are extraordinary good and fair; their wine, rough for the most part, but very wholesome; their corn dark and gritty; water bad, except some few springs far from the city. Their flesh of all kinds indifferent; their mules and asses extraordinary good and large, but their horses few and naught. They have little wood and less grass."

These descriptions of places, since so well known, have all the charm of novelty; and as she sets down her impressions of the moment, they possess value, and are occasionally graphic; as, for instance, in Spain, whose cities she afterwards visited as ambassadress, with her husband. She is the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu of her time, with less of wit and observation, it is true, but more of feminine feeling, except in instances where politics or religion are concerned, when she seems to think it a part of her duty to be hard-hearted. For instance, in the credulity she betrays in the following narrative there is little to admire:—

"At my coming away I visited several nunneries, in one whereof I was told that the last year there was a girl of fourteen years of age burnt for a Jew. She was taken from her mother as soon as she was born, in prison, her mother being condemned, and brought up in the Esperanza. Although she never heard, *as they did to me affirm*, what a Jew

was, she did daily *scratch and whip* the crucifixes, and run pins into them in private; and, when discovered, confessed it, and said she never would adore that God."

In a similar strain is the wonderful ghost-story she relates of Colonel Colpeper and his sister, whose dead head, with curled hair, lay every night upon his pillow after her death, which was caused by a nocturnal ramble they had made together to the tomb of their father and mother, when they plucked the hair of the corpses and insulted them. This ghastly head followed the conscience-stricken brother wherever he went, in all countries and places, till his death; and Lady Fanshawe concludes the marvel by saying, "and several persons told us they had *felt* the apparition."

In great state Sir Richard and his lady made their next expedition into Spain, whither Charles II. sent him as ambassador, and where he was received with such singular honours that they quite eclipse those which pleased his simple-hearted wife in Portugal. The King of Spain, out of compliment to Charles, entertained them at his own cost, and exerted his utmost courtesy in their favour. At Cadiz, the governor visited them, and the comic pomposity of his conduct does not appear to have been lost upon the ambassadress.

"That afternoon, the Duke of Albuquerque came to visit my husband, and afterwards me, with his

brother, Don Milcha de la Cueva. As soon as the duke was seated and covered, he said:—

"'Madam, I am Don Juan de la Cueva, Duke of Albuquerque, Viceroy of Milan, of His Majesty's Privy Council, General of the galleys, twice grandee, the first gentleman of His Majesty's Bedchamber, and a near kinsman to his Catholic Majesty, whom God long preserve!'—and then rising up and making me a low reverence, with his hat off, he said, 'These, with my family and life, I lay at your Excellency's feet.'"

This magnificent grandee was accompanied by a great train of gentlemen, and, on retiring, announced that his lady would pay her visit very shortly. Lady Fanshawe was lost in the grandeur which then surrounded them, which was far beyond anything they had witnessed before.

"We had a guard constantly waited on us, and sentries at the gate below, and at the stairs'-head above. We were visited by all the persons of quality in the town. Our house was richly furnished—both my husband's quarter, and mine; the worst chamber and bed in my apartment being furnished with damask, in which my chamber-maid lay; and, throughout all the chambers, the floors were covered with Persian carpets. The richness of the gilt and silver plate, which we had in great abundance, was extraordinary, as we had, likewise, of all sorts of very fine household linen, which was fit only

for the entertainment of so great a Prince as His Majesty, our master, in the representation of whose person my husband received this great entertainment. Yet, I assure you, notwithstanding this temptation, that your father and myself both wished ourselves in a *retired country life in England*, as more agreeable to both our inclinations."

Ceremonies, never ending, followed; and presents in abundance, of Indian plate, hundred-weights of chocolate at a time, embroidered and laced crimson taffeta handkerchiefs, silver filagree cups and vases, and all that Eastern splendour could imagine, till the poor ambassadress seems, by her journal, almost wearied out with receiving and thanking.

At every place they arrived at, on their way to Madrid, the same scenes took place; banquets were given them in chambers hung with rich tapestry, and hangings embroidered in silver and gold on velvet, cloth of gold spread around, and Persian carpets under their feet.

She mentions a peculiarity in their having linen of the most delicate description, both for table and beds, never washed, but made expressly for the occasion. The cabinets and looking-glasses exceeded description, and everything was in unison.

At Seville, "that great city once, but now much decayed," the splendour of their reception was extreme:—

"We lay," she says, "in the King's palace, royally furnished on purpose for our reception, and during our stay. We were lodged in a silver bedstead, quilt, curtains, valances, and counterpane, of crimson damask, embroidered richly with flowers of gold. The tables of precious stones, and the looking-glasses bordered with the same; the chairs the same as the bed, and the floor covered with rich Persian carpets, and a great brasera of silver filled full of delicate flowers, which was replenished every day, as long as we stayed. The hangings were of tapestry, full of gold, all which furniture was never used but two nights, when His Majesty was at Seville * * In this palace, the chief room of my husband's quarters was a gallery, wherein were three pair of India cabinets of Japan, the biggest and beautifullest that ever I did see in my life. It was furnished with rich tapestry hangings, rich looking-glasses, Persian carpets, and cloth of tissue chairs. This palace hath many princely rooms in it, both above and underneath the ground, with many large gardens, terraces, walks, fish-ponds, and statues, many large courts and fountains, all of which were as well dressed for our reception as art or money could make them. We were every day entertained with a variety of recreations; as shows upon the river, stage plays, dancing, men playing at leger-demain, which were constantly ushered in with very great banquets, and so finished. * * The consul

of the English merchants at Seville presented us with a quantity of chocolate, and as much sugar, with twelve fine sarcenet napkins laced, thereunto belonging, and a very large silver pot to make it in, and twelve very fine cups to drink it out of; filagree, with covers of the same, with two very large salvers to set them upon, of silver."

But of all the presents offered to her ladyship, the most singular and startling, was that brought by the Conde de Molina, of "a *young lion*." At sight of this royal animal, her excellency could not contain her terror; "I desired his pardon for not accepting it, saying, I was of *so cowardly a nature*, I durst not keep company with it."

"At Cordova, renowned in the world for noble and well-bred gentlemen," the corregidor presented her with twelve cases of *amber and orange water*, reputed to be the best in the world, and twelve barrels of olives, which have also the same fame.

Arrived, at length, at Madrid, her ladyship was almost bewildered with the continued magnificence of the Court there; and she dwells with much satisfaction on the gorgeousness of her beloved husband's appearance, when he went in state to have his audience of the king.

"My husband was dressed in a very rich suit of clothes, of dark fillemonte brocade, laced with silver and gold lace, nine laces, every one as broad as my hand, and a little silver and gold lace laid between

them both, of very curious workmanship; his suit was trimmed with scarlet taffeta ribbon; his stockings of white silk, upon long scarlet silk ones; his shoes black, with scarlet shoestrings and garters; his linen very fine, laced with very rich Flanders lace; a black beaver, buttoned on the left side with a jewel of twelve hundred pounds value. A curious-wrought gold chain, made in the Indies, at which hung the King his master's picture, richly set with diamonds. On his fingers he wore two rich rings; his gloves trimmed with the same ribbon as his clothes."

The coach she describes as the finest that ever entered Madrid with any ambassador whatever: it was drawn by four black horses, the finest that ever came out of England; none being allowed to drive six but the King.

"It was of rich crimson velvet, laced with a broad silver and gold lace, fringed round with a massy silver and gold fringe, and the falls of the boot so rich that they hung almost down to the ground; the very fringe cost almost four hundred pounds. The coach was very richly gilt on the outside, and very richly adorned with brass-work, with rich tassels of gold and silver hanging round the top of the curtains, round about the coach. The curtains were of rich damask, fringed with silver and gold; the harness richly embossed with brass-work; the reins and tassels for the horses of crimson silk, silver and gold."

After banquets and entertainments at all the King's country houses near Madrid, Lady Fanshawe and her husband went privately to visit Aranjuez, without state; she names it, as

"Most part built by Philip the Second, husband of Queen Mary of England. There are the highest trees, and grow up the evenest I ever saw; many of them are bored through, with pipes for water to ascend and to fall from the top down, one against the other; and likewise there are many fountains in the side of this walk; and the longest walks of elms I ever saw in my life. The park is well stored with English oaks and elms, and deer; and the Tagus makes it an island. The gardens are vastly large, with the most fountains, and the best, that ever I saw in my life.

"As soon as the Duke (Don Pedro Roco, master of the ceremonies) heard we were gone thither, he immediately sent orders after us, for our entertainment, by a post; but we were gone before. Going home by Escurias, we saw those famous reputed cellars, which are forty-four steps down, where that admirable wine is kept, in great *tanajas*, which are pots holding about five hundred gallons each; and, to let you know how strangely they clear their wine, it is by putting some of the earth of the place in it; which way of refining their wine is done nowhere but here."

All the sights of Madrid passed before the eyes

of the delighted ambassadress, who was particularly struck with the Escurial, the convent of which she had a special order to see, as women are not permitted to enter the sacred precincts.

The royal vaults, called the Pantheon, filled her with admiration; they were illuminated for their inspection.

"There saw I," she exclaims, "the most glorious place for the covering of the bones of their kings of Spain that is possible to imagine. I will briefly give you this description:

"The descent is about thirty steps, all of polished marble, and arched and lined on all sides with jasper, polished. Upon the left hand, in the middle of the stairs, is a large vault, in which the bodies of their kings, and queens that have been mothers of kings, lie in silver coffins for one year, until the moisture of their bodies is consumed. Over against this is another vault, in which lie buried the bodies of those queens that had no sons at their death, and all the children of the kings that did not inherit. At the bottom of the stairs is the Pantheon, built eight feet square, and is, I guess, about sixty feet over. The whole lining of it, in all places, is jasper, very curiously carved, both in figures and flowers and imagery; and a branch for forty lights, which is vastly rich, of silver, and hangs down from the top by a silver chain, within three yards of the bottom, and is made with great art, as is also a

curious knot of jasper on the floor, and the reflection of the branch and lights is perfectly there to be seen. The bodies of their kings lie in jasper stones, supported, every coffin, by four lions of jasper at the four corners. Three coffins and three broad stones are set in every arch, which arch is curiously wrought in the roof, and supported by jasper pillars; there are seven arches, and one in the middle, at the upper end; and that over against the coming in, contains a very curious altar and crucifix of jasper.

"From thence we saw all the convent and the *sacristanía*, in which there were all the principal pieces that ever Titian made, and the hands of many others of the most famous men that then were in the world.

"After seeing the convent and every part thereof, we saw the king's palace, with *the apothecary's shop*, and all the stillatories, and all belonging thereunto.

"The Escurial stands under the side of a very high mountain; it has a very fine river, and a large park well stored with deer; it is built upon a hill, and you ascend about half a mile, through a double row of elm trees, to the house, which is abundantly served with most excellent water and wood for their use. The front has a large platform, paved with marble, and railed with a stone balluster, round about; the entry of the gate is supported by two marble pillars, each of them of entire marble, near

twelve feet high. It is built with seventeen courts and gardens thereunto; the whole is of rough marble, with pillars of the same round the cloisters; and the walls thereof are made so smooth, that the famous Titian hath painted them with stories all over; among others, the story of the battle of Lepanto; and the gallery of the palace also. They have infinite numbers of fountains, both within and without the house.

"It contains a very fine palace, a convent, and a college, and hospital, all which are exactly well kept and royally furnished; but I cannot omit saying that the finest stillatory I ever saw is there, being a very large room, shelved round, with glasses sized and sorted upon the shelves, many of crystal gilt, and the rest of Venice glasses, and some of vast sizes; the floor is paved with black and white marble; and in the middle stands a furnace, with five hundred stills round it, with glass like a pyramid, with glass heads. The apothecary's shop is large, very richly adorned with painting, gilding, and marble; there is an inward room, in which the medicines are made, as finely furnished and beautified as the shop; all the vessels are silver, and so are all the instruments for surgery; nothing is wanting there for that purpose that invention or money can produce."

The sweetmeats which were sent her at Madrid, as presents, she dwells on with great satisfaction;

her "little Betty," and other children, probably entering into her feelings on the subject.

"About this time I had sent me, by a Genoese merchant, that was a banker in Madrid, a box of about a yard and a half long, and almost the same broad, covered with green taffety, and bound with a silver lace, with lock and key: within, it was divided into many partitions, garnished with gilt paper, and filled full of the best and choicest sweetmeats, all dry. I never saw any so beautiful and good before or since, besides the curiosity."

She describes an amusement, representing which, there were some very curious Spanish pictures, a few years ago, in England, which were exhibited to the public, and gave a perfect idea of the scene.

"On the 23d, we were invited to see a show performed by forty-eight of the chiefest of the nobility, on horseback, who ran two and two as fast as the horses could run, in walks railed in on purpose, on both sides, before the palace-gate: over which, in a balcony, sat the King, the Queen, and the Empress: round about, in other balconies, sat the nobility of the Court: and, in an *entre suele*, at the King's left hand, sat the chief of the ambassadors. My husband and I were with the Duke and Duchess of Medina de las Torres, in their own particular quarter of the palace; which we chose as the best place, and having the best view; whereupon we refused the balcony. The sight was

very fine, the noblemen and horses very richly attired.

"Amongst other diversions of sports, we had this Christmas Juan Arana, the famous comedian; who here acted about two hours, to the admiration of all who beheld him; considering that he was near upon eighty years of age.

"About this time, the Duke of Alva sent my husband a fat buck: I never eat any better in England. We do take it for granted in England that there is nothing good to eat in Spain; but, I assure you, the want is money alone."

Lady Fanshawe seemed highly satisfied, throughout the period of her stay in Spain, with the country and the people; and observes:

"There is not, in the Christian world, better wines than their midland wines are especially, besides Sherry and Canary. Their water tastes like milk, their corn white to a miracle, and their wheat makes the sweetest and best bread in the world: bacon beyond belief good: the Segovia veal much larger and fatter than ours: mutton most excellent: capons much better than ours.

"They have a small bird that lives and fattens on grapes and corn, so fat that it exceeds the quantity of flesh. They have the best partridges I ever ate, and the best sausages, and salmon, pikes, and sea-bream, which they send up in pickle, called *ashe veche*, to Madrid; and *dolphins*, which

are excellent meat; besides carp, and many other sort of fish. The cream, called *nattuos*, is much sweeter and thicker than any I ever saw in England: their eggs much exceed ours, and so all sorts of sallads, roots, and fruits. What I most admire are, melons, peaches, bergamot pears, grapes, oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, and pomegranates: besides that I have eaten many sorts of biscuits, cakes, cheese, and excellent sweetmeats. I have not here mentioned especially *manger-blanc:* and they have olives which are nowhere so good: and their perfumes of amber excel all the world in their kind, both for household stuff and fumes; and there are no such waters made, as in Seville.

"They have daily curiosities brought from Italy and the Indies to this Court; which, *though I got my death-wound in,* without partiality I must say it is the best established, but our own, in the Christian world, that ever I saw; and I have had the honour to live in seven.

"All ambassadors live in as great splendour as the most ambitious can desire; and, if they are just and good, with as much love as they can deserve.

"In the palace, none serve the King and Queen, but the chiefest of the nobility and ancientest families; no, not in the meanest offices.

"The nation is most superstitiously devout in the Roman Catholic religion: true in trust committed to them to a miracle, notwithstanding all

temptations to the contrary. * * They are civil to all, as their qualities require, with the highest respect; so that I have seen a grandee and a duke stop their horse when an ordinary woman passeth over a kennel, because he would not spoil her clothes: and put off his hat to the meanest woman that makes a reverence, though it be their footman's wife. * *

"They are generally pleasant and facetious company; but in this their women excel, though they seldom laugh, and never loud; but are the most witty in repartees and stories, of all nations in the world. They sing, but not well; their way being between Italian and Spanish: they play on all kinds of instruments likewise, and dance with castanets very well. They work little, but very well; especially in monasteries. They all paint white and red, from the Queen to the cobler's wife, old and young, widows excepted; who never go out of close mourning, *nor wear gloves*, nor show their hair after their husband's death, and seldom marry again. They are the finest shaped women in the world, not tall: their hair and teeth are most delicate: and there are none love cleanliness in diet, clothes, and houses, more than they do. They dress up their oratories very fine, with their own work and flowers.

"They have a seed, which they sow in the latter end of March, like our sweet basil: but it grows up in their pots, which are often of china, large,

for their windows, so delicately, that it is all the summer as round as a ball, and as large as the circumference of the pot, of a most pleasant green, and very good scent.

"They delight much in the feasts of bulls, and stage-plays; and take great pleasure to see their little children act before them in their own houses, which they will do in perfection: but the children of the greatest are kept at great distance from conversing with their relations and friends; never eating with their parents after infancy. They are carried into an apartment with a priest—who says daily the office of their Church—a governess, nurse, and under-servants, who have their allowance according to the custom of great men's houses.

"Until the daughters marry, they never stir, *so much as down stairs;* nor marry, for any consideration, under their own quality, which to prevent, if their fortunes will not procure, they make them nuns. They are very magnificent in houses, pictures of the best, furniture, jewels, plate, and clothes: most noble in presents, entertainments, and equipages: and when they visit, it is with great state and attendance. When they travel, they are the *most jolly* persons in the world, dealing their provisions of all sorts to every person they meet when they are eating."

The friendly attention which Lady Fanshawe received from the whole of this distinguished Court continued without diminution all the time they

remained there. She speaks of frequent presents from the ladies of rank; amongst others, of two beautiful little greyhounds, so small that she could put them in her pocket, a rather more pleasing offering than the *young lion* she rejected.

The Queen of Spain seemed to have great hopes of gaining her over to the Catholic religion, probably from her not having expressed the usual horror of their ceremonies which was common at the period, and she was loaded with praises and civilities accordingly. The Duchess de Medina de las Torres, she says, told her,

"That her Catholic Majesty had a very high esteem for me, not only as I was the wife of a great king's ambassador, for whom her Majesty had a great respect, but for my person, and the delight her Majesty took in my conversation; assuring me, from her, that upon all occasions I should find her most cheerfully willing to do me all possible kindness in her Court; and, for a token thereof, her Majesty had herewith sent me a jewel of diamonds, worth eight thousand five hundred and fifty ducats, which is about two thousand pounds sterling: which then her excellency did deliver to me, saying, she thought herself much honoured and much contented that the Queen had employed her in a business in which she took so much delight."

Lady Fanshawe acknowledged this courtesy in the true Spanish style, desiring to be *laid at the feet* of

her Majesty, and professing that she considered "the ribbon with which the jewel was tied, coming from her Majesty, was a favour of which I should have bragged all the days of my life, though I could never have deserved it, much more did I esteem so rich a jewel, but above all the Queen's gracious acceptance of my services," &c. &c.

"On the 8th April, being his Catholic Majesty's birthday, I went to give the Empress* and her Catholic Majesty the *para bien* thereof, and likewise my thanks for the many honours she had done me, and particularly for that of the jewel."

In her journal, she now tells of receiving from England of the "sad news of her good brother-in-law, my Lord Fanshawe's death, and, at the same time, of his son's being happily married to one of the daughters and heirs of Sir John Evelyn, of Wiltshire, and widow of Sir John Wray, of Lincolnshire."

She has then to record battles lost by the Spaniards against the Portuguese—won by England against the Dutch; and, in the midst of all, the birth of her son, Richard, which seemed a cause of infinite rejoicing: she receives visits from the grandees, to congratulate her on this auspicious event, "with all their best jewels on, as the custom of Spain is, to show respect."

* One of the king's daughters, married to the Emperor Leopold: Lady Fanshawe gives her her title prematurely.

Her prayer on this occasion is so excellent that it is worthy to be given entire.

"O, everliving God, through Jesus Christ, receive the humble thanks of thy servant for thy great mercy to us in our son, whom I humbly desire thee, oh Jesus, to protect; and to make him an instrument of thy glory. Give him thy Holy Spirit, O God, to be with him all the days of his life; direct him through the narrow paths of righteousness, in faith, patience, charity, temperance, chastity, and a love and liking of thy blessed will, in all the various accidents of this life: this, with what outward blessings thou, O Heavenly Father, knowest needful for him, I beg of thee, not remembering his sins, nor the sins of us, his parents, nor of our forefathers, but thy tender mercy, which thou hast promised shall be over all thy works, and for the blessed merits of our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Immediately after this event, which promised them so much happiness, another occurred, which was the cause of deeper sorrow to them than they could have anticipated.

On the 17th Sept., 1665, Philip IV. of Spain died, having been sick but four days, to the great consternation and regret of his subjects and Court. The body lay in state in a great room in his palace, "where they used to act plays."

"The room was hung with fourteen pieces of the

King's best hangings, and over them *rich pictures* round about, all of one size, placed close together. At the upper end of the room was raised a throne of three steps, upon which there was placed a bedstead, boarded at the bottom, and raised at the head; the throne was covered with a rich Persian carpet: the bottom of the bedstead was of silver; the valance and headcloth, for there were no curtains, were cloth of gold, wrought in flowers of crimson silk; over the bedstead was placed a cloth of state, of the same materials as the furniture of the bedstead, upon which stood a silver gilt coffin, raised about a foot or more higher at the head than the feet, in which was laid a pillow, and in the coffin lay Philip IV., with his head upon the pillow: on it a *white beaver hat*, his head combed, his beard trimmed, *his face and hands painted.*

"He was clothed in a musk-colour silk suit, embroidered with gold, a *gollila* about his neck, cuffs on his hands, which were clasped on his breast, holding a globe and a cross on it therein; his cloak was of the same, with his sword by his side; stockings, garters, and shoe-strings of the same colour as his suit, and a pair of *white shoes* on his feet.

"In the room were erected six altars for the time, upon which stood six candlesticks with wax candles lighted, and a crucifix on each altar; the forepart of each of which was covered with black velvet, embroidered with silver. Before the throne

a rail went across from one side of the room to the other. At the two lower corners of the throne, at each side, stood a nobleman, the one holding an imperial crown, the other the sceptre, and on each side of the throne six high tapers.

" The doors of the room were kept by the major-domo of the King and Queen then in waiting, and the outward by the Italian guard.

" On the Saturday night, he was carried upon a bier, hung betwixt two mules, upon which the coffin with the King's body was laid, covered with cloth of gold, and at every corner of the bier was a high crystal lanthorn with lighted tapers in it. He was attended by some grandees, who rode next after him, and other noblemen in coaches, with between two and three hundred on horseback, of whom a great number carried lighted tapers: this was the company, besides footmen.

" When the body came to the convent of the Escurial, the friars of that convent stood at the gate, and there, according to the institution of the place, performed the ceremonies as follows :—The friars asked the grandees, who carried the King on their shoulders —for none other must touch him—' Who is in that coffin, and what they do there demand?' Upon which the *Sumiller de Corps*, who is the Duke de Medina de las Torres, answered: ' It is the body of Philip the Fourth, of Spain, whom we here bring, for you to lay in his own tomb.' Upon which the Duke delivered the Queen's letter, as Regent of the

kingdom, to testify that it was her Majesty's command that the King's body should be there buried.

"Then the prior read the letter, and accompanied the body before the high altar, where it was for some time placed, till they had performed the usual ceremonies for that time arranged. After which, the grandees took up the corpse again, and carried it down into the Pantheon; into which, *as soon as they were entered,* the prior demanded of the duke the covering of the King's body as his fee.

"Then demanded he the keys, upon which the duke delivered him his, as Sumiller de Corps; and then the prior's own, sent him by the Queen; and the major-domo, then in waiting, delivered him his.

"The prior having received these three keys, demanded *franca* of the duke and major-domo, that in that coffin was the body of Philip the Fourth; and, when they had done, they there left the body with the prior; who, after the body's lying some time in the place where the infants are buried, placed it in his own tomb."

The ceremony of proclaiming the young king, a child of four years of age, followed, with circumstances of great state, which she details; and, shortly after, has to record the last public act of importance of her husband, which not only cost him his place, but his life.

"Dec. 17th, 1665; my husband, upon the part

of our King his master, and the Duke de Medina de las Torres, on the part of his Catholic Majesty, did conclude and sign together the peace between England and Spain, and the articles for the adjustment between Spain and Portugal; which articles were cavilled at by the Lord Chancellor Clarendon and his party, *that they might have an opportunity* to send the Earl of Sandwich out of the way from the parliament, which then sat; and who, as he and his friends feared, would be severely punished for his cowardice in the Dutch fight. He neither understood the customs of the Court, *nor the language*, nor indeed anything but a vicious life; and thus was shuffled into your father's employment, to reap the benefit of his five years' negotiation of the peace between England, Spain, and Portugal; and after above thirty years studying state affairs, and many of them in the Spanish Court. So much are ambassadors slaves to the public ministers at home; who often, through envy or ignorance, ruin them."

Sir Richard Fanshawe, meantime, set forth from Madrid to Lisbon, to negotiate the peace; leaving his wife and family behind; who, during his absence, were treated with the most marked kindness and attention. He was away two months, and was scarcely returned, when the mortifying intelligence reached him that the Earl of Sandwich, ambassador-extraordinary from England, had arrived at Corunna to supersede him.

Their sole business now was to take leave of the

Court where they were such peculiar favourites, and give place to the new ambassador. Lady Fanshawe, with much regret, paid her last visits to all the ladies who had shown her so much friendliness and distinction; from most of whom she received remembrances which she delights to describe.

"The Duchess de Aveiro gave my daughter Katherine a jewel of twenty-seven emeralds, and to my daughter Margaret a crystal box set in gold, and a large silver box of amber pastilles, to burn: and to my daughter Ann a crystal bottle with a gold neck, full of amber water, and a silver box of filagree; and to my daughter Betty a *little trunk* of silver wire, made in the Indies."

At this time the Infanta Donna Maria was married by proxy to the Emperor of Austria, with great pomp; all the account of which her ladyship dwells on in her journal. The Earl of Sandwich arrived at Madrid with a numerous train, bringing private letters, expressed in terms of great favour, to Sir Richard; but the fact of his arriving spoke another language. The blow was struck: the faithful and zealous servant of Charles, the loyal and devoted subject of his father,—who had ruined his fortunes to support his cause; who had spent his best years in toilsome services, at a time when there was little hope of his ever obtaining any reward—the man who had discharged every duty conscientiously and ably, and who was never weary of exerting himself to further the interests of the Crown

—had been insulted, contemned, and disgraced; for he could no otherwise consider his recal; and the effect was mortal. His wife thus records the sad truth:—

"June 12, *(stilo novo,)* being the King's birth-day, my husband made an entertainment for my Lord Sandwich, with all his retinue, and the rest of the English at Madrid. The next day being Whit-Sunday, my husband went with the Earl of Sandwich to a private audience, where he introduced him to the King of Spain. Monday the 14th, he went with him to the Duke de Medina de las Torres.

"On the 15th, being Tuesday, my husband was taken ill with an ague, which turned to a malignant inward fever; of which he lay till the 20th of the same month, being Sunday, until eleven of the clock at night, and then departed this life, *fifteen days before his intended* journey to England."

The grief and desolation of heart of his bereaved widow are feelingly expressed in the prayer she uttered on this sad occasion.

"O, all-powerful good God! look down from Heaven upon the most distressed wretch on earth. See me with my soul divided, my glory and my guide taken from me, and, in him, all my comfort in this life: see me staggering in my path, which made me expect a temporal blessing for a reward of the great integrity, innocence, and uprightness of

his whole life, and his patience in suffering the insolency of wicked men, whom he had to converse with upon the public employment, which thou thoughtest fit, in thy wisdom, to exercise him in. Have pity on me, oh Lord! and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which, without thy support, cannot sustain itself. See me, oh Lord, with five children, a distressed family, *the temptation of the change of my religion*, the want of all my friends, without counsel, out of my country, without any means to return with my sad family to our own country, now in war with most part of Christendom.

"But above all, my sins I do lament, oh Lord, with shame and confusion, believing it is for them I receive this great punishment.

"Thou hast shown me many judgments and mercies, which did not reclaim me, nor turn me to thy holy conversation, which the example of our blessed Saviour taught. Lord, pardon me, forgive whatever is amiss in me, break not a bruised reed: I humbly submit to thy justice; I confess my wretchedness that I have deserved, not only this, but everlasting punishment; yet do I wholly rely on thy mercy, oh God, beseeching thee to remember thy promises to the fatherless and widow, and enable me to fulfil thy will cheerfully in this world: humbly beseeching thee, that when this mortal life is ended, I may be joined with the soul of my dear husband, and all thy servants departed this life in

thy faith and fear, in everlasting praises of thy holy name. Amen."

Sad were now the preparations for the unhappy widow's departure from a Court where she had spent so many pleasant days with her beloved husband. She was now to accompany him, a corpse, to her native land; where neglect and coolness awaited her from the high powers, to whom he had been so faithful a servant. She went through all her painful duties, however, with the resolution and propriety which marked all her actions. His body was embalmed, and sent to Bilboa, to await her embarkation; it was accompanied by part of his retinue, and left Madrid privately.

Then came the temptation to which she alludes in her prayer:—

"The 5th July, 1666, (*stilo novo,*) the Queen-mother sent the master of the ceremonies of Spain to invite me and all my children to stay in her Court, promising me a pension of thirty thousand ducats a year, and to provide for my family, if I and they would turn our religion and become Roman Catholics. I answered, I humbly thanked her Majesty for her great grace and favour, which I would ever esteem and pay with my services, as far as I was able, all the days of my life; for the latter, I desired her Majesty to believe that I could not quit the faith in which I had been born and bred, and in which God had been pleased to try

me for many years in the greatest troubles our nation hath ever seen, and that I do believe and hope in the profession of my own religion. God would hear my prayers, and reward her Majesty and all the princes of that royal family for this so great favour which her Majesty was pleased to offer me in my greatest affliction."

The Queen took this rejection in very good part, and sent Lady Fanshawe two thousand roubles as a present, letting her know the sum had been destined for her husband to purchase a jewel as a remembrance.

She then had to make costly presents to all the courtiers—no inconsiderable outlay of money: she sold all her horses and carriages to the new ambassador, and much of her plate; for, disgraceful as the record seems, no funds were supplied her from her own Court; and, as she observes—"all the money I could make being little enough for my most sad journey to England."

"The 8th July, 1666, *at night*, I took my leave of Madrid, and of the Siète Chimineas, the house so beloved of my husband and me formerly. I carried with me all my jewels and the best of my plate, and other precious rarities; all the rest being gone before to Bilboa, with part of my family. All the women went in litters and the men on horseback. * * * My Lord Sandwich came in the afternoon to accompany me out of town, which offer, though

earnestly pressed by my lord, as well as by other persons of quality, I refused, desiring to go out of that place as privately as I could possibly, and I may truly say, never any ambassador's family came into Spain more gloriously, or went out so sad."

The melancholy cavalcade proceeded to Bilboa, where the mourner found her husband's corpse awaiting her: there she received letters from England, and the news of the burning of London.

She left some of her train and part of her property to follow to England by sea, and took her way to Bayonne, purposing to travel through France with the body. The Queen-mother sent Lady Guildford to condole with her as soon as she arrived in Paris, and many of the family of the Queen did the same. The Queen-mother was then at Chaillot, and sent one of her carriages to fetch the widow, and received her with great attention, promising much when she herself went to England: and charging her with letters to the royal family, and papers for her secretary, Sir John Winter.

Mournful and disconsolate, she arrived with the precious remains in London, and soon after parted for ever with even that consolation, depositing the body in their family vault, in Hertford.

Now came new difficulties, occasioned by the unprincipled and unfeeling conduct of those in power: she had to sue and entreat for her husband's arrears of pay, which were very considerable; and though, as far as gracious reception went and flattering

speeches, she might have been content, and with promises and professions in abundance, she found right and justice slow to come forth. However, through the disinterested and strenuous exertions of Lord Arlington, she at length got an order for the payment of all due to her; but her annoyances were not yet over.

"Now I thought myself happy, and feared nothing less than further trouble. God, that only knows what is to come, so disposed my fortune, that losing that good man and friend, Lord Southampton, my money, which was five thousand six hundred pounds, was not paid me until December, 1669, notwithstanding I had tallies for the money above two years before. This was above *two thousand pounds* loss to me: besides, these commissioners, by the instigation of one of their fellows, my Lord Shaftsbury, *the worst of men*, persuaded them that I might pay for the embassy plate, which I did, two thousand pounds; and so maliciously did he oppress me, as if he hoped in me to destroy that whole stock of honesty and innocency which he mortally hates.

"In this great distress I had no remedy but patience: how far that was from a reward, judge ye, for near thirty years' suffering by land and sea, and the hazard of our lives over and over, with the many services of your father, and the expense of all the moneys we could procure, and seven years' imprisonment, with the death and beggary of many eminent persons of our family, who, when they first

entered the King's service, had great and clear estates.

"Add to this the careful management of the King's honour in the Spanish court, after my husband's death, which I thought myself bound to maintain, although I had not, God is my witness, above twenty-five doubloons by me when he died, to bring home a family of three-score servants, but was forced to sell one thousand pounds' worth of our own plate, and to spend the Queen's present of two thousand doubloons in my journey to England, not owing or leaving one shilling debt in Spain, I thank God, nor did my husband leave any debt at home, which *every ambassador cannot say.*

"Neither did these circumstances following prevail to mend my condition, much less found I that compassion I expected upon the view of myself, that had lost at once my husband and fortune in him, with my son but twelve months old in my arms, four daughters, the eldest but thirteen years of age, with the body of my dear husband daily in my sight for near six months together, and a distressed family, all to be by me in honour and honesty provided for; and, to add to my afflictions, *neither persons sent to conduct me, nor pass, nor ship, nor money,* to carry me one thousand miles, but some few letters of compliment from the chief ministers, bidding 'God help me!' as they do to beggars—and they might have added, 'they had nothing for me,' with great truth."